THE · MASTER
MUSICIANS
BEET·
HOVEN

Ean G. Mackintosh.

The Master Musicians

EDITED BY

FREDERICK J. CROWEST

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Ev Beethoven

Beethoven

By

Frederick J. Crowest

Author of
"The Great Tone Poets," &c., &c.

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Preface

No fault will be found in the choice of the subject of this book as the initial volume of the "Master Musicians" Series. Beethoven has been the theme of many writers, which is not unaccountable when we consider his extraordinary personality, and the enormous reach of his musical works and influence. Among all the Beethoven literature, however, it has been difficult to find a handy volume, at once illuminative and concise—a book which, while it would appeal to the average musician, would provide the larger public of ordinary readers with a complete and proper view of the immortal master. It is hoped the present work will meet this deficiency. I trust the result of my effort will be to induce readers, especially young people, to make themselves more and more acquainted with the life and works of the mighty Beethoven—one of the greatest intellects who have ever graced the earth.

THE AUTHOR.

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London, N.W.

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LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN was born at Bonn, on the Rhine, on December 17th,[1] 1770. The house was No. 515 Bonngasse, and is now distinguished by a tablet, which was placed thereon in 1870. He came of good musical stock, for his father and grandfather were both Court musicians. Johann Beethoven, tenor singer, took unto himself a wife on November 12th, 1767, in the person of Maria Magdalena Leym, a widow. Of this pair the wonder-musician, the greatest probably the world will ever see, was born. He stood the second of a family of seven—five sons and two daughters—of whom he alone rose to eminence. The parents were of opposite

Birth and Parentage

[1] Some authorities give the 16th, from the continental custom of baptizing the day after birth.

temperaments—the father being as sour in disposition as the mother was sweet. One result of this was that young Ludwig adored his mother and feared his father —the latter a rather unfortunate circumstance, inasmuch as he was to come a good deal under the paternal influence.

The Beethovens were very respectable but poor. The "Van" in the name was no sign of nobility, and less than £30 per annum—the father's salary in the Elector of Cologne's Chapel—was the slender income upon which the family had to subsist. Little wonder that the head of the household ruled with a stern—even cruel hand. Who could be complaisant in face of such a condition of ways and means? That he fell betimes into irregular habits, though eminently undesirable, was not surprising. Granted, then, he was a severe cross-grained parent, with an irascible temper, faults which made the humble home less comfortable than it should have been for the great mind sharing its roof. Never would it be Beethoven's portion, in after years, to enjoy that priceless blessing, the consoling retrospect of a happy childhood.

Earliest Training

The burden of poverty which the Beethovens supported was not altogether an unmixed evil, inasmuch as but for stress of domestic conditions this second child would not, probably, have received so large a share of the parent's musical ministrations. Inspired by what had been accomplished by the father of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart as a musical "wonder," however, Beethoven senior set about the shaping of another harmonic prodigy. The incentives were eminently favourable. Penury stared in the family's face, and here was a child with pronounced musical ability. His com-

mercial value was gauged therefore; and to this circumstance, mainly, the world owes its heritage of Beethoven. The father took the little fellow in hand, and kept him to music practice and exercises almost unceasingly. Some small accompaniment of general education crept in through one of the common schools, but this terminated ere the boy had reached his thirteenth year.

Beethoven was four years old when he began to study music, and at the age of nine he had learned all that his father had to teach him. This consisted of instruction in the piano, violin and harmony, all which the quiet, grave child learned readily—though not without frequent reproach and cuff from the harsh parent. He came also under the notice of Pfeiffer and Zambona. The former, a boon companion of the father's, continued the boy's musical education—Zambona, meanwhile, teaching him some Latin, French and Italian. Subsequently, Van den Eeden and Neefe took young Beethoven in charge. They instructed him in organ-playing and musical theory; and from this time his artistic progress was very marked. His talent for composition increased, he even earned some money by a short musical tour to Holland, while his playing had so advanced that at eleven and a half years of age he acted as Neefe's deputy organist in the Elector's Chapel. Then, even, Neefe could write of his pupil as "playing with force and finish and reading well at sight." Nor was the master far wrong when prophesying, "If he goes on as he has begun he will become a second Mozart." Neefe undoubtedly was proud of his pupil, although in later years Beethoven discounted both the association and instruction.

In 1783 Beethoven went another step forward; he was

appointed accompanist or deputy conductor of the Opera band. This, like his deputy organistship, brought him no salary, albeit there was much useful work to be done and experience to be gained thereby. It is a pleasant surprise, therefore, at this juncture to find friends, like the Van Breunings and Cresseners, stepping in and helping the family with funds, for Beethoven the elder's position had not improved. The Bonn folks, however, were growing interested in Ludwig. In 1784 the Elector Max Frederick appointed him second Court organist, and shortly afterwards Elector Max Franz, brother of the Emperor Joseph II., confirmed the appointment with the salary of £15 per annum, at the same time entertaining serious doubts whether he should not dismiss Neefe and appoint Beethoven chief organist. About this time the Elector remodelled his band, and formed a national opera. Beethoven played the Viola therein; Reicha, Ries and Romberg were also members. In 1787—Beethoven was now seventeen years old—he and Neefe parted. A great art step had been planned. Beethoven had decided to present himself in the musical capital of the world—Vienna. His patron, Elector Max Franz, favoured the scheme and generously provided the young musician with the necessary funds for the journey. Mozart resided at Vienna, and to come face to face with this master musician was the chief object of the visit. Mozart was Beethoven's senior by fourteen years, and there was then a vast disparity in their reputations—a disproportion which was later on to be widely altered musically.

First Appointment

The initial interview between the two sons of art appears to have been distinctly formal, as, indeed was best, re-

membering the genius of the two musicians. Trustworthy details have not come down, although a good deal of fanciful colour has been thrown around the meeting. Mozart was not opposed to the introduction, but the *onus probandi*—the burden of proving his case—rested with Beethoven. Here is the accepted story: Mozart, sceptical of the power attributed to young Beethoven as an improvisatore, permitted him to play, but assuming that he had come armed with a prepared piece gave little heed to it. Beethoven seeing this requested Mozart to give him a theme upon which to extemporise. This took the shape of a "fugue chromatique subject" and combined the counter subject of another fugue—a trap which the aspirant did not fail to detect. The boy Beethoven sat down excitedly, but played so effectively that Mozart stepped softly into the next room and whispered to his friends, "Pay attention to him, he will make a noise in the world some day." Such was the independent verdict of the great Mozart—the then idol of the musical world, after watching with speechless wonder the winding up, amid a labyrinth of melodies, of the themes which he had given out to the great unknown from Bonn. The venerable Abbé Stadler was present at this interesting scene, and told the story to Lenz.

Interview with Mozart

Beethoven stayed only a short time in Vienna, for he received news of his mother's serious illness. He arrived home just in time to see her breathe her last after a long battle with consumption. Writing to a friend, Dr Von Schaden at Augsburg,—from which letter we get a glimpse of the inner mind of the young genius at this time,—he said, "She was indeed a kind mother to me, and my best

friend. Ah! who was happier than I when I could still utter the sweet name of mother, and it was heard! To whom can I now say it? Only to the silent form which my imagination pictures to me." This same year he lost his sister Margaretha.

Turns Teacher

Some five years of teaching drudgery now confronted Beethoven. With the passing of his boy's mother, Johann Beethoven, the father, went from bad to worse—his drinking propensities increasing until matters eventuated in the Court authorities declining further to entrust him with money. More than once, we learn, the struggling son was met importuning the police for the *corpus* of his helplessly-intoxicated father. Withal, the young genius set to work manfully, and although he disliked teaching, managed by its means and by occasional playing in public to keep the home together. Fortunately, he speedily found friends willing to help him, the Breunings, Count Waldstein, the Archduke Rudolph, Baron Van Swieten and others. The Breunings particularly made much of Beethoven, treating him as one of the family. It was under their roof indeed that he acquired the culture and superior tastes, although he was always a natural nobleman, which the surroundings of his own home denied him. Count Waldstein, particularly, was kind, presenting him with a pianoforte and hard cash, the latter being very much needed.

In 1792 a great event took place. Beethoven visited Vienna for the second time. As matters transpired he was turning his back finally upon Bonn, his home, his good friends, and the charming Babette Koch, daughter of the proprietress of the Zehrgarten where he took his meals. It was the political changes in Germany, con-

sequent on the French Revolution, which compelled him to alter his plans. He never returned to the Rhine. Two younger brothers soon followed him to Vienna. Obliged, though himself so young, to take up towards them the duties of both father and educator, his whole heart went out to his charges, and was, as he himself expresses it, "from childhood filled with sentiments of benevolence." However badly the boys behaved towards him they had only to shed a few tears and all was soon forgotten; he used to say at such times of either, "He is, after all, my brother." [1]

The Elector, awakened to a sense of the exceptional talent of young Beethoven, had ordained that he should repair to Vienna to complete his musical education. He was fortunate enough to engage the attention of Haydn, and of such an excellent theorist as Albrechtsberger, and both gave him lessons. He also took lessons on the violin from Schuppanzigh. That Beethoven should still be needing lessons at the age of twenty-two may to some seem curious, considering that Mozart had composed many symphonies, operas and other pieces at a corresponding age. Beethoven's brain-power was comparatively slow in unfolding, however, and although he was one of the prodigious piano players of the day, the grandeur and sublimity of his poetic mind had yet to break forth.

Pupil of Haydn and others

Beethoven remained two years only with Haydn, as in 1794 the "Father of Symphony" left Vienna for his visit to England. There is reason to fear that Beethoven did not regret the parting. The ambitious student, with a world of musical ideals struggling within him,

[1] Ferdinand Ries.

smarted under a sense of inattention from his master. If Schenk's testimony is to be trusted this discontent was well grounded. Gelinek had discovered Beethoven and arranged that Schenk should meet him privately at his house, so as to help Beethoven with his counterpoint. The corrected exercises arising out of Schenk's assistance Beethoven copied and submitted as his own work to Haydn. The whole ruse soon exploded, however, to the annoyance of all concerned. An excuse, if it is to be allowed, may be found for Haydn's neglect when it is remembered that he was himself a hard pushed man, busy with his plans for visiting England, and that he was receiving but eight groschen—about 9½d.—for each lesson.

It is extremely difficult to account for Haydn's behaviour, however, when he first heard Beethoven's Opus I.—the three Trios for pianoforte, violin and violoncello —"a veritable *chef d'œuvre* of originality, beauty, symmetry and poetical imagery,"[1] as the late Mr Ella described it. These were played at Prince Lichnowsky's, in the presence of Haydn and most of the amateurs and artists of Vienna. Haydn advised deferring the publication of the C minor Trio as being "music of the future," not suited for the taste of the musical public of that time. This advice gave offence, and was attributed by Beethoven to envy and jealousy on the part of Haydn.

The Albrechtsberger association was scarcely more satisfactory. Beethoven could not brook discipline, and this the famous contrapuntist demanded. Consequently when they parted in 1795 the master reproached the pupil—"He will never do anything according to rule,"

[1] "Musical Sketches," vol. i. page 93.

Albrechtsberger said of him,—"he has learnt nothing." Here Beethoven's tutelary experiences ended, for he had little more to do with masters. Both Salieri and Aloys Förster gave him the benefit of their knowledge, but this was only casual help, and there was no more regular study under the guidance of others.

As a Virtuoso

Beethoven now faced the world as a virtuoso—a *rôle* he could fill consummately. As a composer and pianist he had already made a deep impression, and there were few among the music-loving Viennese aristocracy who did not feel at heart that great things were to come from this young man. Nor did Beethoven lack staunch friends at this time. On the contrary several of the best families still rallied round him in a manner that did infinite credit to their devotion to art, especially when we remember that some of the unfortunate features of Beethoven's temperament were thus early presenting themselves. Still, neither difference in social rank and station, an uninviting personal appearance, nor a furious temper prevented the wealthy *dilettanti* from pressing him into their houses, and showering upon him whatever share of their favours he would deign to receive. The Archduke Rudolph, the Prince and Princess Karl Lichnowsky, Prince Lobkowitz, Prince Kinsky, Count Waldstein, the Breunings and more—all maintained open doors for, and bestowed bounteous patronage upon Beethoven, he whom we to-day willingly acclaim as the greatest of all the sons of German musical art.

In return Beethoven played for these great folk, dedicated music to them, and went in and out of their establishments as freely as if the houses were his own. This freedom was always stipulated for by Beethoven, and

he availed himself of it largely. He would, without explanation, keep away for weeks from a patron's place, and then return to it as if no lapse whatever had occurred in the occupation. "The Princess Christiana Lichnowsky," he used to observe, "would have put a glass case over me." If he remained absent an unusually long while, and the domestics made enquiries as to his apartments, his kindly admirers would say, "Leave them alone, Beethoven is sure to return," which, indeed, was invariably the case.

This same year (1795) Beethoven played for the first time in public at Vienna. Hitherto he had performed at palaces and mansions, but his fame was now so noised abroad that the public clamoured to hear one of whom private report spoke so much. Very appropriately this *débût* was at a charitable concert, given by the Artists' Society in the Burg Theatre on March 29th, 1795, in aid of the widows and orphans of musicians. Needless as it almost is to state it, the young master made a tremendous impression—this with his Concerto in C major, which piece he played—at once installing himself an exceptional personality in the eyes of the Viennese world. From that day to the hour of his death the Austrian capital became Beethoven's home.

What with public appearances, teaching, composition, and the offerings of wealthy admirers, Beethoven was now far from badly off, especially with an annuity of £60 which the Lichnowskys generously provided. It was no longer necessary for him, therefore, to lodge in a garret as he had done at Bonn; but he could, and did, rent ground floor apartments which he used, whenever he was so willed as to occupy his own place. This flourishing condition of things explains his presence at more than one charitable

performance then about—notably a concert for the benefit of Mozart's widow and children.

The next few years were marked by no very striking incident. Composition mainly occupied Beethoven's attention, and he found time to make one or two professional journeys; also to get some respite of holiday and repose—so necessary for a highly-wrought temperament that was constantly being subjected to the severest mental strains. Work after work followed with amazing rapidity during the 1796-1801 period; while his wanderings included a visit to Prague, Nuremberg, and Berlin (1796); another tour to Prague (1798); and a change of lodgings to Hetzendorf (1801). The rest of his time was passed mainly in his beloved Vienna.

In 1800 (April 2nd) Beethoven gave his first benefit concert. It was held at the Burg Theatre at 7 o'clock in the evening, and although well supported by many friends and admirers, they were poorly rewarded by a bad performance, brought about by some wretched rivalries among the artistes engaged. The programme was made up of the following works:—Symphony (Mozart); Air from *the Creation* (Haydn); Grand Pianoforte Concerto, played by the composer (Beethoven); Septet (Beethoven); Duet from the *Creation* (Haydn); Improvisation—Emperor's Hymn (Beethoven); Symphony No. 1 (Beethoven). Other concerts—notably one given by Punto the hornplayer—were graced by the presence of the young master; but both 1800 and the following year were chiefly remarkable for Beethoven's vast creative activity.

First Benefit Concert

An incident happened in 1801 which is worth noting. Czerny, quite a boy, became Beethoven's pupil. Thus he

stands a direct connection between the great Bonn master and a few musical professors and people in this country who are still living. The rising generation of pianoforte players may be a remove from the great link connecting Beethoven with them, but they even can trace a union if slight, with Beethoven through Czerny. There is probably not a pianoforte player in the country who has not been influenced by Czerny's compositions for that instrument—notably his "Complete Pianoforte School"; and, as Czerny gathered much contained therein from his pupilage with Beethoven the merest user of "Czerny" can in a measure claim to be in direct touch and influence with the mastermind of Bonn.

Czerny—A Pupil

Beethoven became quite interested in Czerny and regarded him almost as a son. He visited Czerny's parents, and was so pleased with all their charming domestic life and surroundings that he contemplated taking lodgings under the Czerny roof. Matters eventuated otherwise, however; and one more chapter was spared probably in the long narrative of Beethoven's experiences and methods in lodgings. Happily Czerny, who had a lovable disposition, thoroughly reciprocated the good feelings of his illustrious mentor, and never tired of expressing how much he owed to Beethoven's teaching and influence.

Misfortune about this juncture began to play a part in Beethoven's life drama. In 1801 he lost his patron—the Elector of Cologne; and some writers say that with his decease a bounty which the prince bestowed also ceased, and that Beethoven now for the first time began to work with a view to earn his daily sustenance.[1] We have seen

[1] "History of Music" (Naumann) vol. ii. p. 985.

however that Beethoven was battling with the world successfully some time before this.

Artistically, at little more than thirty years of age, Beethoven stood the idol of the Viennese musical centre. The highest and noblest sought him, a contrast, indeed, with the circumstances of his first visit to the Austrian capital in 1787. Yet patronage and potentates were not now uppermost in Beethoven's mind. His imagination wrought another picture—not of progress and princes—but of a state and condition of himself too awful to contemplate. No, he was not deceived, symptoms which had been showing themselves were growing more aggravated and unmistakable. Beethoven could but admit that he was growing deaf! Horrid thought! yet one which the master could not dispute. Alas! fears ere long were placed beyond all doubt. Doctor after doctor in turn was consulted, and numerous remedies were resorted to, but neither one nor the other brought cure or relief.

Idol of Vienna

The malady increased with such strides that in a year or two Beethoven presented the piteous spectacle of a giant musician, not yet in middle age, nearly stone deaf. Now could the great soul indeed cry out, and cry out it did, in lamentations which must move all who read them. Realising that resignation was all that lay before him, he exclaimed: "Resignation! what a miserable refuge, and yet the only one left for me." Fortunately he had a great sense of existence as a trust. "If I had not read," he wrote to a friend, "that man must not of his own free will end his life, I should long ago have done so by my own hands. . . I may say that I pass my life wretchedly. For

Beethoven Deaf

nearly two years I have often already cursed my existence." Those who have read Beethoven's "Will," as it is called, will recall the master's pitiful reference to his calamity in that document. "Thus," he says, "with a passionate, lively temperament, keenly susceptible to the charm of Society, I was forced early to separate myself from men, and lead a solitary life. If at times I sought to break from my solitude, how harshly was I repulsed by the renewed consciousness of my affliction; and yet it was impossible for me to say to people, 'Speak louder—Shout —I am deaf!' Nor could I proclaim an imperfection in that organ which in me should have been more perfect than in others. . . . What humiliation, when someone near me hears the note of a far-off flute, and I do not; or the distant shepherd's lay, and I do not." Ries was once out with him on one of his favourite country walks. The pupil drew his attention to a sounding shepherd's pipe; but, alas! though both stayed to listen, Beethoven heard it not, and with a shake of his head expressed his disadvantage with a melancholy sadness of mien.

Who that has ever listened spell-bound, nay transported into almost a seventh heaven by the all but divine swells of harmony which have left the soul of this truly great tone poet, will not sympathise with him in such pathetic utterances over his dire misfortune as, "I will grapple with fate; it shall never drag me down; I will seek to defy my fate, but at times I shall be the most miserable of God's creatures," and so on. One has only to read his "Letters" to realise Beethoven's sense of his infirmity, especially when every expedient had been tried in vain. Writing from a village near Vienna, he says: "The fond hope I brought with me here of being to a certain extent cured,

now utterly forsakes me. As autumn leaves fall and wither, so are my hopes blighted. Almost as I came I depart. Even the lofty courage that so animated me in the beautiful days of summer is gone for ever. O Providence, grant me one day of pure felicity. How long have I been estranged from the gladness of true joy? When, O my God, when shall I again feel it in the temple of nature and of man? Never! Ah! that is too hard."

His great good friend Pastor Amanda gave him what consolation he could, but the load could not be lightened. Beethoven grew ashamed of his affliction, and implored those who knew of it not to talk about it. "I beg you will keep the fact of my deafness a profound secret, and not confide it to any human being," he writes to Pastor Amanda.[1]

As might be expected this dire calamity involved him in sacrifices and losses on all sides. Gradually he gave up all his piano-playing and conducting, for he could not hear sufficiently well what he himself or others played. It was not until the year 1813, however, that Beethoven quite tore himself away from public pianoforte-playing —so persistent was the clamour of the music-lovers of Vienna, particularly, to see him and hear him. That the wrench was painful to him may be gathered from the fact that he planned some orchestral concerts shortly afterwards, feeling, doubtless, that the tones of an orchestra would penetrate his hearing better than the pianoforte's sounds. But much that should have been music to him appeared only to be "noise," for which reason, whenever

Forsakes Playing and Conducting

[1] Letter, 1800.

he was within other people's hearing of wind instruments, he took the precaution to plug his ears with cotton-wool. The dreadful burden of deafness Beethoven carried thenceforth with him to the grave—providing in this way an analogy to the case of the sightless tone-poet Handel, who had been laid to rest eleven years before Beethoven first saw the light.

Rarely was Beethoven induced to wield the *bâton* during the later years of his life. Towards its close (in 1824) he attempted to conduct the first performance of his "Choral" Symphony, though this led to a pathetic scene. Although he stood before his band of devoted followers, leading as though he heard all, he was in reality so deaf that he did not hear the storm of applause which followed the performance, and it was not until the vocalist, Mdlle. Unger, took him by the hand and turned him face to face with the excited audience that he realised what was going on.

Beethoven was one of the strong men of the earth. He staggered under his heavy load, but it did not break him down. Great man that he was he girt himself anew and took fresh courage. Denied two aspects of his art-calling, he applied himself to the one sphere alone left him with a force and energy that was little short of miraculous. Stirred, as if by a spell of sheer desperation, he launched forth score after score of ever-increasing magnitude and grandeur. The creative faculty of the master-musician broke all restraints, and for the first time in Beethoven's great career we witness the matured strength of the giant composer asserting itself in a character and degree which, but for the awful calamity that had settled upon him, might never have been demon-

strated. "I live only in my music," he wrote at this time. "I often work at three and four things at once."[1] Such words fitly describe the condition of affairs; which —as a renowned Beethoven critic rightly says of the "Letters" containing them — "give an extraordinary picture of the mingled independence and sensibility which characterised this remarkable man, and of the entire mastery which music had in him over friendship, love, pain, deafness, and any other external circumstance."[2]

With all this masterly activity, however, it is to be feared that the gain accruing to Beethoven was absurdly inadequate to his needs; to the demands made upon his goodness of heart by deserving and undeserving friends and relations; or to the musical worth of the scores. Otherwise it would not have been necessary for him to memorialise, as he did unsuccessfully (in December 1807), the directors of the Court Theatre for a permanent engagement, at a salary of 2400 florins per annum and a benefit performance; on the condition that he composed one grand opera and one operetta yearly. No doubt he was a bad manager of both his private and business affairs, and lacked the faculty of taking care of money, whenever and however he made it. His patrons undoubtedly remained staunch friends, and assisted him not illiberally; but Beethoven had a sturdy independent spirit, and always preferred to depend upon the salary of a public appointment. Most of such posts in the vicinity of Vienna were filled by accomplished contemporaries who were his seniors in years though certainly not his superiors as musicians.

[1] Letters to Wegeler, 1801.

[2] Sir George Grove, "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," vol. i. page 181.

Happily, in 1808 an opening presented itself. The King of Westphalia, Jerome Buonaparte — brother of Napoleon—offered him the post of Court Chapel-master at Cassel.[1] The terms were a salary of £300 per annum, and £75 for travelling expenses; the duties light. It was a tempting offer for Beethoven, despite the fact that he, a German, would have to accept service under a French prince. He consulted his friends, and the upshot was that these declined to entertain the proposal for a moment, and forthwith set about devising an arrangement which would at least keep Beethoven in Vienna. The Archduke Rudolph and the Princes Lobkowitz and Kinsky drew up and signed an undertaking, dated March 1st, 1809, by which they guaranteed Beethoven 4000 florins per annum, payable half-yearly, provided he remained in Vienna. This was a laudable proceeding, and one which Beethoven gladly availed himself of. Unfortunately it did not prove a long-lived contract. Though Beethoven kept his part of the agreement, the guarantors through unavoidable circumstances failed to carry out theirs, and in a short time the value of the document and emolument depreciated considerably.

Unquestionably the great musician's fame was expanding the while—each new composition that he put forth adding alike to his reputation and adherents. It is not surprising, then, that with no fixed appointments, and with many claims upon him, he should take the course of self-dependence—

[1] J. F. Reichardt, who was not without sympathy with French Revolution doctrines, finally accepted the post. He did not hold it long, however, as we find him offering it to Ries—a proceeding which Beethoven, by some process of reasoning, contrived to twist into a slight towards himself.

a strongly marked feature of his character which throughout his career stood him in right good stead. He, this year (1809), entered into business relations with that eminent house Messrs Breitkopf & Härtel, and forthwith there began a period of productivity which must have astonished even such matter-of-course people as publishers. Composition followed composition with amazing rapidity, and if the master-mind had been composing for dear life's sake he could hardly have done more. A reference to the published works of Beethoven this year will give some idea of his extraordinary powers and industry. All these scores were issued from the famous press just mentioned —and more regularly followed, up to the year 1816, when began that glorious sequence of maturest labours which gave the world, among other transcendent tone canvases the "Choral" Symphony, the *Missa Solennis* and many another work of immortal merit and worth. Nothing in the shape of attraction seemed strong enough to direct him from the apparently necessary course of getting his ever-crowding ideas upon paper. Even the cannonading of Napoleon's troops when forcing Vienna, Wagram, and resulting in the Schönbrunn Peace does not appear to have disturbed the quality of his muse this year; albeit his lodgings being on the city wall, and much exposed, he fled to the cellars to avoid the concussions.

Outside his beloved and incessant occupation of composing Beethoven gave such time as he could to going into society, and to periods of change long and short in the country around Vienna. The great man was passionately fond of the country, for there he could address himself to Nature in all her beauty, and be alone—which latter state was one which he much appreciated. "No

one can conceive," he wrote to the Baroness Droszdick, "the intense happiness I feel in getting into the country, among the woods, my dear trees, shrubs, hills and dales. I am convinced that no one loves country life as I do. It is as if every tree and every bush could understand my mute enquiries and respond to them." It was this rage for the fresh air and fields which made him such a bad stay-at-home bird, whether he was sheltered amid the palatial surroundings of some princely patron, or whether sojourning in the less luxurious and comfortless atmosphere of some one of his frequently-changed lodgings. He disliked any control, and truly meant it when, at intervals, growing impatient with the constant requests for his company, he complained outright that he was forced too much into society. His favourite places for ruralising were Mödling, Döbling, Hetzendorf, and Baden; while there is still cherished in the royal garden of Schönbrunn a favourite spot, between two ash trees, where the master is reputed to have composed some of the music of *Fidelio*.

In Love

The love affairs of great men—and the greatest among these have proved ordinary mortals in this respect, naturally command interest. Our subject—Beethoven—was never married, but he did arrive at that interesting point in existence which touches that trembling stage of experience conveyed in two words being 'in love.' No man, certainly,—even if we think only of his domestic capacities—was ever better equipped for this happy condition than he who had just given to the world the "Eroica" symphony, the "Appassionata" Sonata, the *Fidelio* opera and other such immortal scores. It was not the master's lot, however, to enjoy the full

realization of what 'love' is. This was denied him, a circumstance which, to one who has brought so much peace and harmony into this world, can only be deplored. Whether, from a mere material point of view he would have proved a virtuous, generous swain and fond and thrifty husband is not so clear. The indications provided say—no. That he appreciated female society, however, is evident enough, and that the question of marriage was occupying his mind at this time (1810) and others is patent. It was in May of this year that he first met Bettina Brentano—his junior by some fifteen years, who like others, had manifestly made a soft place in his heart. The matter was strictly preserved between them, and we hear less of the ripening of the project than of its sudden collapse. As has been well said —"he was destined to live on in the immense solitude of his genius, and made miserable by contact with a world which he could not understand, even as it could not understand him."

Harassing Times

Pecuniary embarrassment—an attendant that dogged Beethoven throughout his career—plagued him sorely about this time. There had been deaths, and a depreciation in the value of paper money—a matter that affected Beethoven's income to such an extent that it had sunk as low as £80 per annum. This had forced him to negotiate a loan of 2300 florins with his friends the Brentanos. Albeit the natural goodness of the great man's heart directed him to charity's course even under such stress. A concert in aid of the poor was being given in Gratz (1812). Beethoven could not send money, but he forwarded the *Mount of Olives*, *Choral Fantasia* and other MS. scores, for the institution, nor would he hear of any

payment in return. Later on we find him at Carlsbad taking the whole charge of a benefit concert for the sufferers in a fire which took place at Baden; and when there came the news of the defeat at Vittoria he was to the front again not only conducting the concert, but composing a piece—that extraordinary orchestral composition entitled "Wellington's Victory, or the Battle of Vittoria"—all for the benefit of the Austrian and Bavarian soldiers, wounded at Hanau.[1] Never was there a more generous heart.

Now was a busy season for Beethoven. He was at the zenith of his powers; his industry was astonishing. In 1814 Vienna was the scene of the Peace Congress,[2] and Beethoven seized the occasion to give two concerts for his own benefit. These took place in the Redouten Saal, one of the most magnificent halls and concert rooms in Europe. There was an audience of 600 persons, including sovereigns, princes and notabilities of State.

[1] At this concert (Dec. 8th, 1813), the notable musicians Spohr, Salieri, Mayseder, Moscheles, Romberg and Hummel were in the orchestra; while Maelzel who invented the metronome organized the performance. Schuppanzigh led the first violins, Spohr the second violins; Salieri marked the time for the cannonades and drums. It was a rare assemblage of distinguished artistes—Beethoven wrote afterwards —"Everyone of whom was anxious for the benefit of the fatherland; and without any thought of precedence or merit, they all took their places in the orchestra. The direction of the whole was entrusted to me, but only because the music was of my composition. If anyone else had written it, I would as cheerfully have taken my place at the big drum; for we had no other motive but the serving of our fatherland, and those who had sacrificed so much for us."

[2] The famous English painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence, was at this time in Vienna. It is a pity he did not paint Beethoven's portrait.

The room in which Beethoven was born

Carl—the Nephew

It was a period of bustle and sunshine for Beethoven, since everyone from the Empress of Austria downwards desired to honour him. He was the recipient of many valuable presents, and the proceeds of the concerts considerably benefited his exchequer. Still there were drawbacks. His health was far from good, for which reason his doctor, Malfatti, had ordered him the baths and waters. His deafness, too, was still a source of great worry to him—especially as he hated the thought of wholly relinquishing the work of conducting. Maelzel, the mechanician, was engaged, consequently, to make a pair of ear-trumpets for the master, but when, finally, these came to hand they proved of little service to the distressed man. With all this he was engaged in legal complications sufficient to turn the head of any ordinary being. His patron Prince Kinsky had died suddenly, and his allowance to the composer was jeopardized to the extent that Beethoven had to sue the executors—which, fortunately, he did. Then he had an action running with Maelzel, who, it was alleged, had surreptitiously obtained a copy of the "Battle" Symphony, which he was projecting "running" in England.

Yet a greater distraction awaited Beethoven. His brother Carl, who had long been suffering from consumption, died (1815) after a more or less reckless life, during which he was a constant drain upon the earnings of the master; indeed he had cost him at various times as much as 10,000 florins. He left Beethoven the heritage of his unhappy son Carl—quite a boy. "So I expect with full confidence," ran the words in his brother's 'Will,' "that the love he has shown me will pass over to my son Carl, that he will do everything for his intellectual development and

further his success in life." And, indeed, this expectation was more than fulfilled. Beethoven adopted the boy, and from that day forward the prosperity of his nephew was Beethoven's chief concern. True till death the composer finally left him his sole heir, and a *post-mortem* search among his belongings soon revealed seven 1000 florins bank shares stored in a drawer. With the subsequent sale of furniture, MSS., and other effects this improvident scapegrace found himself the possessor of something like £1000 in hard cash—thanks to the abiding love of his good uncle. That he could not have fallen into better hands is clear from the tenour of a lovable letter which Beethoven had previously written to this brother, a fragment of which is as follows:—"God forbid that the natural tie between brothers should again be unnaturally torn asunder, for even without this my life may not be of long duration. I repeat that I have nothing against your wife, although her conduct towards me has on several occasions been unbecoming. Apart from this, my illness, which has lasted three months and a half, has made me extremely sensitive and excitable. Away with everything which does not help to mend the matter, that I, my good Carl, may get into a more tranquil condition, so essential for me. If you look at my lodging you will see the consequences of my being obliged to confide in strangers, especially when I am ill. Do not refer to other matters" (probably relating to money lent by the musician, of which we have already spoken). "If you can come to-day you can take Carl with you." This charge involved the master in further legal embroilment—this time with his sister-in-law—whom he deemed an unfit person to have charge of his

Adopts his Nephew

fatherless nephew. Not without reason, it is to be hoped, he questioned her morality, surnaming her "Queen of the Night," and, determined to carry out the strongly expressed wish of his dying brother, he placed his charge in one of the Vienna schools where his mother could see him monthly. This course led to an action at law between Beethoven and the widow, and it is to be feared caused the master many a pang and many a thaler. The litigation went on for four years, for he dearly loved the boy. Beethoven was the more exposed to her continual slanders, intrigues, and law-suits because he himself, by acting vigorously according to his moral conviction, disregarded the inviolable law of nature. The mother sought in every possible way to regain her influence over the boy, who had been removed from her; the boy obeyed only the promptings of his own heart when he, contrary to the admonition of his uncle, "ran to his mother," and the result naturally was that he was false and deceitful towards both parties, and from being at first only a spoilt child became thoroughly corrupt. In 1820 an Appeal was decided in the composer's favour with the custody of the lad.

Eventually Beethoven had the satisfaction of getting him into the University. Alas!—it was a vain step. The fellow went from bad to worse—was expelled, and after attempting self-destruction was placed for a season in an asylum. Beethoven's state of mind at this attempt at suicide was shocking to see. When at length Carl was discovered severely wounded, and the first anxiety had been overcome, the accumulation of grief, guilt, and suffering in connection with the circumstance poured down like a storm upon his feelings. Schindler, who was an eye-witness, reports: "The resolution and firmness which

had always been observable in his whole demeanour and character vanished at once, and he stood before us an old man of about seventy years of age, involuntarily tractable, obedient to every breath of wind." Instead of repaying his uncle with gratitude the unhappy nephew rewarded his tender generous care with base thanklessness. No wonder that at such a time Beethoven cried "Gott, Gott, mein Hort, mein Fels, o mein Alles du siehst mein Inneres und weisst wie wehe mir es thut Jemanden leiden machen Müssen bei meinem guten Werke für meinen theuren Karl" (God, God, my strength, my rock! Thou canst look in my innermost thoughts, and judge how it grieves me to cause suffering even by good actions to my heart's one—Carl). Nor is it surprising that with such turmoil and worry Beethoven gave us this while no music.

Not yet was the great man's cup of trouble full. At a time when his resources were seriously crippled by expenses of law suits, he lost by death a liberal patron—Prince Lobkowitz (1816) and with him an allowance which that nobleman had been making. This event led to another appeal at law, by which one more worry was added to the many which eventually drove the master into a premature grave. One incident may have somewhat lightened the load of existence about the painful period we have just dwelt upon. The Corporation of Vienna had shown their appreciation of Beethoven and his music by presenting him with the Freedom of the city.

It behoved Beethoven now to concern himself about his resources, which—despite the substantial sums that from time to time accrued to him—were unequal to the many drains, mainly merciless appeals to which they were subjected, and pressing requests, which were rarely, if

ever, refused by him. Of course his fame had reached this country, although a century ago news hardly travelled as fast and faithfully as they do now, and musical desire and enterprise here in England were less urgent than is the case to-day. Among those interested in the great man of Vienna were the Broadwoods, and it was the then head of this eminent firm of pianoforte makers, Mr Thomas Broadwood, who caused a very acceptable grand piano to be sent as a gift to Beethoven (1817). Beethoven duly acknowledged the present in a letter, the tenour of which, translated from his own doubtful French, runs as follows: "Never have I experienced a greater pleasure than your advice of the forwarding of the piano which you have honoured me in presenting. I shall regard it as an altar upon which I will sacrifice to the divine Apollo the best offerings of my soul. As soon as I receive your splendid instrument, I will immediately send you the result of the first impressions which I shall gather from it, and duly trust that they may be found worthy of your instrument."[1]

Philharmonic Society's Negotiations

The Philharmonic Society also made strenuous exertions to induce Beethoven to visit England professionally. 300 guineas were assured to him for the engagement, but the master—in keeping with a peculiar habit he had of demanding more whenever he received offers—wanted 400 guineas. The result was that the negotiations proved fruitless. The Society, nevertheless, bought several of his compositions. If they could not secure the master himself, they were determined to acquire some of his scores, a desirable aim which was attained through the instrumentality of his admirers Messrs Neate, Ries, and Birchall

[1] Vienna, February 3rd, 1818.

the publisher. These negotiations extended from 1815 to 1818.

Just now—1818—however, Beethoven was much occupied, and according to his own showing the state of his health did not favour such a journey. In fact, his intention was fixed upon relieving himself of at least one stupendous musical idea which had taken possession of his ever imaginative brain. His friend, the Archduke Rudolph, was to be installed as Archbishop of Olmütz, and in the winter of 1818-1819 Beethoven had become engrossed in a composition suitable for the occasion, the date of which was March 20th, 1820. The work designed for this ceremony was a grand Mass, the one in D major. Day and night did the indefatigable worker occupy himself with the score, until his devotion to his task was looked upon as something more than extraordinary. Never before had the composer seemed so wholly abstracted with a task, a struggle with the elements of composition which really alarmed those who were cognizant of what was happening. Schindler was an eye-witness of the surroundings:—"The house was deserted by servants, every comfort was absent. Shut in a room alone, the great man resorted to singing, shouting, stamping, as if in the throes of mental torture. In appearance he was wild, dishevelled, exhausted with long periods of work and abstinence from food of any kind."

Nor could the score be finished for the Installation, and no one could guess if it would ever see the light. Conception after conception fastened upon him with such rapidity that his brain was continually on the rack with the profoundest problems and musical possibilities. Relief only came to him in working upon three or four vast panoramas

at one and the same time; and as was his wont, he at this period of pressure added to his mental and physical strain by engaging upon two vast harmonial projects, the composition of either one of which would have made an ordinary man immortal.[1] It was not until February 1822 that the Mass was completed, and on the 19th of the following month, two years after the date fixed for the ceremony, a fair copy of the score was sent to the Archduke. By Beethoven it was regarded as his greatest and most successful work; and truly it is one of the grandest and most profound art compositions ever created. Notwithstanding, Beethoven had great difficulty in getting subscriptions for the work. He addressed circular letters to the sovereigns of Prussia, France, Sweden, Saxony and Russia, asking for 50 ducats towards its publication, but at the expiration of nine months, no more than seven copies had been guaranteed! Eventually, after much wrangling, due as much to Beethoven's difficult temper as to anything else, the Mass, or the major part of it, was produced with the "Ninth" Symphonyat the Kärnthnerthor Theatre. This was on May 7th, 1824, for which event we have to thank his friends Lichnowsky, Schindler, and Schuppanzigh. The scores aroused unbounded enthusiasm, albeit the concert was a failure; and when it was repeated on the 23rd, with little better result, Beethoven so roundly abused his friends, whom he had invited to dine with him, that they rose up, hurried out of the room, and left Beethoven and his nephew to eat the dinner.

About this time Rossini appeared on the horizon of musical Europe. Speedily his fame spread to every

[1] These scores were the magnificent Sonata in E major Op. 109, and the "Ninth" Symphony.

quarter of the Continent, and there was scarcely a capital which was not swept by this brilliant musical meteor. Beethoven stood unmoved—unconcerned. And, with what prophetic instinct we may credit Beethoven if we regard the musical reputations and values of the two composers to-day! Undismayed and unalterable the Vienna master pursued his deep ponderings in the very depths of theoretical research and invention—pouring forth his fancies and deductions in page after page of the "Choral" Symphony and other colossal works marking the closing years of the great musician's career. To their credit be it said Beethoven's intimate friends did not desert him during the Rossini fever, although it is to be feared that that fickle, restless body the "public" cared little for real music in its thirst for ravishing Italian tune. Whether it was, or was not, consolatory to him to receive a public proof of esteem at such a time is not altogether clear. Nevertheless, when Rossini's glory was at its highest a public Address and demonstration were prepared in Beethoven's honour—a step which Schindler says comforted him greatly in his hour of apparent neglect. This might easily have been otherwise however, as the great composer with his self-contained, moody temperament, developing more and more as he grew older, was strongly averse to all public manifestations. In fact he persistently shunned every attempt made to draw him into public view. The purport of this Address, which was signed by Prince Lichnowsky and the leading musical personages in Vienna, was that he should produce the Mass, the Ninth Symphony and a new opera, thus to convince the world that Germany could yield greater music than could Italy.

Rossini Furore

Straightened Resources

None the less Beethoven was kept busy—indeed, he had never been busier. "The publishers' demands for my works are so great," he wrote in 1822, "that I humbly thank the Almighty." And again, "if by God's will my health be restored I shall be able to comply with all commissions which I am now receiving from all parts of Europe, and I may yet acquire prosperity."

Now, towards what proved, only too truly, to be the closing years of his life, Beethoven began to have misgivings. Fearful and gloomy thoughts took possession of him and these, with his naturally morose and serious disposition he aggravated, until he weaved them into really frightful pictures on which his mind dwelt persistently. Nor did he keep all this to himself, but poured out the melancholy story of his unhappy lot to business houses and intimates alike. The chief of his painful imaginations was a presentiment that he was about to die; another was that he would be the victim of actual want, and perhaps starve—morbid ideas indeed.

Gloomy Forebodings

All too tender-hearted and considerate of others,—especially of his nephew Carl, for whom he entertained an affection which was hopelessly misplaced, — Beethoven, in order to make more money, pushed on the work of composition under conditions which at times were appalling. Had this been for his own benefit it would be understandable enough—but it was in order that he might provide himself with funds wherewith to meet the many demands that were constantly being made upon his generosity. Else, how could things have reached such a pass that in the year 1820, such was the composer's impecuniosity, he was reduced to making his

dinner, for four days, of a glass of beer and some rolls. Unscrupulous persons besieged him for loans or gifts of money upon all sorts of pretences, and there were even those who in order to turn them to their own account peculated his scores on the excuse of disposing of them to his advantage to a publisher.

Nevertheless Beethoven was far from being really poor in the closing years of his life. His belief that he was, and his consequent strenuous efforts towards the last to raise money were the outcome simply of a disordered brain, the misgivings of a morbid nature aggravated by worry, neglect and insidious disease. There were the bank shares, for instance, which he had willed to his unprofitable nephew Carl, and which the uncle's strict conscientiousness would not permit him to touch. The chief publishers of Europe were wanting compositions from Beethoven, and there were friends on all sides who would have helped him. On December 20th, 1823, the Philharmonic Society in London again came forward and offered him 300 guineas and a benefit concert—guaranteed to be of not less value than £500 if he would visit London with a symphony and concerto, but even this negotiation came to nothing. There was really no ground, therefore, for any great anxiety respecting his monetary affairs. If he was in debt at about this time, as Thayer calculates he was in the spring of 1823—to the tune of 7000 florins—he could easily have remedied matters.

Beethoven's apprehensions concerning his condition of health, however, were by no means without foundation: on the contrary, the presentiment of a speedily approaching end, which took possession of him so com-

pletely, proved to be the fore-shadow of an actual fact. The indifferent state of his health which had always more or less troubled him, and which had long kept him a 'subject' of the doctors, grew worse, until in the winter of 1824 there were decided indications of serious stomach troubles. The situation, too, was rendered worse from the fact that he had fallen out with his physicians—as indeed he fell out with everybody, and doctors Braunhofer and Staudenheim flatly refused to attend him.

Still he would not give up work—rather he applied himself to composition with increased vigour—for no other reason it would seem than that he might leave his rascal nephew well provided for. In 1824 he placed himself in communication with the publisher Schott of Mayence, who bought the scores of the Mass and 'Ninth' Symphony for 1000 florins the one, and 600 florins the other. With the assistance of one Carl Holz, a government official and quite a "man about town," who had ingratiated himself into the composer's favour, Beethoven was now at the eleventh hour more active in stimulating commercial negotiations for his work than he had ever been in the whole course of his life.

Work and Suffering

About this time Prince Galitzin wrote from St Petersburg commissioning three string quartets which were to be liberally paid for when composed and dedicated to this Russian noble. These were the Quartets in E flat op. 127, B flat op. 130, and the A minor op. 132, which were not paid for, as they all found their way, for a consideration, into the hands of the publishers—Schott, Schlesinger and Artaria.

All this while the burden of a slowly-breaking constitution lay on the master's mind. In one of his letters to Schott he writes: "I hope that Apollo and the Muses will prevent for some time my delivery into the hands of the Reaper. I am still much under engagements to you; and what my mind is at present filled with must be poured out before I go to the Elysian fields."[1] This was the year when, anxious about his "Choral" Symphony, Beethoven is seen conducting its first performance—a proceeding which would seem to indicate that even the composer's closest friends were unacquainted with the full extent of his deafness, or we may conclude they would not have allowed him to figure in such an unfortunate position. Always irritable and ashamed of his calamity, he was no mild *chef d'orchestre*, although the bandsmen were ever ready to make allowances for, and pocket insults and reprimands—rebukes which arose invariably from Beethoven's own defective hearing. Thus the master, despite his many complainings, may have imagined that he alone knew the terrible secret to the uttermost. All was eventually discovered, however. He had wielded the *bâton* and led the band, but that this was more by eye than ear became painfully palpable. He was as deaf to the applause at the conclusion as he had been to the strains of his own music. The loving soul already mentioned turned him round—and lo!—the sight he met must have made his heart bleed. The sympathetic concourse, we are told, at once grasped the situation, and the demonstration that then followed has been described by Schindler as "a volcanic outburst of joy and tears."

Incessant work and a resolute will were the mainstays

[1] September 17th, 1824.

upon which the great existence now depended. "I feel as if I had written little more than a few notes," he wrote to Schott; and later on, in a letter to Wegeler he says, "I want to bring a few more worthy scores into the world and then to die in peace." So he laboured on unceasingly.

Nikolaus Johann, Beethoven's second brother, was a chemist, who carried on business at Linz and Vienna, and later on resided in retirement at Gneixendorf. This dispensing chemist had become suddenly rich by the execution of some peculiar orders he had received from the French in the great wars of 1809. He and the composer were on anything but brotherly terms, however, —a condition for which the man of drugs must have been mainly to blame, inasmuch as there exists abundant evidence to prove that no man ever possessed a more touching affection for his kin than did Beethoven. The fact is, Beethoven did not approve of the wife which this brother had married, so that when he received invitations to visit the estate he invariably made excuse. "Could I so far lower myself to join such bad company?" he once wrote to his brother. For in spite of all that had been done to keep him from that disgraceful connection, brother Johann, whom he had warned on his first coming to Vienna against "the whole clique of bad women," had obeyed his old inclinations, and the results were, if possible, more disastrous than in the case of the wife of his other brother—Carl.

There ever has been, and ever will be, a class of men who, with an ingrained love of money, cultivate the art of accumulating it so strenuously that in time they become lost to all sense of everything else, and the apothe-

cary belonged to this by no means extinct tribe. The resultant was the usual one—the brothers were estranged and agreed to differ. Occasionally a sally of insinuation escaped both. Thus, one day, Johann from the luxury of his retirement called upon the working musician, and, finding him out, left his card. It ran :—

JOHANN VAN BEETHOVEN,
Land Proprietor.

The composer rose to the occasion. He returned the card forthwith, having endorsed it on the back :—

L. VAN BEETHOVEN,
Brain Proprietor.

Visits his Brother

It was to this brother that Beethoven had, perforce, to pay a visit in 1826—a journey which, unhappily, proved to be the last he undertook ere essaying that bourne along which no traveller has yet turned a face. Matters had reached a climax with Carl, and Beethoven, fearful of his own approaching end, and unable to neglect his dying brother's charge, required to acquaint the apothecary with his arrangements in respect to his nephew. A young man, who having failed in his University studies, came to grief in a profession and subsequently in trade, proved unsuccessful in an attempt at suicide, was expelled the army, and finally ordered out of Vienna, was scarcely a fit and proper person to become suddenly possessed of a small fortune — for Beethoven, with extraordinary love and devotion, was straining every nerve to leave this rake in a state of independence. To further the end absorbing him he would even have resorted to pen and score-paper as he lay

on his bed of sickness, had not the doctors peremptorily refused his appeals to be allowed to compose.

Johann permitted this interview in half-hearted fashion, and in October 1826 Beethoven, with prodigal Carl, set out for Krems, a fifty mile journey from Vienna. "The party," as a great critic has it, must have been a curiously ill-assorted one—the pompous, money-loving Gutsbesitzer (land proprietor); his wife—a common frivolous woman of questionable character; the ne'er-do-well nephew, intensely selfish and ready to make game of his uncle or make love to his aunt; and in the midst of them all the great composer—deaf, untidy, unpresentable, setting every household rule and household propriety at defiance, by turns entirely absorbed and pertinaciously boisterous, exploding in rough jokes and hoarse laughter, or bursting into sudden fury at some absolute misconception, such a group has few elements of permanence in it.[1]

That the niggardly Johann and his household, including Michael Kren, who was told off to attend upon Beethoven, must have been appreciably agitated by the new-comer is certain. The musician—always wholly absorbed in his art, and more than ever so now since he felt fired to work "while it was day," had far from left his Beethoven inspirations at home. He would rise at half-past five, and even at that early hour would repair to his table and start composing, "beating time with hands and feet, singing, humming and writing." A hurried breakfast and off he was to the fields —the arena of all his inspirations. Alone with Nature he sauntered all day about the fields calling

Host and Guest

[1] Sir George Grove, "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," vol. i. p. 198.

out, waving his hands, going now very slowly, then very fast, and then suddenly standing still, and writing in a kind of pocket-book—this one of those eternal sketch-books. The brother thought him mad! Well—there are many of Nature's flints to-day who would encourage a similar verdict if the occasion could arise. That the precise pharmaceutist looked forward to the day when his abnormal guest would shake the dust from his feet and depart must not be regarded too harshly, for he really understood not the manner of man he was sheltering. The immortal beacon was not yet illuminating the musical universe with its glorious rays. Johann, not dreaming of future ages, shut up his bowels of compassion. He denied his ailing brother—his own flesh and blood—the toiling, open-handed, open-hearted worker, suffering from a cruel internal disorder, requiring warmth and attention—he refused him the comfort which a drooping dog would need. He denied him a fire in his room although it was mid-winter; he required payment for his board and lodging which the composer thought was to be gratuitous; and with it all the food supplied was not suited to Beethoven's seriously disturbed and not robust appetite. The discussion as to Carl led to a bitter quarrel—so much so that on December 2nd composer and nephew packed up for a journey back to Vienna, Beethoven having failed to interest Johann in Carl's future much less to provide for him in his Will.

It was biting weather, and even the winter sun seemed permanently hidden. A close vehicle was consequently indispensable for a fifty miles' journey; yet this was not forthcoming; the brother would not lend his, so with great misgivings Beethoven hazarded an open conveyance

The Schwarzspanierhaus
in Vienna where
Beethoven died

—a milk-cart it is supposed—"the most wretched vehicle of hell" as the composer described it—with the two-fold mischief of exposing himself to the cold damp elements, and his nephew to the officiousness of the Vienna police, —the scapegrace, be it remembered having been expelled the city after the attempt upon his life. Still home had to be reached, and Beethoven though only clad in summer clothing resolutely faced all.

It was a two days' journey, and it cost this wondrous man his life—a consequence which would, indeed, have been beyond the power of words or imagination to picture had he not already poured out his very life's blood in music. Indeed, and indeed, had he shed his entire musical self for posterity of all future. Nothing more was to come—what might have been in store God only knows, but the sand-glass had run its course. Water was all that soon afterwards, or ever, was drawn from that rich fount—as the surgeon tapped him for his disease. "Better from my belly than from my pen" was the burst of the impatient sufferer.

Beethoven reached his home in the Schwarzspanierhaus and straightway took to his bed. The raw December weather had found out the weak spots in his enfeebled constitution: not only was the stomach ailment aggravated, but inflammation of the lungs had set in. Medical assistance was of course necessary, yet difficulties presented themselves. Beethoven had succeeded in so estranging his former physicians that he could not appeal to them—consequently a doctor Wawruch—a nominee of a billiard marker known to indolent Carl—was summoned. Neither the physician nor his physic commended themselves to

The Coming End

the patient nor arrested the complaints. To add to the seriousness of the situation dropsy set in, and on December 18th the suffering musician was first tapped. This operation was repeated on the 8th January, and again on the 28th,—with, unhappily, very little benefit in the patient's condition. Then recourse had to be had to a cast-off physician, Malfatti, who, with no great pleasure, eventually consented to see the patient. Under Malfatti's treatment — wherein iced punch took the place of abominable herbal decoctions—a decided improvement was manifest, so much so, that Beethoven by word and manner expressed a disgust for Wawruch's treatment.

The new year (1827) found the master still confined to his bed. He had improved sufficiently to transact business, write letters, study Schubert's songs for the first time; pore over a forty-volume set of Handel—Arnold's edition—in score which Stumpff the well-known harp-maker had very thoughtfully presented to him; and finally look into his own affairs—especially in Carl's interest. He committed this hopeful, only now some nineteen years of age, to the care of an old lawyer friend—Dr Bach—the apothecary brother persistently declining the charge. In his survey Beethoven learnt that he possessed 7000 florins in bank shares—bought in the prosperous time of the Congress—and now set religiously apart for Carl. For himself there was nothing, and his long illness had involved him in debt. He wanted to compose, so as to breast affairs, but the doctors refused to let him. He thought, therefore, of an appeal to the Philharmonic Society of London, and begged his friend Moscheles to plead for him. To the great credit of that body let it be stated that the Society at the earliest possible moment remitted £100

to the dying man, for he was now unknowingly approaching his end. The incident overjoyed Beethoven, and a reaction setting in another tapping was decided upon. Little relief followed, and very speedily the disease and certain complications obtained the mastery. Friends, including Schubert, called and visited the bedside, but it was too late—the end was at hand. The great mind was prepared for its passing; indeed, that sorrow which has a healing power, of which Schopenhauer tells us, had so absorbed the composer's pilgrimage that the prospect of death—the change to life—instead of being much feared must have proved a glorious expectancy for him.

Hiller, as a boy of fifteen, was one of the few who saw and spoke with Beethoven during his last days. He was the companion of his master Hummel on a professional tour to Vienna; and Hiller thus described the meeting:—"After having passed through a large antechamber, where we saw enormous heaps of music tied together, and piled up in tall cupboards, we entered Beethoven's apartment. How my heart beat! And we were not a little surprised to see him sitting at his window, with a good-humoured expression on his face. The grey-stuff dressing-gown he wore was hanging open. He had on great boots which reached to his knees. Wasted by illness, he appeared to be of tall stature, as he rose. He was unshaven, and his grizzled hair fell in shaggy masses over his temples. His face cleared, and became even friendly as he recognised Hummel, and he seemed pleased to see him again, embracing him cordially. Hummel introduced me. Beethoven was very kind, and I took a seat opposite to him at the window. Every one knows that conversations with

Beethoven had to take place partly in writing; he himself spoke, but the person whom he addressed had to write all questions and answers. How painful it must have been to the man who had always been excitable —even irritable—to have to wait for each answer, and to be obliged every instant to rein in his keen and brilliant intellect! On such occasions he followed with eager eyes the hand that was writing, and seemed rather to devour than to read what had been written.

"When we again stood by his bedside, on the 20th, it was easy to see by his words how happy such a mark of sympathy had made him; but he was in a state of extreme weakness, and could only speak in a low tone, at intervals. 'I shall soon have to undertake the great journey,' he murmured, after greeting us. Although often giving vent to similar forebodings, he still busied himself from time to time with sketches and plans, which, alas! were never to be realised. Speaking of the noble behaviour of the Philharmonic Society, and praising the English people, he said that as soon as he got well he should go to London and compose a grand symphonic overture for his friends, the English; and that he should also pay a visit to Mme. Hummel (who, this time, had accompanied us to his house), and travel about to different places. His eyes, which, when we had seen him before, retained all their old brightness, were now dim, and he could not raise himself in his bed without pain. There was now no hope of a cure, and a fatal ending to his illness was rapidly approaching. When we saw him again for the last time, on the 23rd March, the aspect of the illustrious man was heartrending. He lay before us exhausted, uttering low groans at intervals; no more

words passed his lips; his brow was covered with great drops of sweat. At one time he could not find his handkerchief. Mme. Hummel instantly produced hers, and wiped his face gently with it at intervals. I shall never forget the look of gratitude in his dim and sunken eyes as he turned towards her."[1]

Final Scenes

On March 24th Schindler came and found Beethoven with a distorted face, sinking, and almost unable to speak. Soon Hummel, Breuning, Hiller and Hüttenbrenner arrived and approached the bedside of the evidently dying man. "Plaudite amici, comædia finita est," cried Beethoven to his weeping friends. Yes—with his grim sarcasm serving him to the last—the comedy was, indeed, over; and his friends might applaud. Asked if he would receive the last Sacraments, the master answered calmly, "I will;" and these were administered according to the rites of the Roman Church. The last intelligible words that escaped his lips were—"I shall hear in Heaven."

Beethoven's strong constitution made a great fight with the King of Terrors. All through the day and night of the 25th, and throughout the following day, was a terrible ordeal for the death-watch. As he lay, apparently unconscious, the last battle set in and continued long into the dreary waning day. Then as night drew on Nature herself added to the gloom—a sudden storm of thunder and lightning, such as had not been equalled for many a year intensified the solemnity of the sick-room—in which his brother Johann's wife and Hüttenbrenner were keeping vigil. Suddenly an awful crash of thunder roused even the dying man. The large sunken eyes opened—

[1] *Monthly Musical Record*, June 1, 1874.

a clenched fist was raised in the air, and when it fell the death agonies were over—life, the world, and its concerns were nothing for him—the last breath had left the body of Beethoven. As if in concert with the august life, Nature's requiem finally gave place to a placid night.

Breuning and Schindler had already gone to Währing Cemetery to choose the spot for the inevitable interment; and when they returned it was to face the mournful duty of laying out the corpse and settling all final affairs. A *post-mortem* examination was made by Doctors Wagner and Wawruch, following which, worshippers and friends issued the following invitation—(a facsimile)—to the funeral:—

Einladung

zu

Ludwig van Beethoven's

Leichenbegängniss;

welches am 29. März um 3 Uhr Nachmittags Statt finden wird.

Man versammelt sich in der Wohnung des Verstorbenen im Schwarzspanier-Hause Nr. 200, am Glacis vor dem Schottenthore.

Der Zug begibt sich von da nach der Dreyfaltigkeits-Kirche bey den P. P. Minoriten in der Alsergasse.

Die musikalische Welt erlitt den unersetzlichen Verlust des berühmten Tondichters am 26. März 1827 Abends gegen 6 Uhr. Beethoven starb an den Folgen der Wassersucht, im 56. Jahre seines Alters, nach empfangenen heil. Sacramenten.

Der Tag der Exequien wird nachträglich bekannt gemacht von

[illegible]

Verehrern und Freunden.

[illegible]

Beethoven

INVITATION

TO

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN'S

FUNERAL,

Which will take place on the 29th March at 3 p.m.

The Meeting of Mourners will take place at the residence of the deceased, in the Schwarzspanier House, No. 200, at the Glacis before the Schotten Gate.

The cortège will proceed from there to the Trinity Church of the Minorites in Alser Street.

The irretrievable loss to the musical world of the celebrated tone-master took place on the 26th March, 1827, at 6 p.m. Beethoven died in consequence of dropsy, in the 56th year of his age, after having received the Holy Sacrament.

The day of obsequies will be made known by

L. VAN BEETHOVEN'S

Worshippers and Friends.

The news of the death spread like wild-fire over Europe. The Viennese were grief-stricken, knowing that to an extent they had failed to appreciate the manner of man who had been amongst them. Twenty thousand followed the funeral *cortège*, which provided such a sight as had never before been seen in the capital. The scene at the church door was distracting, and soldiers had to force the way for the passing of the hearse. There were eight pall-bearers, the musicians Eybler, Hummel, Seyfried, Kreutzer, Weigl, Gyrowetz, Würfel and Gänsbacher. A crowd of appreciative friends—notables all—mournfully carrying tapers, surrounded the coffin, the big form of Lablache towering over all the rest. Four performers on trombones rendered the dead master's own requiem—the

Funeral-Equale; and a male choir performed other appropriate music. With the service over the vast procession moved to the cemetery, where a funeral oration was delivered by the actor Anschütz. The last honour was paid by Hummel. As the mortal remains were lowered out of sight the famous pianist, with deep emotion, rested three laurel wreaths on the coffin of the illustrious dead—aged fifty-six years and three months.

The grave was a plain one, near by the spots where Schubert, Clement the violinist, and Seyfried were subsequently laid. It was long neglected, but as recently as 1863 the remains of both Beethoven and Schubert were exhumed and reburied. Over the former there now rests a slab of stone headed by an obelisk. All that this memorial proclaims is expressed in one sufficing word —*BEETHOVEN.*

Beethoven: The Man.

A Foremost Personality—Physical Appearance—Man and Mind—Characteristics—Fondness for Joking—An undesirable Lodger—Some of the Lodgings—Troubles with Servants—A Bohemian's Den—As a Lover—Female Attachments—A *Postillon d'Amour*—Temperament and Disposition—Affection for his Nephew—Good Traits—Receives Schubert—Opinions on fellow-Musicians—Beethoven and the Professors—A Bad Man of Business—Intellectuality in Musicians—Beethoven maxims—The "Letters"—His Politics—Dismisses Napoleon—Rates Goethe—Habits of Abstraction—Portraits—Masks, Busts and Monuments—No Formal Religionist—Purity of Life—Worthy Deeds.

THE consideration of Beethoven personally furnishes an engrossing study. The grand but uneven personality who had tasted the qualities of the extremes of obscurity and renown will ever provide genuine enquirers with a rare and absorbing subject as a man and fellow-being, apart from his attributes as a musician. Beethoven was one of those embodiments of the regular and irregular in human nature which, marked by strong characteristics — not necessarily good ones—go to make up the striking figures of history. He was equally at home in the tap-room of the "Swan" and at the table of the palace; and if

he ever picked his teeth with the snuffers, this unenviable notoriety could only have been obtained as the penalty of some gross wantonness or studied offence to which, like his freaks of horseplay, he was not unaddicted. The good and bad, indeed, could both be traced in the outward attitude of the great musician, but unquestionably the good largely predominated.

A Foremost Personality

Nature had moulded Beethoven one of her noblest sons, yet was there not a little of the contradictory in his character. From first to last his course was a plane above the common roadway of life, and throughout a struggling career—amid great anxieties and temptations—he seldom stepped from it: born a foremost man, he played the part well, if inconsistently. Throughout he was firmly impressed with the conviction that he could—as he did—do everlasting work, and in more ordinary matters sustain great burdens, and carry the heaviest everyday loads of life, even of relationship, which weak men make it their study to refuse and shirk. This symptom of true greatness was perfectly natural. "Man is man and master of his fate,"[1] and Beethoven was a great apostle of the creed. He lived and worked not so much for himself as for others, because he felt instinctively that he should do so, and moreover that he was designed for that end.

When, on October 13th, 1863, the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde exhumed and reburied Schubert, the occasion (prompted by a certain inquisitiveness which is rampant everywhere), was used for disturbing Beethoven's bones, which lay three places higher up in the

[1] Tennyson.

Ortsfriedhof of Währing. The skeleton of the Bonn master proved him to be 5 ft. 5 in. high so that like many of the world's greatest men, he was below medium stature.

Physical Appearance

There is a full-length sketch of Beethoven in line by Lyser that is splendidly characteristic of the master, and which—beyond the fact of the hat being on one side of the head instead of straight on—has been pronounced by no less an authority than Beethoven's friend Breuning to be a particularly accurate presentment. It looks so. We see the thick-set, broad-shouldered little giant—Seyfried said he was the "image of strength"—not quite proportionately formed, but with all the "cut" of a great personality. It sets out too the extraordinary intellectual features of Beethoven.

The head was large, with a grand forehead, great breadth of jaw, and somewhat protruding lips, the lower one more developed in his later years as the habit of serious reflection and set thought grew more intense. A profuse mass of black hair, cast upwards and backwards, left the full open face—the more striking with its ruddy clean-shaven skin. As Beethoven grew older and bore the brunt of excessive troubles, his hair, as abundant as ever, turned white, but remained a great ornament behind his red but, as we are informed, from early youth pock-marked face.[1] The eyes arched with luxuriant brows were, indeed, the mirror of his soul. Large and jet-black, they were full of the fire of genius, and on occasions of special joy or inspiration were remarkably bright and peculiarly piercing

[1] Bernhard, Breuning, Seyfried and others.

Lyser's Sketch of Beethoven

The teeth—beautifully white and regular—were much shown in laughing; happily, the careless man at least kept them brushed. Unlike his hands, Beethoven's feet were small and graceful. The former were ugly, thick, dumpy, with short untapering fingers, which could stretch little over an octave and afforded anything but the impression of grace or fluency over the piano keys. His voice varied. When quite himself it was light in tone, and singularly affecting; but when forced, as it so often was, on occasions of anger and temper, it became very rough and far from sympathetic.

Inclined to be a handsome young man, as the miniature by Kügelgen suggests, he did not improve in looks as the strain of musical storm and stress told its inevitable tale. Yet there were occasions when his smile was something to witness, when the rare soul and intellect of the master burst through the lines of the serious, earnest face, and all who were fortunate enough to witness it were richer by an experience that could never be forgotten. It is to be regretted that there were not longer periods of this elasticity of mind; but alas! the troubles of life, many of them of the composer's own creating, were more than he could manage to regard philosophically, while his temper and surroundings suffered accordingly. Unlike more than one of the great musicians he allowed no amount of patronage to influence his freedom of mode or thought. It might have been better had it been otherwise. If, like Haydn, he had been fated to appear in a court costume of official blue and silver—though he hated the idea of being a salaried lackey, the ordeal might probably have brought good results. As it was the good beginnings

made with his exterior—the silk stockings, long boots, sword, peruque with tag behind, double eyeglass and seal ring—the whole amounting to a young man's most fashionable attire, ultimately gave way to a complete carelessness as to outside appearances. He now shaved himself irregularly and hacked his face terribly in the process, so that at times his beard, as when Czerny first met him, showed a seven days' growth. This, with his shocks of unkempt hair standing erect, ears filled with medicated wool, and clothes of a hairy substance that might have suited a hermit, contributed to a strange spectacle. His great admirer, and his ideal—the Countess Gallenberg—could not refrain from noticing his appearance. "He was meanly dressed," she tells us, "very ugly to look at, but full of nobility and fine feeling and highly cultivated."

Man and Mind

Yes! Beethoven's nobility of mien never left him to the last, and though as years passed he grew harsh in his features, neglected himself and got shockingly untidy, his grand face never wholly lost its rare expressiveness.

With no other of the great masters was the clash of life so keen and so sustained. Boyhood, early manhood, and middle age were each marked by consuming troubles and toil, which death alone ended. Much of the gloominess and abstractedness of Beethoven may be charitably set down to those periods of inward working out of musical ideas, whether indoors or out. Then there was his early deafness which, while it incommoded him at every turn in his artistic labours, caused him also perpetual mental reflection and misery. Add to this his general bad health, a suggestion of hereditary taint, and constant dependence upon medical

men more or less skilful; his slowly wearing stomach disease—which eventually killed him—the sum of these considered and it is little surprising that he engendered a vile temper that gave him chronic dyspepsia, which, in its turn, reflected itself in his features and taciturn and bearish moods. Rocklitz has described him as a "genius brought up on a desert island, and dropped suddenly into civilisation."

The riddle of humanity is more perplexing than ever if we seek to solve it through the person of Beethoven. The wonder is that out of such an existence—an existence compounded to some extent of self-inflicted torments and of miseries for which he may have been but partially responsible, should have poured such floods of pre-eminent music—music that will live to feed the souls of mortals as long as the sun shall shine.

On his death-bed Beethoven read Scott for the first time. He threw "Kenilworth" down with the utterance, "the man only writes for money," and may, or may not, have been propounding a solemn truth. In any case the real Beethoven was speaking, albeit with his usual perverse inconsistency. No art-worker of any note was ever more infected probably with a life-long yearning for money than was the Bonn master. Yet was this not for himself, but invariably for others, or in order that he might the better acquit obligations which were neither legally nor rightfully his own. Thus his expressed hope in one of his 1822 letters that he might "yet acquire prosperity" had infinitely less to do with his own reputation and convenience than with the future comfort and safety of his rascal nephew. Throughout his life we

Characteristics

find Beethoven playing the part of the great good man in no mild fashion.

The study of the personality—difficult as it is, and incongruous as it undoubtedly was,—affords a singularly interesting feature in our Beethoviana. The world, happily, knows much of Beethoven's music. To know more, to understand the man, we must, as our great historian says in one of his Essays, "look beyond the individual man and his actions or interests, and view him in combination with his fellows."[1] Here he stands out in bold relief. Varnhagen von Ense after an intimate acquaintance found the man in him stronger than the artist. Beethoven was as much a good citizen, a sterling fellow, kind relation and friend, as he was a great musician. The keynote of his whole character may be touched in the brave step he took when his unhappy father died. He gathered the reins and kept things together—working with might and main to preserve the humble home. Then, his whole artistic life affords a grand model for every earnest student plodding on towards some high aim. There never was a more genuine worker. "The art of taking infinite pains" was the real secret of his vast success. His Sketch-books show this and indicate how every idea that occurred to him as being worth keeping was duly noted and improved over and over again. The manner in which he wove these threads of themes into vast musical constructions, his rigid correction and finish of every idea, and the extraordinary working and development which he threw into each one of his thousand movements, stamp him as one of the most consummate toilers that the world has ever praised or blamed.

[1] Carlyle.

Natural Temperament

As a schoolboy Beethoven was reserved, having little of that boisterous element which characterises ninety-nine out of every hundred lads. Caring little for boyish amusements, he was noticed to be invariably self-contained, quiet, and reflective. He preferred to be alone, and this love of solitude—which was marked throughout his life—gave him precious time to devote to his favourite pursuit —that of forming music both on paper and the pianoforte.

His marvellous capacity for work showed itself very early in life, for he began composing with a purpose before most children have done with their toys. The manner in which he early sought, or was prompted to seek for patronage in the highest quarters was also but the beginning of a ceaseless striving for reward and recognition which continued until he lay on his last bed. His musical industry generally, too, must have been astonishing indeed for him to have made the theoretical and technical advance in his art which contemporaries so loudly acclaim—in addition to which there was his general education to be remembered, and this received no ungrudging share of his time and thought. It is manifestly clear that Beethoven, as a youth, was an exceptionally earnest toiler—with all that seriousness which developed so mightily in the after man. That he was well conducted, trustworthy, and had won the respect and affection of others is evident from the manner in which he kept his various appointments, and the efforts made by those in authority to advance his interests whenever, and wherever possible. It is hardly necessary to further emphasise the fact that Beethoven's natural temperament was by no means even or pleasing. Indeed, some of the situations in which he figures, while they rob the chief actor of much

of that romantic halo which weaves itself so readily round a great master—a musician, particularly—can only be accounted for on the principle that musicians of a high order must not be judged as mortals who revolve in the ordinary sphere of the unimaginative. Beethoven, at any rate, both in his own words and through the testimony of others, has furnished ample proof of being no common-place character—apart altogether from any consideration of him as a musician. Whatever he was inwardly—and he was good at heart—he had a brusque, inconsiderate, and sometimes downright rude and boorish bearing towards others, which often caused a pang to those who were devotedly concerned for his welfare. Spohr gives the following picture of their first meeting in 1815:—"We sat down at the same table, and Beethoven became very chatty, which much surprised the company, as he was generally taciturn, and sat gazing listlessly before him. But it was an unpleasant task to make him hear me, and I was obliged to speak so loud as to be heard in the third room off. Beethoven now came frequently to these dining-rooms, and visited me also at my house. We there soon became well acquainted. Beethoven was a little blunt, not to say uncouth; but a truthful eye beamed from under his bushy eyebrows."[1] At times wonderfully considerate for others, there were occasions when his behaviour was ill-advised, ungenerous and uncalled-for to a degree. No one of the great masters of music was ever blessed with a finer intellect, or possessed keener mental perception or higher motive than Beethoven; yet, when regarding him as the man apart from the musician, it is impossible to leave the subject with a quite satisfactory

[1] "Autobiography," page 184.

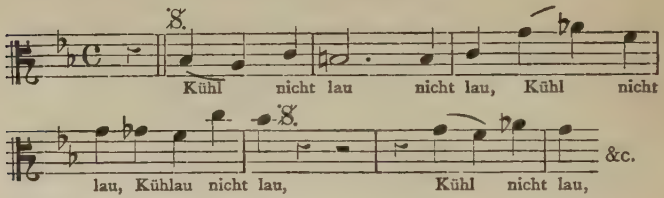
impression that we have been in the company of a real hero among men.

One of the marked characteristics that showed itself very early in Beethoven's life, and remained ever afterwards, was his fondness for joking, which not only took a practical shape, but often developed into sheer horse-play. When but a youth of fifteen years (1785), he was organist of the Electoral Chapel at Bonn, whereat was a coxcomb who was constantly pluming himself upon his singing abilities, or upon the inability of the accompanist to disconcert or "throw him out" when singing. Beethoven soon made a wager that he would bring him to a standstill, and at one of the services in Passion week, while the singer was warbling in the most approved fashion, Beethoven, by a gradual and adroit modulation, suddenly landed the vocalist in a region in which he could not move nor do anything but leave off singing. The trick was almost too complete. Choking with rage, the singer complained to the Elector, who—wise man—acted on the *audi alteram partem* principle and came to the conclusion that both were in the wrong, while if there was any difference, more blame attached to the singer for his meanness in complaining of his antagonist after having himself been a party to the wager.

Fondness for Joking

We have Seyfried's testimony that one autumn day of 1825, Kuhlau and some kindred spirits set out for Baden where Beethoven then was. With great glee the master escorted them to a neighbouring "Bier-Garten" and a jovial day was the result. The quantity and quality of the champagne so moved Kuhlau that he extemporised a canon in honour of Beethoven. There and then Beethoven responded, but the morning, bringing its reflections, the

constant, self-criticising composer changed his mind and sent Kuhlau a note with the following :—

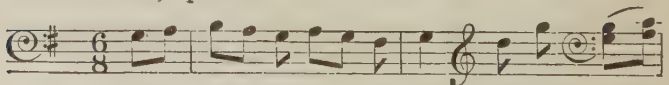


The note ran thus :—

3 *September*.

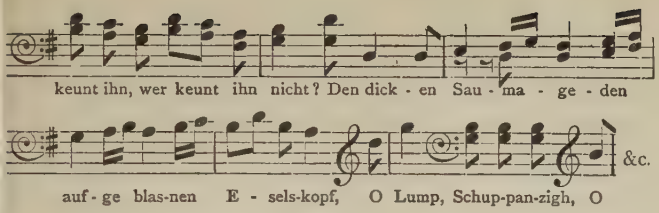
"I must confess that the champagne got too much into my head last night, and has once more shown me that it rather confuses my wits than assists them; for though it is usually easy enough for me to give an answer on the spot, I declare I do not in the least know what I wrote last night."[1]

When Beethoven heard that his friend, and sometime master for the viola, had married, he wrote : "Schuppanzigh is married. I hear that his wife is as fat as himself. What a family!!" Nor was he above a twit for his good-looking friend who had attained most abundant proportions. "My Lord Falstaff," Beethoven nicknamed him, and so referred to him in writing. Another piece of drollery referring to Schuppanzigh was scrawled by Beethoven on the fly-leaf of his Sonata, op. 28 :—



[1] "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," Vol. 2, p. 76.

Ungallant Act



What also looks like a joke is the title in the Sketch-book to the slow movement of the Quartet in F, "Einen Trauerweiden oder Akazienbaum aufs Grabmeines Bruders."[1] His brother Carl's marriage certificate had only just been signed, and Beethoven, having given up probably all hopes of matrimony, may have seized this occasion and method of expressing his feelings concerning the rite and the step which his brother had elected to take.

Even the softer sex were not spared Beethoven's wanton love of frolic. His head was not an unusually tidy one, yet this did not prevent him being the recipient of frequent requests for locks of his hair; indeed, had the composer gratified a small percentage of such requests, he would soon have been bald. He was known, however, to occasionally respond to them, especially to ladies! Thus encouraged, the wife of a Viennese pianoforte player and composer, who had long possessed a desire for a lock of his hair, induced a friend to solicit the precious relic. The friend suggested a joke, and the sending a lock of hair from a goat's beard, which Beethoven's coarse grey hair closely resembled. Shortly afterwards the lady was

[1] "A weeping-willow or acacia tree over the grave of my brother."

informed of the trick. An indignant letter was written to the composer upon his lack of gallantry, and this, as might be expected, drew forth a full apology from the composer and one of his best locks that could be spared. The friend who had suggested the deception was warmly rated for his pains.

The nick-names that he applies to his friends—whether high-born or low—are extraordinary, and when not in good taste are unquestionably exactly the reverse. "Ass of a Lobkowitz" he styles his good friend the prince; his brother Johann is stigmatized "Brain-eater," "Asinus," and the like; while Leidesdorf, the composer, is let off with "Village of Sorrow"—Dorf des Leides. Zmeskall, who was so good to him in his domestic trials, comes in for constant banterings—"Carnival scamp," "Court Secretary and member of the Society of the Single Blessed," "Confounded little quondam musical Count," "Wretched invited guest," "not musical Count but gobbling Count," "Dinner Count," "Supper Count," "Sublime Commandant Pacha of various mouldering fortresses! ! ! !" Bernard is "Bernardus non Sanctus"; Holz he addresses as "lieber Holz von Kreuze Christi," and so on. He himself is "Generalissimus," "Hauptmann," "the Captain," Haslinger "Adjutant," Krumpholz, the "fool," with Schuppanzigh and Bolderini as "Sir Falstaff," &c.

The joke had never to be against Beethoven, however, or there was an eruption at once. A shaft of wit, or the most evident piece of pleasantry, with him as the target, was resented furiously. One day Prince Lichnowsky came to Beethoven, begging him to listen to something he had composed. The Prince sat down to the pianoforte and

rolled off a part of the famous Andante in F, of the "Waldstein" Sonata (which, it appears, the composer had played to Ries, and Ries had repeated to the Prince). Before the talented amateur had progressed far, Beethoven rose up in a towering rage, shut down the piano, roundly abused the Prince, and from that day forward played it no more in Ries's presence. He turned his back for ever also upon the clever musician Himmel for no greater slight than a well-deserved rebuke. Himmel, while playing and extemporising, had been nettled by a remark as to when he was really "going to begin." Sometime afterwards Beethoven was apprised of the invention of a lantern for the blind! On realising the thrust, he was absolutely red-hot with rage at Himmel.

But everyone should go to his "Letters" and hear from his own pen the many stories of his escapades with servants,—antics like that of emptying a tureen of stew over the head of an incompetent waiter—together with his ideas of men and things as they were about him generally.

As a lodger, Beethoven had few equals. Probably there never was a more troublesome occupant of rooms, or one who could more successfully try the patience of those about him. If he was not at war with his landlord, then it was his landlady or fellow-lodgers who, rightly or wrongly, were engaging his execrations. Wholly lost in music, the thought never entered his head of what an intolerable neighbour he distinctly was, and at all hours of the day and night he was at his pianoforte, pouring forth and rounding off the music that filled his soul. His

tempestuous energy in playing converted the instrument as it were into a complete orchestra, and it never occurred to him that this laudable industry might possibly prove trying to the nerves of others. It is easy to understand, too, that as his deafness increased, and he struck and thumped harder and harder, this did not tend towards the peaceful slumberings of those above and below him.

An Undesirable Lodger

Nor was this all. The music that racked his brain gave him no rest—he became an inspired madman. For hours he would pace his room, "howling and roaring," as it has been put; or he would stand beating time to the music that was so vividly present to his mind. This soon put him into a terrible excitement, which could only be allayed by a frequent recourse to the water jug, the contents of which he poured over his head and bared arms until the floor was swimming with water. Damaged ceilings were the consequence—and with complaints as to these, discord between owner and tenant was set going. Then the fellow-lodgers threatened to quit unless the 'madman' went, so that on the whole there was a little of the 'undesirable' about Beethoven as a lodger. A worse habit affected the owner more than the composer's fellow-lodgers. He injured the furniture in terrible fashion. Rather than lose his customary walks, he would go out in the wettest of weathers, then come in dripping with rain and shake the water from his hat and clothes, quite oblivious, seemingly, that he was spoiling the carpets, coverings and furniture. He had a habit of shaving at his window and passers-by could see and sometimes pelted him. Of course the landladies objected, but he would not discontinue the practice, preferring to pack up his

things and seek fresh lodgings. For this and similar reasons he was at one time paying the rent of four lodgings at once. Moscheles vouches for the truth of the following incident :—"When I came early in the morning to Beethoven he was still lying in bed ; he happened to be in remarkably good spirits, jumped up immediately, and placed himself at the window looking out on the Schottenbastei just as he was, with the view of examining the *Fidelio* numbers which I had arranged. Naturally a crowd of boys collected under the window when he roared out: "Now, what do those——boys want?" I laughed and pointed to his own figure. "Yes, yes, you are quite right," he said, and hastily put on a dressing-gown! To detail all Beethoven's lodging-house experiences and troubles would be superfluous here. An example or two will suffice. His first lodging after settling in Vienna was a garret over a printer's shop in Alservorstadt. Subsequently he shared with Breuning some rooms in the Rothe-haus, but soon fell out with the friend whose family had been so good to him. The quarrel was not on account of any money that was involved—the composer was above that—but because of some insinuations respecting his meanness. There was yet another point. Beethoven had omitted to give his previous landlord notice, with the result that on this occasion again he had to face the paying of two rents simultaneously. At another time he was in the low-lying "tiefen-Graben" which he soon afterwards exchanged for a higher situated room in the Sailerstätte. He also tried the Ungergasse near the Landstrasse gate. From 1804 to 1807 he had rooms in the house of Baron Pasqualati on the Mölker-

Some of the Lodgings

bastion in Vienna. It was an uncomfortable abode on the fourth story, and facing due north—removed consequently from the sun's rays which were so necessary to a nature such as his. Doubtless he was anxious to be near his patrons the Lichnowskys and Erdödys, who occupied a large house over the Schottengate. A break with the Countess Erdödy occurred however, whereupon the masterful man betook himself to the other side of Vienna for a couple of years.

In the summer it was his wont to quit the city for the country. Then he would repair to Hetzendorf, Döbling, or one other of the environs and country places around Vienna, or he would go further afield to Mödling or Baden. Not always were the changes thrust upon him. He frequently was the objector and injured person. Thus in the autumn of 1800 he was at the Grillparzers' house at Unter Döbling, a short walk out of Vienna; but one day discovering Madame Grillparzer listening to his playing outside the door, he became furious and offensive —quitting the place forthwith. In a similar fashion he suddenly left a habitation because he had detected Gelinek—who lodged in the same house—stealing his themes, and reproducing them on his (Gelinek's) piano. On another occasion he resolved to quit a really comfortable lodging, for which he had paid 400 florins in respect to advanced tenancy, for no other reason than that the landlord, Pronay, would raise his hat whenever Beethoven crossed his path! He could have fared little better when he had lodgings free at the theatre, as he often did, inasmuch as he was then face to face with his own servants—and these he never could manage.

That his landlords were considerate towards the man

of genius there is every indication. Baron Pasqualati, for instance, would never allow Beethoven's lodgings on the Mölker-bastion to be let over his head, although the tenant forsook them as he did the apartments of the nobility for unconscionably long intervals. "Let them alone" was his, like their, invariable reply, "Beethoven is sure to come back." The actual building in which the great musician was lodging when he died was the Black Spaniards' house—the Schwarz-spanierhaus, of which we give an illustration. He migrated there in the autumn of 1825, and remained until the day of his death. It was originally a monastery of the Benedictines. The composer was lodged in the upper story, and from his bed could see the houses of Lichnowsky, Erdödy and Breuning. It was a fit place for the passing harmonist. He had sunshine, which was all that he craved, moreover he could contemplate the vast disparity between his own life-long struggle for art, and the ease and affluence of fortunate aristocracy within the walls which he could see whenever he raised his poor head on his arm off his sick-bed.

No one was more helpful to the composer in his domestic anxieties than was Zmeskall, who never hesitated to render every assistance in his power whenever the bad-manager-Beethoven was afflicted—as he often was—with household discords, and even at open war with servants. One of Beethoven's earliest friends in Vienna, Zmeskall, often had more trouble of this kind thrust upon him than most men would care for, he probably knew, however, the vagaries of the genius. "My most excellent, high and well-born Herr v. Zmeskall" Beethoven would address his friend, and then proceed to prefer whatever point re-

quired urgent treatment. A sample or so of these, all of different dates, are as amusing as they are characteristic:—

"I leave it entirely to you to do the best you can about my servant, only henceforth the Countess Erdödy must not attempt to exercise the smallest influence over him."

Troubles with Servants

—"A suitable lodging has just been found out for me, but I need someone to help me in the affair. I cannot employ my brother because he only recommends what costs least money. Let me know, therefore, if we can go together to look at the house. It is in the Klepperstall."[1] —"Herzog is to see you to-day. He intends to take the post of my man-servant; you may agree to give him thirty florins, with his wife *obbligata*, firing, light and morning livery found.—I must have someone who knows how to cook, for if my food continues as bad as it now is, I shall always be ill."—"Supposing you have no other fault to find with the man (and if so, I beg you will candidly mention it), I intend to engage him, for you know that it is no object with me to have my hair dressed. It would be more to the purpose if my finances could be dressed, or *redressed*."

"About another servant as the conduct of my present one is such that I cannot keep him." (This is the servant who enjoys the reputation of scratching Beethoven's face.) "He was engaged on the 25th of April, so on the 25th September he will have been five months with me, and he received fifty florins on account. The money for his boots will be reckoned from the third month (in my service) and from that time at the rate of forty florins per annum, his livery also from the third month. From the

[1] Letter, April 17th, 1809.

very first I resolved not to keep him, but delayed discharging him as I wished to get back the value of my florins. . . . You know pretty well the servant I require, good, steady conduct and character, and not of a blood-thirsty nature, that I may feel my life to be safe. It would be well if he understood a little tailoring."[1]—"When you have a moment's leisure, let me know the probable cost of a livery, without linen, but including hat and boots. Strange things have come to pass in my house. The man is off to the devil! I am thankful to say, whereas his wife seems the more resolved to take root here."[2]

Frau von Streicher was another who helped to lift the load of housekeeping troubles off the back of the harassed composer,—for, as time went on, he seemed to get deeper into the slough of domestic ills. Here are extracts from his letters to this admirable lady on this not pleasant subject:—"Nany is not strictly honest, and an odiously stupid animal into the bargain. Such people must be managed not by *love* but by *fear*. I now see this clearly. Her account-book alone cannot show you everything clearly, you must drop in unexpectedly at dinner-time, like an avenging angel, to see with your own eyes *what* we actually have. I never dine at home now *unless* I have some friend as my guest, for I have no wish to pay as much for one person as would serve for four."—"You are aware that I discharged B. (Baberl) yesterday. I cannot endure either of these vile creatures. I wonder if Nany will behave rather better from the departure of her colleague? I doubt it, but in that case I shall send her packing without any ceremony. She is too uneducated

[1] Letter, September 5th, 1816.
[2] Letter, December 16th, 1816.

for a housekeeper—indeed quite a *beast*, but the other, in spite of her pretty face, is even lower than the beasts." —"I am rather better, though to-day I have again been obliged to endure a good deal from Nany, but I shied half-a-dozen books at her head by way of a New Year's gift."[1]

"Nany yesterday took me to task in the vulgar manner usual with people of her low class about my complaining to you. . . . All the devilry began yesterday morning, but I made short work of it by throwing the heavy arm-chair beside my bed at B.'s head." If more is wanted, an idea of his domestic felicity may be formed by a glance at his diary of the year 1819: "January 31.—Given notice to the housekeeper. February 15.—The cook has come. March 8.—Given 14 days' notice to the cook. March 22. —The new housekeeper has come. May 12.—Arrived at Mödlin. *Miser et pauper sum.*" And so on in the same key.

Indulging in this method of managing his domestics, it is little wonder that changes were as constant as they were probably necessary, especially as he was a difficult man to please in the culinary department. Among his favourite dishes was a bread soup, made in the manner of pap, in which he indulged every Thursday. To compose this, ten eggs were set before him, which he tried before mixing them with the other ingredients, and if it unfortunately happened that any of them were musty, a grand scene ensued; the offending cook was summoned to the presence by a tremendous ejaculation. She, however, well knowing what might occur, took care cautiously to stand on the threshold of the door, prepared to make a precipitate retreat; but the moment she made her appear-

[1] Letters, 1819.

ance the attack commenced, and the broken eggs, like bombs from well-directed batteries, flew about her ears, their yellow and white contents covering her with viscous streams.

That the servants had a trying time of it is palpable enough. A more careless, untidy man never was. One who visited him says, "The most exquisite confusion reigned in his house. Books and music were scattered in all directions; here the residue of a cold luncheon—there some full, some half-emptied, bottles. On the desk the hasty sketch of a new quartet; in another corner the remains of breakfast. On the pianoforte, the scribbled hints for a noble symphony, yet little more than in embryo—hard by, a proof-sheet, waiting to be returned. Letters from friends, and on business, spread all over the floor. Between the windows a goodly Stracchino cheese: on one side of it ample vestiges of a genuine Verona Salami; and, notwithstanding all this confusion, he constantly eulogised, with Ciceronian eloquence, his own neatness and love of order! When, however, for whole hours, days, and often weeks, something mislaid was looked for, and all search had proved fruitless, then he changed his tone, and bitterly complained that everything was done to annoy him. But the servants knew the natural goodness of their master; they suffered him to rave, and in a few minutes all was forgotten,—till a similar occasion renewed the scene."

A Bohemian's Den

Here we must go more fully into Beethoven's matrimonial lingerings, since they constitute quite a feature of his history. It is scarcely surprising that a nature like Beethoven's—a heart and soul and intellect ever qualifying

for soarings higher and higher in imaginative, romantic realms,—should fully realise the wondrous possibilities of Love, the principle of existence and its only end, as all should know. Too truly, perhaps, was his the mind adequately to appreciate

> "That orbit of the restless soul,
> Whose circle graces the confines of space,
> Bounding within the limits of its race
> Utmost extremes."[1]

As a Lover

Yet, though perpetually in love, Beethoven, as we have seen, never married—an unaccountable matter, considering his views of the wedded state, and remembering that his extraordinary musical power, and striking, though far from handsome, personality attracted women to a not less degree than they magnetised men. Despite his exterior, he was much encouraged by the other sex, whether high-born or low. "Oh, God! let me at last find her who is destined to be mine, and who shall strengthen me in virtue," was his life-long cry; but withal he got no farther towards the married state. There is some reason to fear that he loved not wisely but too zealously, and that his attachments, though honourable, were betimes of a promiscuous order. While favouring women of rank, he was not proof against the pretty ways of coffee-shop waitresses and tailors' daughters,[2]

[1] Boker.

[2] "Beethoven never visited me more frequently," says Ries, in Wegeler's "Biographical Notices," "than when I lived in the house of a tailor, with three very handsome, but thoroughly respectable daughters." In a letter to Ries (July 24, 1804), Beethoven gives this warning: "Do not be too much addicted to tailoring; remember me to the fairest of the fair, and send me half a dozen needles."

Beethoven at the age of 31

a point which discounts his worth as a swain. We find two score or more ladies immortalised in his dedications, a number which falls far short of those to whom he preferred his extravagant gallantries. Few great men have proved less insensible to the charms of the fair sex, and even if his vast genius, through that most impressive and subtle medium of all art, failed to touch every heart, Beethoven's notions of love were still sufficiently exciting to arouse the least impressionable of his tender acquaintances and correspondents. His flights of romance were positively astonishing, and would have done credit to the methods of the Middle Ages.

That in several respects marriage would have been advantageous to the master there is no doubt, for he possessed not the merest aptitude for dealing with matters of household management. Whether such a marriage would have suited a possible Mrs Beethoven is quite another question. The tribulations showered on unfortunate housekeepers would have been terribly misplaced if heaped upon the head of a devoted wife. The true student of Beethoven prefers him as he remained, since there is proof that he deserved it. His loves were too many, and his protestations too profuse, to prove effective anywhere; and though some can admire the great musician for his sympathy with the matrimonial estate, the close enquirer into Beethoven's character finds him a queer being, who from early youth was never quite convalescent from a disease called 'Love.'

When little more than twenty years old he fell in love with Babette,[1] daughter of the proprietress of the coffee-house where he took his meals. At the age of twenty-

[1] Subsequently the Countess Belderbusch.

three, Eleonora von Breuning was his human ideal, and would probably have made him a good wife. This lady administered to his creature comforts, and besides knitting him woollen comforters, worked the most acceptable Angola waistcoats. Writing to her from Vienna, the young virtuoso adds :—"I venture to make one more request—it proceeds from my great love of all that comes from you ; and I may privately admit that a little vanity is connected with it—namely, that I may say that I possess something from the best and most admired young lady in Bonn."[1] Though full of affection for this young lady, she, like the charming Babette, married another—less talented, we may be sure, but with some marriageable attractions which the composer evidently did not possess.

Female Attachments

The highest ladies in Vienna society were drawn to him, and the Princess Lichnowsky, Madame von Breuning or Frau von Streicher could not have made more of an only son. Such aristocratic beauties as the Princess Odeschalchi,[2] the sisters of the Count of Brunswick, Countess Marie Erdödy,[3] the Baroness Ertmann — and more — entertained a sincere affection for him. Then there was the Countess Giulietta Giucciardi.[4] "My angel! my all! my second self!" he addresses her, and again—"Dearest of all beings," concluding a most passionate protestation with the hot charge "Continue to love me.

[1] Letter, November 2nd, 1793.

[2] *Née* Keglevics.

[3] This lady erected a temple in her park to the memory of Beethoven.

[4] Three of his famous love-letters were found in Beethoven's desk at his death, and are now supposed to have been written to Countess Thérèse von Brunswick and not to Countess Giucciardi.

Love Declarations

Yesterday, to-day, what longings for you, what tears for you! for you! for you! my life! my all! Farewell! Oh! love me for ever, and never doubt the faithful heart of your lover: Ever thine, ever mine, ever each other's."[1] Giulietta Giucciardi is one of those whom the composer would certainly have married could he have done so. She affected him astonishingly. "This change," he writes, "has been wrought by a lovely fascinating girl who loves me and whom I love. I have once more had some blissful moments during the last two years, and it is the first time that I have felt that marriage could make me happy. Unluckily, she is not in my rank of life, and, indeed, at this moment I can marry no one."[2]

That serious complications did not arise from his searchings for a wife is as remarkable as anything of this nature can be. It is pretty clear that a union with Countess Thérèse von Brunswick only needed one step for its consummation. Beethoven had known her in 1794 as a girl-pupil of fifteen, and had even rapped her knuckles angrily for inefficiency. In May 1806 master and pupil were formally, though secretly engaged, and this with the full knowledge and consent of her brother Franz, the head of the family. After four years of waverings all this was broken off.

His experiences with Thérèse did not cool his ardour as a tempter of the affections. Now, the Venus of this Adonis was the afore-mentioned Bettina Brentano. "My dearest friend," he writes to her, and "dearest girl, my dearest, fairest sweetheart," are a few of the declarations

[1] Letters, July 6th and 7th, 1810.
[2] Letter to Wegeler, November 16th, 1800.

which he pours out of his passionate vocabulary.[1] In 1811 the composer was smitten with Amalie Sebald. He met her at Töplitz and was struck with her amiable disposition and enchantingly beautiful voice. Her album was soon the richer by the following epigram :—

"Ludwig van Beethoven
Whom if you ever would,
Forget you never should."

From a letter dated Töplitz, August 15th, 1812, Beethoven was acquainted with Bettina von Arnim, who, if written testimony goes for anything, would also appear to have affected him considerably. "What thoughts," says the composer, "rushed into my mind when I first saw you in the observatory during a refresning May shower, so fertilising to me also. . . . Adieu! adieu! dear one. Your letter lay all night next my heart and cheered me. Musicians permit themselves great license. Heavens, how I love you!"

On two occasions, at least, Beethoven made definite marriage proposals, in the case of one of which he had the chagrin of finding that the lady, Fraulein Roeckel, had given her heart and promised her hand to another—his friend Hummel. From a letter to Breuning in 1810, the composer appears to have been contemplating wedlock that year—but to whom, remains in doubt—unless it was to the Countess Thérèse Brunswick. All that is said is that the affair had been "broken off." Further reference is made to this incident in a letter of Beethoven to Giannastasio del Rio, who kept the school where his nephew Carl was placed. "Some five years ago," writes Beethoven, "I made the acquaintance of one, closer

[1] Letter, August 11th, 1810.

relationship with whom would have been the highest happiness of my life. . . . My love is now as strong as ever. Such harmony I had never known before."[1] In a letter to Ferdinand Ries, dated Vienna, March 8th, 1816, occurs this passage: "My kind regards to your wife. I, alas, have none. One alone I wished to possess, but never shall I call her mine." The lady here referred to was undoubtedly Mdlle. Marie L. Pachler-Koschak in Gratz.

Goethe's Bettina—Bettina von Arnim—the imaginary angel, who, had the Fates acted otherwise, would have made Beethoven's earth a heaven, did not marry the master, nor did others. In the main, authorities concur in Beethoven's attachments being always honourable. There can be no doubt, however, that he was an impetuous suitor, ready to construe an acquaintance into a more serious bond on the slenderest ground, and without the slightest regard to the consequences on either side. The Baroness Ertmann is familiarly addressed by her Christian name as Liebe, Werthe, Dorothea Cäcilia; he calls Countess Erdödy his "confessor," and "Liebe, liebe, liebe, liebe, liebe, Gräfin"; composition after composition is dedicated to the Empress Maria Theresa, Countess Babette von Keglevics, Countess von Browne, Princess Lichtenstein, Countess Giucciardi, Countess Lichnowsky, Countess von Clary, Countess von Erdödy, Princess von Kinsky, Countess Thérèse von Brunswick, Empress of Russia, Countess Wolf-Metternich—Madame von Breuning, Eleonora von Breuning—can it be wondered at that Beethoven never married! That those ladies he admired were able to decipher his epistles is marvellous

[1] Letter, September 16th, 1816.

for he wrote an execrable hand. On more than one occasion the postal authorities refused to receive his letters until they were more distinctly addressed. Beethoven himself often joked about his almost illegible characters, and used to add, by way of excuse, "Life is too short to paint letters or notes, and fairer notes would hardly rescue me from poverty" (punning upon the words *noten* and *nöthen*).

Postillon D'Amour

How he filled the *rôle* of *postillon d'amour* may not be well known. In 1811 he used to dine at the "Blue Star" at Töplitz, and one summer's day he discovered that Ludwig Löwe the actor was in love with the landlord's daughter, but conversation was generally impossible because of the stern parents and the diners. "Come at a later hour when the customers are gone and only Beethoven is here," whispered the charming creature one day; "he cannot hear and will not be in the way." This answered for a while when the parents forbade the actor the house. "How great was our despair," relates Löwe, and the thought occurred to him of beseeching the assistance of the solitary man at the opposite table. "Despite his serious reserve and churlishness, I believe he is not unfriendly. I have often caught a kind smile across his bold defiant face." Watching the master, actor Löwe contrived to meet him face to face in the gardens. There was a recognition and an explanation of Löwe's absence from the dining-room. Then the actor timidly asked Beethoven if he would take charge of a letter and give it to the girl. "Why not? you mean what is right," and pocketing the letter the musician walked on. Yet only for a few steps. "I beg your pardon, Herr von

Beethoven, that is not all." "So, so," said the master. "It is the answer I want," Löwe went on to say. "Meet me here at this time to-morrow," said Beethoven, and they met. For some five or six weeks, indeed as long as he remained in the town, did the master carry the love-letters backwards and forwards for the pair.

Total abstainers can lay no claim, we are afraid, to the composer of *Fidelio* being of their fraternity. Bohemian as he was, and dependent to a great extent on taverns and coffee-houses for his meals, even when he could afford to keep his own servant, not a breath of suspicion has ever been raised against him for over indulgence either in eating or drinking. Perhaps the vision of his father was a sufficient deterrent! All the evidence points to his being a careful, abstemious liver, who took only what was really necessary for the sustenance of the body. He drank wine admittedly; and, what was better, rejoiced when a friend would share a bottle or more with him. That he kept something more potent than Bohea at his rooms is clear also from one of his notes to Ries:—"It is really inexcusable in my brother," he writes, "not to have provided wine, as it is so beneficial and necessary to me." From his "Letters," the "Swan" in Vienna was his favourite house in 1810 and for a year or two after. Letter after letter to his friend Zmeskall fixes this tavern as a suitable haunt for meeting. "You are summoned to appear to-day at the 'Swan,'" he writes to him. "Brunswick also comes. If you do not appear, you are henceforth excluded from all that concerns us." From two others of these epistles we learn the ground of his patronage and also his reason for its withdrawal "I shall go now chiefly to the 'Swan,"

he writes, "as in other taverns I cannot defend myself against intrusion."[1] Later on we hear that Beethoven dines at home because he can get better wine. "You shall have the wine gratis," he tells Zmeskall, "and of far better quality than what you get at the wretched 'Swan.'" When visiting Töplitz in 1812 the "Blue Star" still enjoyed the privilege of his presence and patronage. Later on another favourite resort was the coffee-house "Die Goldne Birne" in the Landstrasse. He went every evening, slipping in at the back door. What a sight to witness—the little genius seeking to evade the pryings and gazings of the inquisitive and obtrusive!

The natural temperament of Beethoven has been much discussed, and all sorts of ideas have got abroad respecting the manner of man he was. Probably the world will never know the real Beethoven—so difficult was it for anyone to make a very prolonged study of his fitful disposition. We have his "Letters" and music, which speak for themselves, but if we wish to know more we have to fall back upon the "impressions" of those whose fortune, good or bad, it was to come into personal contact with him. When all this information is sifted we are still confronted with much that is contradictory, much which, placed side by side, positively negatives not a little that we would fain picture of the genius. The explanation is found probably in the fact that he was rarely caught in two moods alike, and that impressions formed of him varied according to the degree in which his good-will and sympathy were aroused and extended. In one respect, however, there is certainly no

[1] Letter, February 2nd, 1812.

Cast of Beethoven's living face, 1812

uncertain note. Absolute unanimity reigns as to his being a thoroughly good, conscientious, kind-hearted man, and this aspect of his fitful nature is the one, probably, that most interests his countless admirers.

The late Cipriani Potter, who succeeded Crotch in the Principalship of the Royal Academy of Music, came into personal contact with Beethoven. He gives the following genuine facts respecting the giant musician:—"Many persons," says he, "have imbibed the notion that Beethoven was by nature a morose and ill-tempered man. This opinion is perfectly erroneous. He *was* irritable, passionate, and of a melancholy turn of mind—all which affections arose from the deafness, which in his latter days increased to an alarming extent. Opposed to these peculiarities in his temperament, he possessed a kind heart and most acute feelings. Any disagreeable occurrence resulting from his betrayal of irritability, he manifested the utmost anxiety to remove, by every possible acknowledgment of his indiscretion. Another cause for mistaking Beethoven's disposition arose from the circumstance of foreigners visiting Vienna, who were ambitious of contemplating the greatest genius in that capital, and of hearing him perform. But when from their unmusical questions, and heterodox remarks, he discovered that a mere travelling curiosity, and not musical feeling, had attracted them, he was not at all disposed to accede to their selfish importunities; he would interpret their visit into an intrusion and an impertinence; and consequently, feeling highly offended, was not scrupulous in exhibiting his displeasure in the most pointed and abrupt manner; a reception which, as it was ill-calcu-

Temperament and Disposition

lated to leave an agreeable impression with those who were so unlucky as to expose themselves to the rebuke did not also fail in prompting them to represent his deportment unfavourably to the world. When his mind was perfectly free from his compositions, he perpetually delighted in the society of one or two intimates. It sensibly comforted him, and at once dispelled the cloud of melancholy that hung over his spirit. His conversation then became highly animated, and he was extremely loquacious. The favourite medium by which he expressed his ideas was the Italian; his pronunciation of that language being better than either his French or German."[1]

No episode in Beethoven's remarkable career presents us with such a picture of his kindness of heart, the real, inward, natural being—the man at the core—as that afforded by his passionate, loving concern for the well-being of the only person, bound by blood ties, who ever became dependent upon him—his nephew Carl. Surely no parent ever possessed, or exercised, a more solicitous concern for an only son, and it must, indeed, have caused many a grievous pang to the great-hearted man to behold this unworthy prodigal descending to depths of degradation from which it had been this uncle's object, for years, to raise him far above. Pathetic to a degree, as those who read them will allow, are the words of advice, appeal, and admonition—all so good and disinterested,—which Beethoven addresses to his nephew; and, when it is remembered that the periods of penning them were moments snatched from work which was to be immortal, it is sincerely to be regretted that the precious seed did

[1] *Musical World*, April 29th, 1836.

not fall on less stony ground. Follow the composer:—"Continue to love me, my dear boy," pleads the poor man in his yearning for affection; "if ever I cause you pain it is not from a wish to grieve you, but for your eventual benefit. . . . I embrace you cordially. All I wish is that you should be loving, industrious, and upright. Write to me, my dear son."—"Study assiduously and rise early, as various things may occur to you in the morning which you could do for me. It cannot be otherwise than becoming in a youth, now in his nineteenth year, to combine his duties towards his benefactor and foster-father with those of his education and progress. I fulfilled my obligations towards my own parents."—"I have been assured though as yet it is only a matter of conjecture, that a clandestine intercourse has been renewed between your mother and yourself. Am I doomed again to experience such detestable ingratitude? No! if the tie is to be severed, so be it. By such conduct you will incur the hatred of all impartial persons. . . . If you find the *pactum* oppressive, then, in God's name, I resign you to His holy keeping. I have done my part, and on this score I do not dread appearing before the Highest of all Judges. Do not be afraid to come to me to-morrow, for as yet I only suspect; God grant my suspicions may not prove true, for to you it would be an incalculable misfortune, with whatever levity my rascally brother, and perhaps your mother also, may treat the matter."—"If it is too hard a task for you to visit me, give it up; but if you can by any possibility do so, I shall rejoice in my desert home to have a feeling heart near me."—"Be good and honest.

Affection for his Nephew

. . . Be my own dear, precious son, and imitate my virtues but not my faults; still, though man is frail, do not, at least, have worse defects than those of your sincere and fondly attached father."—"Only observe *moderation*. Fortune crowns my efforts, but do not lay the foundation of misery by mistaken notions; be truthful and exact in the account of your expenses, and give up the theatre for the present. Follow the advice of your guide and father; be counselled by him whose exertions and aspirations have always been directed to your moral welfare, though without neglecting your temporal benefit."—"Spend your money on good objects alone. Be my dear son. What a frightful discord would it be, were you to prove *false* to me, as many persons maintain that you already are. May God bless you." What confessions! Can we longer be surprised at the nobility of Beethoven's music after such utterances?

If more proof were wanting of Beethoven's warmth of heart we can instance his behaviour towards his pupil Ferdinand Ries, who became his chief and favourite disciple. In 1787 the illness and funeral expenses of Beethoven's mother had greatly impoverished his exchequer, and but for the generosity of Franz Ries the violinist, the Beethovens would have been sore pushed for necessaries. Years and years afterwards a son of Ries, poor, and needing lessons, waited upon Beethoven with a letter of introduction. "Tell your father that I have not forgotten the death of my mother," was the characteristic assurance returned. From that day Beethoven interested himself much in the lad. He gave him free pianoforte lessons; induced Albrechtsberger to take

him as a pupil in composition; secured him an appointment as pianist to Count Browne, besides giving him money unasked.

Good Traits

In connection with these piano lessons there exists a good story. One day Beethoven confided the manuscript of the C minor Concerto to Ferdinand Ries that he might practise it for his first appearance in public as Beethoven's pupil. It occurred to Ries to solicit from the master a cadenza for the first movement. Beethoven declined, and told him that he might write one for himself—whereupon Ries shortly produced one, of which Beethoven approved, save one difficult passage, the correct execution of which appeared doubtful. It was decided that another should be substituted; but, once before the public, Ries could not resist a sudden impulse to play the forbidden passage. Beethoven, who had been kindly turning over the leaves for the young *débutant*, was taken aghast, and watched with feverish excitement for the end! "Bravo!" he cried as the pianist's hands left the keys, and a burst of applause followed from the audience. "Yes—but you were disobedient and obstinate," said Beethoven. "If you had missed one note of that passage I would never have given you another lesson."

The occasion of Moscheles' first visit to Beethoven furnishes a further instance of the great composer's thorough goodness of heart. "Arrived at the door of the house," writes Moscheles, "I had some misgivings, knowing Beethoven's strong aversion to strangers. I therefore told my brother to wait below. After greeting Beethoven, I said, 'Will you permit me to introduce my brother to you. He is below.' 'What! downstairs!'

and Beethoven immediately rushed off, seized hold of my brother, saying, 'Am I such a savage that you are afraid to come near me?' He dragged him upstairs and showed great kindness to us."

It seems, too, that it was no more than a strange reserve which led up to another incident that has been much discussed—namely the fact of Beethoven and Schubert being in Vienna for years without becoming acquainted with each other. The composer of the *Erl King* was a born Viennese—Beethoven was not, although, as Sir George Grove puts it he was "as much a part of Vienna as St Stephen's Tower."[1] Both were accustomed to dine at the same restaurant, but never spoke—probably because the younger musician and worshipper was afraid to approach the other. In 1822, however, they came into contact in a characteristic fashion. Schubert had composed his "Variations on a French Air," op. 10, and desired to dedicate them to him alone whom he "admired and worshipped." An interview was arranged and Schubert accompanied by the publisher Diabelli (for he was too nervous to go alone) called on Beethoven. He was at home, and received young Schubert with the abundant cordiality which he was able to extend when it pleased him to do so. As Beethoven was too deaf to hear, the accustomed carpenter's pencil and sheet of paper were thrust into Schubert's hands that he might write what he had to say. This so unnerved the young man that he could not write a word; but the "Variations" were produced, with their dedication. Of course Beethoven examined them, and ere long came across a passage which made

Receives Schubert

[1] "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," vol. iii. p. 336.

him frown. Schubert instantly caught the expression of the face, and fearful of what he expected was coming, suddenly lost all control, rushed from the room and was in the street in a trice. But Beethoven kept the "Variations" and often played them. To Schubert's credit let it be said that to his dying hour he preserved a complete affection for Beethoven. The king of song always implored to be buried by his side, and as he lay on his death-bed talked only of Beethoven in his wanderings.

Add to these another striking trait in his disposition, his capacity for seeing talent and worth in others, especially in other musicians, and we get more of the real Beethoven. No great composer ever had such enthusiastic praise to bestow upon the members of his own craft. The narrow-minded spirit, with its train of petty spites and jealousies, which mars many a meaner musician even to-day, was wholly absent in Beethoven's broad, honest mind. Handel was his ideal. "Handel is the unequalled master of all masters! Go, turn to him, and learn, with few means, how to produce such effects!" "He," once exclaimed Beethoven, "was the greatest composer that ever lived. I would go bare-headed and kneel before his tomb." As he lay on his death-bed Beethoven was of the same opinion still. "There, there is the truth," said the dying man, pointing to the folios of Handel's works which a generous friend, little dreaming that the end was so near, had sent him wherewith to wile away the long hours in the sick-room.

"Cherubini," he once said, "is, in my opinion, of all the living composers, the most admirable. Moreover, as

regards his conception of the requiem, my ideas are in perfect accordance with his, and some time or other, if I can but once set about it, I mean to profit by the hints to be found in that work."

Opinions on Fellow-Musicians

"Mozart's *Zauberflöte*," said Beethoven on another occasion, "will ever remain his greatest work; for in this he first showed himself the true German composer. In *Don Giovanni* he still retained the complete Italian cut and style, and moreover the sacred art should never suffer itself to be degraded to the foolery of so scandalous a subject."

His just criticism of Weber reads a trifle harsh; but Beethoven was nothing without his honest convictions. "C. M. Weber began to learn too late; the art had not time to develop itself, and his only and very perceptible effort was, to attain the reputation of geniality." His early tussle with the "Father of Symphony" had long been forgotten. A short time before his death a drawing of Haydn's birthplace had been given to Beethoven; he had hung it up near his bed, and said, as he showed it to us, "This attention shown to me has made me as happy as a child. See, it is there that the great man first saw the light."

Even on his death-bed this rare man had a thought for others more than for himself. He was speaking to Hummel about Schindler. "He is a good fellow," he said, "who sympathises most deeply with me. He is getting up a concert, towards which I have promised my help; I should be glad if you could appear instead of me, one ought always to hold out a helping hand to needy artists." Of course Hummel consented.

A Man Apart

Beethoven—while his whole soul and body were in his art—does not appear to have gone out of his way to concern himself greatly about its professors. He neither strove to win their admiration nor excite their envy; indeed, as far as possible, he kept away from his fellow-musicians, holding aloof and preventing anything like a condition of professional *camaraderie.* Whether they approved of him or his music concerned him but little, and one cannot help feeling that throughout he was imbued with the conviction that he was writing for a public then unborn, and that whatever fate attended his compositions during his lifetime they were possessed of properties which would assure their acceptance and safety with an age and generation long after he had passed away.[1] He could, as we have seen, appreciate and acknowledge as fully as anyone all that was musically good around and about him whether the workers were known or unknown to him personally, but on the whole he preferred to pursue his independent way and leave his professional brethren to take care of themselves.

Beethoven and the Professors

A few instances will suffice to illustrate Beethoven's relationship with musicians with whom he came into contact in professional practice. Haydn, in return for an abrupt bearing towards him, styled him "The Great

[1] Even when the Rossini fever was at its height, and he, with other of the musicians then in Vienna, had to bear up against the new fashion, he did not complain, alter his course, or frame his music to suit any passing fancy, however profitable this might have proved to him. Beethoven did, however, let the expression pass that "Rossini is a good scene-painter and nothing more."

Mogul." Hummel, Woelfl, Steibelt, Lipawsky and Gelinek, were openly opposed to him, not hesitating to jeer at him about his personal appearance. Steibelt and Gelinek at least had pitted their pianoforte powers against his, and although Beethoven had decidedly proved his superiority, the antagonism did not cease. They taunted and irritated Beethoven in every possible manner, and at times matters would reach such a pitch that fists were resorted to. There was not a particle of jealousy on the part of Beethoven, but such a nature as his required little irritation, still less downright insult to raise his ire to an awful pitch. Thayer[1] quotes Kozeluch's authority as to his opponents having trampled on his music—an act which would not be readily forgotten by its composer, who was exceedingly sensitive on the point of sacredness of art. Whether it was or was not strange and heretical music to his opponents—although it is difficult to conceive why it should appeal so strongly to contemporary connoisseurs and not to professional musicians—such treatment was surely most unjustifiable, nor can Beethoven be blamed for the unseemly manner in which he resented the behaviour. Professional jealousy, however, is no new thing and there is as much of it among small minds of this particular profession to-day as there was in Beethoven's time. Czerny and Ries both commended themselves to Beethoven, who also esteemed the able theorists Eybler, Gyrowetz, Salieri and Weigl.

If Beethoven was indifferent to his musical contemporaries, however, he knew how to gather about him helpful men and women outside the art. Never before

[1] Vol. ii. p. 108.

or since has a composer shown such a list of dedications —all the more remarkable inasmuch as they were the outcome, if not of affection, of general musical esteem and regard on both sides. No money payment would buy Beethoven in this or any other direction.[1] Of course, this remark does not extend to the salary which his three noble patrons guaranteed him. In placing themselves under the high protection of aristocratic patrons, musicians were aware that the greatest diligence was expected of them, and that their best energies were to be directed to the fostering and betterment of the music of the Court wherever they might be in service. This, in the nature of things, led to dedications of new works, etc.; but the chief obligation as a rule, and essentially as Beethoven viewed it, was the providing of new music for the benefit of the circle interesting itself in his welfare.

Not an iota of jealousy ever worried Beethoven's artistic career; he was of too noble a mould for that. He went along quite conscious of his own staying powers, and if others prospered while he suffered, he did not complain. Rather, he became more indifferent than usual, and allowed things to develop as they would. This was a weak point of Beethoven's character. He would not, or could not raise himself to make the best, the most commercial use of all that was so possible,

[1] There is a marked contrast between Beethoven and Schubert in the matter of their dedications. Beethoven was king among his aristocratic friends whom, despite their patience and devotion, he often treated scornfully. His dedications are to crowned heads and the nobility. Schubert, on the other hand, rarely got farther than humble folk with his inscriptions.

but buried himself behind some little matter—frequently a domestic trifle or something relating to his nephew Carl—which quite shut him out for a while from prosecuting the vast professional possibilities which a more energetic, business-like musician would have readily discovered were within his easy reach. If not this, he resorted to composition—the writing of great works of which only he was capable—with little further motive in their completion than the pleasure they might afford to his patron at whose palace they were to be performed. The fact is he was no business man who, while he did not omit to upbraid his domestics for recklessness or dishonesty in the case of a few thalers of the household money, took no steps to trouble himself about publishers, or, if he did, to strike and demand anything like business bargains for his wares. Bad as the times were through Napoleon's ambition and the unsettled state of European affairs—especially matters relating to art—arising out of the Thirty Years' War, Beethoven might have done immensely better than he did in placing his works upon the market. But the commanding of money—further than a mere living wage—by his compositions seems scarcely ever to have seriously entered his head—at any rate not until the close of his career—when he does appear to have made an effort to bargain with Societies and publishers.

That he was not a man to be played with, however, is amply demonstrated by many of his words and acts. That he would not be "done," as it is called, too, is seen in the active steps he took in suing Maelzel for appropriating his "Battle" music, and apprising the London publishers of the fraud which the inventor

of the metronome and mechanical trumpeter was perpetrating.

A Bad Man of Business

When he was the young *virtuoso* unrecognised by the publishers, his songs and smaller pieces went almost for nothing, and his larger works, it might be said, for a mere song. As he grew older and was recognised he secured a little better price for his compositions, but it was never much, a few pounds being all he received for the largest work that ever lay on his desk. For this Beethoven was largely to blame. He was always "hard up." A more difficult person to transact business with it would be hard to imagine. His reserved and suspicious manners, his indecision, alway stood in his way, just as it did when his cherished hope of many years—the publication of a collected edition of his works edited by himself—was well-nigh being attained. No incident in his life illustrates more forcibly than does this Beethoven's utter want of resolution in practical matters. In the year 1816 a proposal was made him by Hoffmeister of Leipzig to bring out an edition of all his compositions for the pianoforte, but nothing resulted from it. So it was with Steiner's proposal. In 1822 the matter was again in the master's mind. "I have at heart," he wrote to Peters of Leipzig, "the publication of my collected works, as I should like to superintend it while I am alive. Many proposals, I acknowledge, have been submitted to me, but there were difficulties in the way which I could not remove, and terms which I neither could nor would fulfil." Then came Artaria's project, but still no result. Andreas Streicher, an old and real friend to Beethoven, next wrote him in the following strain: "I have often thought on your position, and especially of

how you might derive more benefit from your marvellous talent; and now, actuated by a good honest feeling towards you, beg leave to submit to you the following for your careful consideration, viz.: the publishing of an edition of all your works similar to those of Mozart, Haydn and Clementi, a proposal which, if properly carried out, might bring in at least 10,000 florins current coin or 25,000 Viennese. It would be announced half a year in advance throughout Europe, and mention made in the advertisements that you intend to alter here and there and arrange for extended pianoforte passages written before their introduction. Secondly, that you intend to add some unpublished works, which may be an inducement, even to those who may have your earlier works, to purchase this edition. The labour it will occasion you is certainly not sufficient to justify you in disregarding a duty which you owe both to yourself, your nephew, and posterity. Accept what I have said as the sentiments of a friend of six and thirty years' standing, whose greatest happiness would be to see you free from trouble and anxiety." Even this friendly advice came to nothing, neither did after-negotiations with Schlesinger and Schott. Death carried the great tone-poet off, and his works were left for musicians, students and amateurs, to interpret as they will—faithfully or capriciously.

The intellectual and purely educational literary aspects of the musical character, whether it be that of a great or small musician, has been productive of concern as long as music-makers and their methods have been thought worthy of discussion. For reasons which may or may not be explainable, this perceptive scrutiny has not profited the

harmonist, but has discounted him in the eyes of his fellow-creatures. This has extended even to the great masters, though that it is a situation that could be maintained is obviously open to dispute. The keynote given forth is that music is "an emotional stimulant of intoxicating strength, but with little capacity for transmutation into any other form of artistic energy, and with an influence upon conduct mainly negative and depressive, tending to relax rather than to brace the springs of self-control."[1] In a few words the imputation is that although the great musicians can make good music, their "intellectuality" ends there, and they are good for nothing else;—to which we might as reasonably reply to those people who seem to have no semblance of an idea of what theory in music is, or how a symphony is built up, "Can the great intellects who give us books and pictures and sculptures, furnish us also with a few 'Choral' or 'Jupiter' Symphonies?" We need go no farther. The great musicians have expressed the grandest sentiments, not only through their music, but in the language of their mother tongue; and among those who have thus spoken, none stands out in bolder relief than Beethoven. It is not too much to assert that for a man whose whole life was centred in music, who scarcely finished one work ere another was begun, who was often at work on three or four compositions at the same time—which are facts the composer himself communicated to Wegeler[2]—for such a one, his grasp of things outside his art is as remarkable as it is convincing. A perusal of his "Letters" will show the master to possess the best qualities of a

Intellectuality in Musicians

[1] *Blackwood's Magazine*, July 1896, p. 29.
[2] Letter, June 29, 1800.

correspondent, with a thorough knowledge of his country's, and not a little English, literature; a great grip of men and manners, together with a fund of fun, fancy and bold expression, which belong not to the ignoramus, nor to the superficial mind. No one with any real knowledge of the world can read Beethoven's "Letters," whether in the original, or through good or bad translations, without feeling that their author was gifted with no ordinary intellect, with a great capacity for seeing more than was suspected of him, or that most of us can see, and the ability to respond to whatever tune was bidden by familiar or foe.

The actual schooling which this great master of music received when a child was, indeed, as slender as it was irregular; but it is simply surprising what good use he made in after years of the Latin, French and Italian groundwork which Zambona was kind enough to add to the neglected education. The man who could express himself, not always perhaps in a polished way, but distinctly and emphatically, in two or three languages outside his native tongue, is hardly such an ignoramus as we are told our great musicians were. Above all, however, Beethoven was one who could take a broad view of the world; and though he was not wrangler or mathematician enough to control his private expenditures, or to grapple with kaleidoscopic aspects of his servants' accounts, he cultivated a mind that was superior to the vulgar passion of self-interest and mere money-massing. A man who could delight in Homer and Plato, Shakespeare and Goethe, could not have had a particularly narrow or unintellectual mind; while not a tithe of his sayings about his art and things in general would qualify

him as a musical monster or melody-making dunce. Hear the man anent his art :—

"Music is the link between spiritual and sensual life."

"Music is a more lofty revelation than all wisdom and philosophy."

"Art! who can say that he fathoms it? Who is there capable of discussing the nature of this great goddess?"

"True art endures for ever, and the true artist delights in the works of great minds."

"Art is a bond that unites all the world; how much closer is not this bond between true artists."

"It is art and science alone that reveal to us and give us the hope of a loftier life."

"Art and science bind together the best and noblest of men."

"To describe a scene is the province of the painter. The poet too has the same advantage over me; for his range is less limited than mine. On the other hand my sphere extends to regions which to them are not easily accessible!"

"Liberty and progress are great conditions in the empire of music, as in the universe."

"Melody is the sensuous part of poetry. Is it not melody that converts the Spiritual part of a poem into actual feeling?"

"Thorough bass and religious faith are subjects so confined within their own limits that they admit of no discussion."

"Metronome, indeed! He who is imbued with the right spirit requires no such guide; and he who is not so imbued does not benefit by it, for he runs away from his orchestra in spite of the metronome."

"The conventional marks of time are nothing but a barbaric relic: for what could be more absurd than the term "allegro" which means gay and lively, as applied to a composition whose character is often the exact opposite of allegro. With regard to the four principal movements, viz., allegro, andante, adagio, and presto, which moreover are not nearly as true and accurate as the four winds of heaven, we willingly discard them. Not so the terms which indicate the character of a composition — these we cannot dispense with; for as the time is the body, so is the character the spirit of a composition."

The "Letters" of the great musician abound in reflections of this kind, and those who would speak with the mighty genius should read these epistles—the main feature of which lies in their being so thoroughly characteristic of the master. They do not elevate and soothe to an extent as does his harmony, nor until a new age and taste for better reading sets in can they become as well known as his music; nevertheless they abound in themes that inspire. Surveyed broadly they show us the man himself better than any word or painted portrait. Rough diamonds—lacking in literary polish, they reflect the rugged, fitful, yet large-hearted nature of the sublime master. The orthography and syntax are repeatedly faulty, and the mode of expression is generally more emphatic than elegant—but with all this the convincing feeling is that a great intellect was behind the pen that wrote them. They are communications of an order which only really great men ever do, or can, have the courage to pen and disseminate.

The "Letters"

Another of their striking features is the marked absence of any pettifogging rulings and didactic teachings about

music — an art respecting which he was entitled to speak. No. They go right into the world and touch men and matters as he found them, and while they frequently exhibit a rich play of fun and fancy, there is no mistaking the point which their author desired to convey.

Of course the collected editions of the Beethoven "Letters" far from represent a tithe of his correspondence. Much, naturally, is destroyed and lost, but it is felt and known that a large number of notes still exist in various directions. It is devoutly to be hoped that some day every collector will generously open his chests so that a thoroughly complete edition of these literary valuables may become the property of the world. As it is, the intellectual quality of the outcome of Beethoven's readiness with the pen is a convincing negative to the proposition that the great musicians are nothing more than crotchet and quaver hangers, and that they lack "intellectuality"!

In Beethoven's case the world knows, and can learn but little concerning two features of interest in the careers of every man—namely, his Politics and Amusements. As to the former, viewed by the light of to-day, this can to some extent be accounted for from the fact that eight or ten decades back the trail of party opinion was not drawn along the street in the nauseous, persistent, and reckless manner which now obtains. There was less journalistic enterprise and cupidity, consequently the Fourth Estate did infinitely less harm in distorting and warping the voice of public opinion than can unfortunately be charged to it to-day. All the same, had matters in this respect been otherwise, Beethoven would have remained unaffected,

Beethoven's Politics

By nature he was a born Republican—averse to everything that tended to make one man in any way more than another; although of course such a method became perfectly impracticable at every step in real life. Still this was his nature, and he persisted in it to the last. There was a good deal of the philosopher in Beethoven; and although the conditions of society around and about him were the only ones that could have been at all beneficial to one situated as he was, yet he was ever lingering after some such ideal state as Plato foreshadowed in his "Republic." This, if ever feasible, was quite impossible in the unsettled state of Europe at the time, and with the world's then central figure bent on dominating as many monarchies as did his prototype Alexander. Nevertheless, consumed by his own experiences; alive to conditions which kept him a perpetual slave while others enjoyed the good things of this life; disappointed with everything and almost everybody, he nurtured his thoroughly genuine, natural convictions and sympathies towards a system and epoch which would terminate in a rule whereby Might would be crushed by Right. The advent of Napoleon Buonaparte rejoiced his heart, and he determined to hail this political saviour.

Perhaps the finest piece of musical portraiture that exists is Beethoven's longest symphony (save the "Choral") of the immortal nine. Every music lover recognises it under the title of the "Eroica." "The Eroica," says a great writer, "is an attempt to draw a musical portrait of an historical character—a great statesman, a great general, a noble individual; to represent in music—Beethoven's own language—what M. Thiers has

given in words and Paul Delaroche in painting." It is anything but difficult to realise why Beethoven should have admired the first Napoleon. Both the soldier and musician were made of that sturdy stuff which could, and did defy the world; and it is not strange that Beethoven should have desired in some way—and he knew of no better course than through his art—to honour one so characteristically akin to himself, and who at that time was the most prominent man in Europe. Beethoven began the work in 1802, and in 1804 it was completed, with the following title :—

Dismisses Napoleon

SINFONIA GRANDE

"NAPOLEON BONAPARTE"

1804 IN AUGUST

DEL SIGR.

LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN

SINFONIA 3

OP. 55.

This was copied, and the original score dispatched to the ambassador for presentation, while Beethoven retained the copy. Ere the composition could be laid before Napoleon, however, the great general had assumed the title of Emperor. No sooner did Beethoven hear of this

from his pupil Ries than he started up in a rage, and exclaimed: "After all, then, he's nothing but an ordinary mortal! Here is a tyrant the more! He will trample the rights of men under his feet!" Saying which he rushed to his table, seized the copy of the score, and tore the title-page completely off. From this time Beethoven abhorred Napoleon, and never again spoke of him in connection with the symphony until he heard of his death in St Helena, when he observed, "I have already composed music for this calamity," evidently referring to the Funeral March in the symphony.

But Beethoven's republican leanings do not end here. He had no sympathy whatever with the pomp and glitter of a monarchical state or the trappings of an exalted aristocracy. Decorations and orders possessed nothing beyond their convertible value in his eyes, and the shells of the sea-shore would have found as much favour with him for his breast as the grandest cross or star ever designed. On one occasion the Prussian Ambassador at Vienna gave him the choice of fifty ducats or the cross of some order. Beethoven was not long in deciding. "The fifty ducats," replied the composer. The true spirit oozes out, too, in his letter to Bettina von Arnim: "My most dear, kind Friend,—Kings and princes can indeed create professors and privy-councillors, and confer titles and decorations but they cannot make great men—spirits that soar above the base turmoil of this world. There their powers fail, and this it is that forces them to respect us. When two persons like Goethe and myself meet, these grandees cannot fail to perceive what such as we consider great. Yesterday, on our way home, we met the whole Imperial family; we saw them crossing some way off, when Goethe

withdrew his arm from mine, in order to stand aside, and say what I would, I could not prevail on him to make another step in advance. I pressed down my hat more firmly on my head, buttoned up my great-coat, and, crossing my hands behind me,[1] I made my way through the thickest portion of the crowd. Princes and courtiers formed a lane for me; Archduke Rudolph took off his hat, and the Empress bowed to me first. These great ones of the earth *know me*. To my infinite amusement I saw the procession defile past Goethe, who stood aside with his hat off, bowing profoundly. I afterwards took him sharply to task for this; I gave him no quarter."[2]

Rates Goethe

Dependent as he was upon the aristocracy of his day for almost every inch of recognition that fell to him; forbearing and generous as the nobility invariably were towards him whenever and however his rough methods asserted themselves, it is, indeed, surprising that Beethoven for so long should have successfully maintained and exercised his supreme contempt for the upper classes. Yet he could not get over this ruck in his nature. That he was their equal was a burning conviction within him, albeit he would never permit himself to be encumbered by the doings of inferior folks for whom, it might be thought, he would in turn make allowances. No. He could brook no restraints nor barriers: he must do as he willed. Thus he was constantly at loggerheads with the Court officials, and would not bend to the prescribed etiquette. One day he forced his way into the apartments of the Archduke, his patron, and in great rage declared he could not submit

[1] *Vide* the Lyser sketch.
[2] Letter, Töplitz, August 15, 1812.

to the biddings of the chamberlains. It was taken in good part, and orders were forthwith issued that he was not to be interfered with.

Of Beethoven's amusements we hear nothing. As his correspondence emphasizes his whole life and soul were in his music. Mozart could rest his brain with billiards but Beethoven appears to have had no liking for the lighter relaxations of life. If he wanted change he resorted to the lanes and meadows and found in Nature a sufficient set-off for extended periods of strain and mental trial that must have sorely tested his highly-strung, and often greatly neglected, nervous system.

The *on dits* referring to Beethoven,—and they are almost as numerous as the quavers in a symphony,—are as true, we suppose, as *on dits* in general. Among these *ben trovato* stories are several relating to the master's habit of abstraction, especially when he was occupied with any great score, when he became so absorbed that his beloved pursuit was, so to speak, absolute meat and drink to him. At about the time of the composition of the splendid descriptive symphony—the Sixth or "Pastoral" as Beethoven termed it, its composer went into one of the Vienna restaurants and ordered dinner. After a while the waiter came with the dinner, but meanwhile the composer had become engrossed over "notes" for his sketch-book. "I have dined," shouted Beethoven, and ere the astonished *kellner* could say a word the musician placed upon the table the price of the dinner and disappeared.

Habits of Abstraction

Another story is told of Beethoven and a horse which, were it not for our knowledge of his utter carelessness in

the affairs of everyday life, it would be hard to believe. A very beautiful animal was presented to Beethoven by an admirer, and at first the new owner did what most mortals would, he mounted the steed and took an airing round Vienna's suburbs. Then it was quite neglected by Beethoven; and his servant, a sharp-witted man, noticing this, took the horse, paid its forage bills, and as a means of money-making used to let out the animal at a rate per hour to anyone who cared to hire it, pocketing, of course, the proceeds!

The presentments of Beethoven provide an interesting feature among the chronicles of this master of music. Though we are not dependent entirely upon these for a knowledge of the manner of man the composer was, there having been amongst us, happily, those who conversed with him face to face,—yet in the nature of things it cannot be else than gratifying in the extreme to be in possession of several more or less authentic records of the features of one who will continue to be a subject of wonder and admiration as long as the world and our present methods and intelligence last.

Portraits

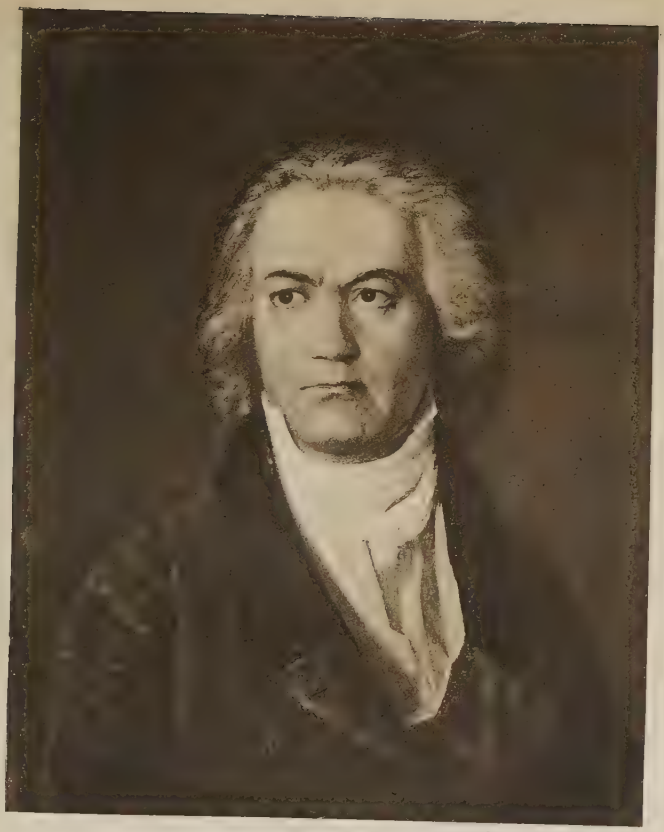
To take these in order of age, the miniature by Gerhard von Kügelgen,[1] showing Beethoven in his twenty-first year, reflects a decidedly good-looking well-formed face, adorned with a harvest of jet-black hair. The whole visage is a strong indication of the future man; and the mouth, which the burden of a battle with life was to make so firm and determined, is particularly noticeable for its beauty of conformation. A good deal of dispute surrounds this portrait. Generally accepted at

[1] In the possession of Mr. G. Henschel.

one time as genuine, its authenticity is now doubted by both the Beethoven House Society of Bonn and the authority Dr T. Frimmel, so when doctors differ who shall decide? Hornemann's miniature, showing the composer as he appeared in 1802, is one of the finest likenesses of Beethoven. Another is the drawing of head and shoulders which Louis Letronne made in chalk in 1812 and which has been engraved by Höfel (1814) and Riedel. This was the portrait copies of which the composer often gave away. It shows the master in the second phase of his artistic career, and according to Sir George Grove it is the best portrait extant of Beethoven. A copy of it is in the Library of the Royal College of Music at Kensington. Another three-quarter sitting portrait, with right hand extended, depicts Beethoven in his thirty-eighth year. It was painted by W. F. Mähler in 1808, and is adjudged a fanciful rather than true likeness of the composer. This portrait shows the wonted luxuriance of hair, fine large eyes, a scarcely accurate nose, and the beautifully set lips which make the composer appear a really handsome fellow as a young man.

The oil painting by J. Mähler of Vienna, comparatively recently discovered at Freiburg,[1] is among the best representations of the master. It was painted in 1815, when Beethoven was forty-five years of age and in the prime, therefore, of his active life. This portrait differs in expression from the other accepted portraits, to say nothing of the ideal presentments, and while the main features are there—the strong head, the massive temples from which his liberal hair rolled backwards, the breadth of face, the grandly outlined features—we get these and

[1] Now in the possession of Herr Victor von Gleichenstein.



Ludwig van Beethoven

something more in the shape of strong indications of the composer's known Dutch origin.

There is yet another portrait by Mähler which shows Beethoven well on in life, and which serves as a frontispiece to Lady Wallace's translation of Beethoven's "Letters." Writing of it the distinguished authoress says in her preface: "The grand and thoughtful countenance forms a fitting introduction to letters so truly depicting the brilliant, fitful genius of the sublime master, as well as the touching sadness and gloom pervading his life, which his devotion to Art alone brightened through many bitter trials and harassing cares." All this the portrait fully endorses. The frontispiece referred to is an engraving by H. Adlard from a photograph of the original portrait in the possession of Dr Th. G. von Karajan, Vice-President of the Imperial Academy of Science, Vienna. Lyser's full-length sketch showing Beethoven on the march, and in a hurry, is referred to elsewhere. A chalk drawing—the work of Augustus von Kloeber—in the opinion of the present writer deserves to be ranked among the most satisfying portraits of the master. As has been pointed out: "It is evidently a good likeness. The 'lion's mane,' the noble brow, expressive eyes, strong obstinate nose and furrowed chin, are their own evidence to accuracy."[1] Certainly no one who has ever read or played a line of Beethoven could desire a more satisfying presentment of the wondrous sound-shaper for all ages and all time.

Another likeness of the master is the idealized but handsome portrait with the tree background. Beethoven, in his dressing-gown, is shown with bent head in the act

[1] *Musical Times*, December 1892.

of writing on a roll of score paper. This is endorsed "Missa Solennis in D," his favourite score. It was painted by Stieler, and shows Beethoven in 1822, the year when the famous second Mass was completed. No better presentment of the master could be desired. Of all the portraits this, and the chalk drawing by Kloeber, would probably best meet the popular conception of the sort of man the composer of *Fidelio* and "Choral" symphony really was. This portrait, with two others, is given by Naumann in his "History of Music." One of these latter is a portrait in the possession of Count Wimpffen, and has been engraved by Carl Mayer of Nuremberg; the other shows the composer with a thin drawn face and well advanced in years. Curiously enough both these and others of the likenesses show Beethoven with a collar, distinct from his stock or neckcloth. Now he wilfully eschewed this article of apparel; "he was not acquainted with the custom of wearing collars," writes Müller of him in 1820, "and he asked a friend, who had made him some linen shirts, what the use of the collar was! 'Ah! to keep me warm,' he said to himself, and stuffed it under his waistcoat:" it can only be surmised, then, that to this extent some of the portraits are unauthentic or that the painters of them had secured the composer when he was in one of his tidiest and conformable moods. Another characteristic portrait of the master has been made by Robert Krausse after the original of Waldmüller and the cast of Beethoven's face. Of this an illustration is given herewith. Numerous other portraits, more or less reliable, exist.

Lastly, Schimon painted the master in 1819, showing Beethoven in his forty-ninth year—a work which Eichens

engraved. It is a sadly weak production so far as the features are concerned. The nobility of character is wholly lacking; instead of the powerfully severe countenance, full of intelligence and purpose, and with all the traces of strong trial, suffering, and disappointment which at this time of life helped to make Beethoven look "ugly," the portrait in question has hardly a furrow indicated. It resembles more a contented farmer than the powerful, rugged son of art and enormous worker whose mood was to "despise the world which does not understand that music is a more sublime revelation than all wisdom and all philosophy." This is the portrait probably that is referred to in the characteristic letter which Beethoven's friend Stumpff wrote to the *Musical World.*

Here is a transcript:—

Sir,—Having seen in your spirited publication a notice of my lithographic print of Beethoven, I beg leave to state that it was issued out of love to the art, and in order to fulfil a promise I made to Beethoven.

It was on last parting from this extraordinary being, who seemed on that occasion very much agitated, venting his feelings in strong expressions of sorrow at my early departure (as he called it), that he put a lithographic print of himself in my hand, and seizing the other with a convulsive grasp, exclaimed, "*Take this print, though a very bad one, as a token of esteem: receive it of a friend, who shall ever remember you, and alight at your house whenever I shall come to London.*"

The beating of my poor heart became visible; I pointed to the vehicle that stood waiting. We walked towards it, Beethoven earnestly talking. A pause ensued—his pierc-

ing eye perceived that I wished to speak, and he inclined his ear towards my lips, when I said, "Sir, should ever I meet with an able artist, to whom I could communicate and convey *that*, which had made such a deep impression on my mind, I then would publish a better print." To which he replied (in an Austrian dialect), "Es thût einen ja wohl 'mal wieder einen menschen zu schauen." To which I answered: "Fare thee well, thou noble and highly-gifted being, Gott erhalte und schutze Dich!" Hoping that you will excuse my German English, I beg, Sir, to subscribe myself

Your obedient servant,

J. A. STUMPFF.

August 7th, 1838,
44 GREAT PORTLAND STREET,
PORTLAND PLACE.

Masks, Busts and Monuments

Of masks, busts and monuments relating to Beethoven, there are as many and more than even portraits. In 1812 the sculptor Franz Klein took masks of Beethoven's face, and it was from these that Hake made a good etching. A cast was also made when the master lay dead. Danhauser came in ere the breath had been out of the body a few moments and took the model. On the authority of Dr J. N. Vogl an unforeseen obstacle presented itself:—"The beard of the deceased, which had not been touched during all the period of his illness, had to be removed. Danhauser sent for a barber, who, of course, was willing to take the impeding element away from chin and cheek, but demanded a ducat for his services. A ducat was more than Danhauser and his friend Rauft possessed between them at that time, they, therefore, had to send this unwilling Figaro away and

undertake the operation themselves. Rauft hastened to fetch his razor, and to sharpen the blade for the occasion. Danhauser applied the soap, and Rauft cut the bristly beard, after which Danhauser began his work."[1] Years before Danhauser had inveigled Beethoven into submitting to a similar process. No sooner had the coat of plaster gradually begun to thicken and affect his face than Beethoven became horrified and enraged. He jumped up, smashed the chair, and rushed like a raving madman into the street with the plaster thick upon him, cursing the genial painter of *tableaux de genre* most liberally and unambiguously at every step he took. The bust by Klein, showing Beethoven in his forty-second year, was made from the masks already referred to, and is reputed to be the most faithful likeness of its kind.

There is a famous bust modelled by Schaller, the noted Viennese sculptor in 1826, and showing the master in his fifty-sixth year. Excellent as the upper part of the face undoubtedly is, the mouth might be objected to as being over forcible. As against this criticism, however, there is the expressed satisfaction with the work of Carl Holz, an intimate friend of Beethoven for whom it was executed. The following declaration is also associated with the likeness: "The bust is in every way unique, and the undersigned gentlemen, who were all personally acquainted with Beethoven, hereby certify that it is a remarkable and speaking likeness of the great original:—

Moritz Graf zu Dietrichstein.
J. F. Castelli, Dr.
Freiherr von Mayenberg.

[1] "Musical Sketches" (Ella), vol. i. p. 10.

Beethoven

Franz von Heinth, Dr.
O. J. Mayseder.
Leopold von Sonnleithner, Dr.

This bust was bequeathed to the Philharmonic Society of London by Frau Linzbauer. Mr W. H. Cummings writes: —"The directors of the Philharmonic Society had a few casts made, one of which is always placed in front of the orchestra at the public concerts."[1]

We look naturally to the birth-place of this renowned genius for the first monument. Strangely enough it took the composer's countrymen many years to upraise this memento of his tremendous genius, and it might not have been there to this day save for the munificence of a fellow-musician who made the condition that if he completed the funds for the monument he should have the right of choosing the sculptor. The musician was that striking personality in musical history—the Abbé Liszt. This pianoforte genius paid some twelve hundred pounds balance required, and in 1846 the fine statue which now adorns Bonn was added to the assets of that great music-loving community — the German nation. Another Beethoven monument of importance is in Vienna. It is by the sculptor Zumbusch, and occupies a fitting site in front of the Gymnastic Academy. Of the many monuments that have been erected in his own country, and elsewhere, to Beethoven's honour, this one must be accounted among the truest and best. The Americans have not been behind, also, in recognising the debt of their section of the globe to Beethoven. New York has found its native artist, and has erected

[1] *Musical Times*, December 15, 1892.

in that city one of the most magnificent of the world's memorials to the work and genius of this truly great master of sound.

In religion Beethoven was a Roman Catholic. He was baptised in the faith of that Church, and its last rites were administered to him at the period of *extremis*. To what extent he was a strict and devout soldier of the Church has not transpired. We hear little or nothing of this either in his correspondence or from the testimony of others. On the surface we must account him as belonging to no church—one of that large percentage of men whose good lives are not measured by their servitude to religious procedure and method; and certainly his temperament was not that of one prone to devotional rule and practice. He had, in fact, no formal religion, no established creed, no profession of faith. From some of his remarks he could be taken for a Pagan. This was not so—he believed in God. God was about him everywhere—not of the teachings of others, but of his own innate convictions. He saw the Deity in everything—in nature, in art, in every stroke of good fortune, in every trial, and whether success or failure awaited him, in his heart he accepted all as from above. He asks Varenna to beg the admirable Ursuline Convent sisters who administered to him in sickness "to include him in their pious orisons."[1] "If God spares me a few more years of life," he writes to Bettina von Arnim, "I must then see you once more, my dear, most dear friend."[2] "If I am spared for some years to come, I will thank the Omniscient, the Omni-

No formal Religionist

[1] Letter, July 19, 1812.

[2] Letter, August 15, 1812.

potent for the boon, as I do for all others, weal and woe," are his words to Bettina Brentano.[1] Here are two extracts from his diary showing his trustful dependence upon the Almighty:—"Hard is thy situation at present; but He above is, oh, He *is*, and without Him nothing is."—"God, God, my Refuge, my Rock, Thou seest my heart! Oh hear, ever ineffable One, hear me, Thy unhappy, most unhappy of all mortals." He was born a great and high-souled creature, and could not get away from it. He salutes God in the woods and valleys, by the lake and the ocean—at sunrise and sunset; but with all this we do not learn much about his going to church, and certainly there was not a shadow of affectation of goodness about his nature. All through his career his aspirations were ever towards a better, nobler life, and no man, placed as he was, could have persevered more towards the high goal. His note-books and correspondence abound in religious touches and meditative ejaculations which make us feel that wherever he was there his God was with him. He did not wear his religion on his sleeve, and he was no servile "saint," but he was a God-fearing man for all that. Nature and deafness drove his goodness inwards. There is a current doctrine that men of poetical and artistic power will always be very much the creatures of imagination and sensibility, and, in consequence, will be subject to alternations of elevation or depression—in the most capricious forms—even their morals and religion being subject to these laws in their nature, or rather to this absence of law. But Beethoven was one who indisputably belies this mischievous doctrine. There were no undulations

[1] Letter, February 10, 1811.

in his conception of morality and honour. His code of morals required a strong, honest character to carry out. Whining cant was no part or parcel of his constitution, as he often proved. The great bravura pianist Moscheles —king of the "fireworks" school—had one day arranged some of the *Fidelio* numbers which he submitted to Beethoven for his approval. Upon examination the composer discovered the words "By God's help" inscribed on the MS. When Moscheles received it back he found this addition—the characteristic advice—"O man, help thyself."

"It is one of my first principles," he stated, "never to stand in any relations but those of friendship with another man's wife." With all his attachments and his associations with fair and noble women—and the approval of woman is the very lever of music—not a single suggestion of *liaison* or scandal has been charged to Beethoven. His escutcheon would not so long have remained untarnished had matters been otherwise; for the world is ever ready to know of the foibles of its great men—and especially of such a notable character as was Beethoven. Every thread of his public and private life has probably now been closely scrutinized; and he emerges from the ordeal with a fair fame which more and more will thrill the multitudes who, hour after hour, are listening to his matchless tones to find in them a sure and strong ladder up the heights where only his blessed harmonies can be excelled. No, if it be urged that this great man—so far as music is concerned the greatest the world will ever see—would have figured better with some regard for precise pious formulæ, he must be his own defender through his life

Purity of life

and letters. Judging by the latter there was not much amiss. The tone of his correspondence throughout is that of the high-minded, thoughtful Christian—not priest-ridden man. When divested of their exuberances these letters show us the inner Beethoven better than all that has been written by way of biography.

We find him ever ready to restore harmonious relations wherever there have been squabbles or strained friendships. After falling out with Stephen von Breuning and making the resolve that the dissolution of the friendship should remain "firm and unchangeable,"[1] he seeks to mend matters in most pathetic terms. His appealing letter accompanied by a miniature painted by Hornemann in 1802 is well worth reading:—"Beneath this portrait, dear Stephen, may all that has so long gone on between us be for ever hidden. I know how I have torn your heart. For this the emotion that you must certainly have noticed in me has been sufficient punishment. My feeling towards you was not malice. No—I should no longer be worthy of your friendship; it was passionate love for you and myself; but I doubted you dreadfully, for people came between us who were unworthy of us both. My portrait has long been intended for you. I need not tell you that I never intended it for anyone else. Who could I give it to with my warmest love so well as to you, true, good, noble Stephen. Forgive me for distressing you; I have suffered myself as much as you have. It was only when I had you no longer with me that I first really felt how dear you are and always will be to my heart. Come to my arms once more as you used to do."[2]

[1] Letter, July 1804. [2] Letter, 1811.

Czerny Testimonial

Beethoven always had a helping hand for others, and with an ungrudging forgetfulness of self often gave even to strangers the means of comfort that he himself much needed. There is Spohr's testimony as to this: "He was frequently in want of common necessaries," he writes. "In the early part of our acquaintance, I once asked him, after he had absented himself for several days from the dining-rooms, 'You were not ill, I hope?' 'My boot was, and as I have only one pair, I had house arrest,' was his reply."[1] To his relations he was particularly good. His brother Carl had been a cashier in Vienna and had a long illness—throughout the whole of which the musician provided for him. His wish was to make his brother's life "less irksome." "I am obliged," he writes to Princess Kinsky, "entirely to support an unfortunate sickly brother and his whole family, which (not computing my own wants) has entirely exhausted my resources."[2] True Christianity, indeed.

When the severity of the conscription forced Ries to the war and the youth wanted funds it was Beethoven who pleaded his cause with the Princess Lichtenstein. These were his words:—"Poor Ries, my scholar, is forced by this unhappy war to shoulder a musket, and must moreover leave this in a few days, being a foreigner. He has nothing, literally nothing, and is obliged to take a long journey. . . . I send the poor youth to you in the hope of somewhat improving his circumstances."[3] One has only to read such a document as the testimonial which he gave to Czerny to gauge the large-hearted, honest man, perfectly free from all that pettiness and

[1] Autobiography, p. 185. [2] Letter, 1813.
[3] Letter, November 1805.

spirit of conscious excellence which mars lesser musicians. It runs:—"I, the undersigned, am glad to bear testimony to young Carl Czerny having made the most extraordinary progress on the pianoforte, far beyond what might be expected at the age of fourteen. I consider him deserving of all possible assistance not only from what I have already referred to, but from his astonishing memory, and more especially from his parents having spent all their means in cultivating the talent of their promising son.—LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN."[1]

Worthy Deeds

Yet, best evidence of all that the great composer was a man who lived an upright life is furnished in the lasting friendship of Pastor Amanda of Courland which he would hardly have undeservedly enjoyed. The composer loved the pastor almost with the love of woman. "The best man I ever knew," he writes, "has a thousand times recurred to my thoughts! Two persons alone once possessed my whole love, one of whom still lives, and you are now the third. How can my remembrance of you ever fade? . . . Farewell, beloved, good, and noble friend! Ever continue your love and friendship towards me, just as I shall ever be your faithful BEETHOVEN." And again: "My dear, my good Amanda, my warm-hearted friend,—to what can I compare your fidelity and devotion to me! Ah! it is indeed delightful that you still continue to love me so well. I know how to prize you, and to distinguish you from all others; you are not like my Vienna friends. No! you are one of those whom the soil of my fatherland is wont to bring forth. . . . Write to me frequently: your letters, how-

[1] Letter, December 7, 1805.

ever short, console and cheer me so I shall soon hope to hear from you."[1]

Thus, this great man was more a practical than formal religionist. He was religious in the sense that Plato and Socrates were religious. He is not credited with an addiction to Bible reading, but he could put his finger on such Gospel texts as "Love one another." He did well enough by his fellow-men, and that he walked humbly with his God there is little doubt. But in his religion, as in other matters, he had a consciousness which lifted him above ordinary mortals. So he made, and kept under his daily observation a creed of his own :—

"I am that which is.
I am all that, that was, and that shall be. No mortal man hath lifted my veil.
He is alone by Himself, and to Him alone do all things owe their being."

A very strange theology indeed! Yet from this, and such pictures as we have drawn, can his religion alone be found.

[1] Letters, 1800.

Beethoven: The Musician.

Sublimity of Style and Expression—Student Application—Head and Hand Worker—Early Productiveness—Clamourings for Freedom—Juvenile Compositions—The Musical Hour—Beethoven the Pianist—The Composer—As Conductor—First Symphony—Mount of Olives and Prometheus—Second Symphony—"Kreutzer" Sonata—"Eroica" Symphony—Concerto in G—*Fidelio*—Fourth Symphony—C Minor Symphony—Sixth Symphony—Sees to Business—Seventh Symphony—Eighth Symphony—Political Outpourings—Ninth Symphony—Last Quartets—As a Sacred Music Composer—Mass in C—Mass in D—Rise of the Orchestra—Orchestra as found by Beethoven—Orchestral Variety—Instrumental Influence—Wagner on Beethoven's Orchestration—Manns on Wagner—Wagner "additions" to Beethoven—Metaphysical Qualities of the Music—Humanity of his Music—Legitimacy of Style and Practice—Expansions of Forms—Painstaking Workmanship—As a Chamber-Music Composer—Symphonist and Sonatist—Characteristics of Style and Diction—Beethoven's "Three Styles"—Followers.

BEETHOVEN, the musician, is a stupendous theme. From whatever view he is considered, whether as a symphonist, chamber-music composer, sacred harmonist and song writer, or judged merely by his solitary opera *Fidelio*, there is but one conclusion that adequately meets the case or distinguishes his exact location. However musically regarded, Beethoven, when all is said and done,

stands *alone*, towering pre-eminently. Of the great ones of music—Palestrina, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and more who have created periods, and had followers in the history of music's art, Beethoven is most conspicuous. He soars to a musical height never before reached; a region of expressive tonal actuality and possibility the like of which it seems hopeless to imagine will ever be attained again. The sublimity of idea, tone and expression characterising his compositions lift him above all other masters. His works are invariably invested with attributes so lofty and contemplative that the merest listener is moved to reflection and awe. The title, "ton-dichter" or poet-in-music, which Beethoven preferred to all others, was surely never more fitly applied to any tone-weaver; and when his admirers think of such glorious paintings as the *Pastoral* and *Eroica* Symphonies, the pianoforte Sonata "*Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour*" and others, it is, indeed, difficult to call to mind anything in the language of poetry, or in the painter's art which portrays images more beautiful, more vivid, and more true to nature than the creations of this king among tone-poets. Never was there such harmonious genius and intellect wedded, never before such grandeur of conception and utterance.

Sublimity of Style and Expression

There is no inexplicable secret in the vast scope and character of Beethoven's muse, nor is it difficult to account for its remarkable ascendancy over the minds of men. Beethoven was a great artist and a tremendous worker, while his whole life and soul were in his art. That he was a born genius with wonderful wealth of ideas and creative faculties is admitted, but these would

not have made him the greatest of the great composers save for other gifts which he exercised and developed to the full. In discussing Beethoven—the Musician—we must get beyond the music and realise the rare personality who made it—a man of great mind and views, one who would have stood out among men wherever he walked in life, though undoubtedly it cannot be said that he missed his vocation! Beyond his naturally grand mind and intellect he harmonised himself with his contemporaries, and so attuned his faculties that the language of Homer and Plutarch, and the classics of ancient Greece was as vivid to him as that of Klopstock or Schiller, or still more, that of his friend and collaborateur Goethe. His grasp of men and things about him was so wide that he could as well converse with a prince as with a bandsman; while his mind was such that princesses found pleasure in talking to him upon the wide and various themes that fringed the pursuit of his art, or which sprung out of the brilliant, if betimes unsettled society life at Vienna during the many years that he moved in it. What an equipment for a musician asking for little more than an aristocratic patronage!

Student Application

Nor did he half learn his art. A more industrious, painstaking, earnest student never breathed—one who, instead of hazarding short cuts to perfection—a system which too many students alas! resort to only too hopelessly—Beethoven laboured away at his studies as if heaven and earth depended upon his industry. This, too, while he was not only studying but labouring besides—for he had to earn his own livelihood and that of others. Coincidently with qualifying for his art it was as we have

seen imperative that he should provide his daily bread. Away then, in this instance particularly, with the delusion that the great masters of music were individuals—born musicians who had only to put pen to paper to make themselves the remarkable instances of humanity they indisputably are. With one and all their capacity for hard work is simply amazing.

Head and Hand Worker

It was a slowly unfolding genius, properly and naturally developed, that led up to that wondrous aggregation—Beethoven—the master. This genius, which an extraordinarily high sense of life's mission seems more and more to have ennobled, together with his marvellous capacity, afford the clue to his transcendent might as a musician—one who, we repeat, can have no equal so long as musical art, as we know it to-day, remains.

Nothing was taken as granted, and the accustomed methods of musical procedure were followed in his case as closely as would be adopted in that of any German student qualifying for music as a profession. From small beginnings the great artist gradually emerged as magnificently as a huge edifice rears itself above a single foundation stone. His first noteworthy achievements were mainly with the pianoforte and thorough-bass; these, in all good time were to develop amazingly. His incomparable talent culminated in a trinity of highest excellence. Not only as a composer, but as a pianist and improvisor, his achievements stand as momentous for their import and influence, as they do for their magnitude. He is credited with having written a Funeral Cantata to the memory of a friend of his family[1] when he was little more than ten

[1] Cressener.

years old; and, if we are to believe the title, he certainly composed some "Variations on a March,"[1] by Dressler at this early age. The record runs: "Composed by a young amateur, L. V. B., aged 10 years. 1780."

A wonderful little fellow, as a boy, he must have been, from the fact that when only eleven and a half years old, Neefe could leave him to do duty in the Elector's chapel, and honestly state of him that he could play the whole of Bach's *Wohltemperirte Clavier*.

At the age of eleven years he approached Maximilian Frederick, Archbishop and Elector of Cologne, respecting the dedication of a juvenile effort—Three Sonatas for the piano. He wrote:—

"Illustrious Prince,—From my fourth year music has ever been my favourite pursuit. . . . May I now presume to lay the first-fruits of my juvenile labours at the foot of your throne, and may I hope that you will condescend to cast an encouraging and kindly glance on them?"

This was undoubtedly a discreet and sufficient homage to rank, suggesting a spirit of respect and admiration for exalted society which might have been expected to develop with years. It stands in great contrast, however, to Beethoven's bearing in after life towards those on a higher social plane; especially in view of such an incident as that of his encountering the Imperial family on the road and refusing to make way for them. By the way, the "Van" prefixed to his name was once mistaken by the Austrian "Landrecht" as a mark of nobility. Placing his hand first on his head and then on his heart, the brusque

[1] C Minor.

man, with his accustomed sturdiness, shouted, "My nobility is here—and here!"

His early faculty for production was formed, never to tire. While carrying on his chapel and theatre duties, he composed, among other minor pieces, three Sonatas for piano solo (1781), a Rondo in A for the piano, a pianoforte Concerto, and some songs (1784). The next year gave birth to three Quartets for piano and strings, and Minuet for piano in E flat, and another song.

Early Productiveness

1787 was marked by a Trio in E flat, and a Prelude (F minor) for piano; while between these and his coming-of-age, the industrious young man wrote two Preludes through all twelve major keys for pianoforte or organ, twenty-four Variations on Righini's "Vieni Amore," songs, etc. These productions need not be over-estimated. Neither in extent nor quality do they presage the great things that were to come, while they fall far below the line of Mendelssohn's C minor Symphony, and "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture, Schubert's C minor, or "Tragic Symphony," Mozart's fine opera—"La Finta Giardiniera"—all composed ere their respective authors had reached the age of twenty-one years. The explanation is not far off, however. Beethoven's earnest enquiry into, and method of grappling with the principles of Art, were not yet at an end. He had not been to Haydn; while, more especially, his environment generally throughout his early life ill-favoured the contemplative mood—free from all distraction for composition.

Smoulderings from within this volcano did not, however, pass unperceived. Someone, when Beethoven was

twenty-three, had found his inner mind. "He intends to compose Schiller's *Freude*," wrote a correspondent to the sister of the author of *Wallenstein* and *Wilhelm Tell*, "and that verse by verse I expect something perfect, for, as far as I know him, he is all for the grand and sublime."[1] Strangely, this intention was not consummated until the "Ninth" Symphony came into the world!

It was now that Beethoven started his lessons under Haydn, the first payment traceable being made on December 12th, 1792. The text-book was Fux's "Gradus ad Parnassum," at which he worked with a will, judging by the exercises—some 250—which have come down to us, and 42 only of which Haydn corrected.[2] No wonder that Beethoven would not describe himself as Haydn's pupil—as "Papa" desired him to do, but, on the contrary, published it abroad that he had got a few lessons from Haydn, but had never learnt anything from him.[3] Under Albrechtsberger he made the acquaintance of that great theorist's text-book, "Grundliche Anweisung zur Composition," but the profound pedant's lessons and scholastic vigour, while fortifying Beethoven, had the effect also of convincing him that such a rigid rule-of-thumb science was ill-suited to what he, in his soul, had to express.[4]

[1] Letter, January 26th, 1793.

[2] Beethoven's Studies—Nottebohm.

[3] "Biographische Notizen über Ludwig van Beethoven," Ries—Wegeler.

[4] There were over 260 of these exercises under Albrechtsberger issued in a posthumous work entitled "Beethoven's Studies in Generalbasse," published at Vienna in 1832; but they were neither put together nor intended for publication by Beethoven.

It is easy to imagine this impetuous fellow forced to bend under the yoke of antiquated rules, which he was easily led by his ardent imagination to disregard. He was constantly, therefore, committing sins against accepted musical dogma, which his teacher as constantly endeavoured to correct. Hence, many disputes and squabbles, though the scholar never forgot the respect and esteem which he owed to his venerable instructor. Beethoven completed his course, and carefully preserved the exercises wrought out under the eye of this master; scribbling upon them, however, many a sarcasm against theorists and their precepts. "These are the exercises which," we are told, "were vamped up as a trading speculation in a posthumous work." It was a very improper publication; but still it is interesting as showing the young musician's contempt for some of the tasks which "old squaretoes" imposed upon him. There is a chapter on *Canon*, for instance, containing examples of this kind of composition in all its absurd and puzzling variations. In his enumeration of these varieties is mentioned "the numerical and enigmatic canons, which, like everything that partakes of the nature of a riddle, are easier to invent than to solve, and seldom yield any compensation for the time and trouble bestowed upon them. In former times, people took a pride in racking their brains with such contrivances; but *the world is grown wiser!*" "What good," Beethoven is reported to have said, "can result from all this? *Multum clamoris, parum lanae!* Possibly I may try my hand at it some of these days when I have nothing of a more reasonable nature to occupy my time. At present, thank Heaven, I am not in that predica-

Clamourings for Freedom

ment, and it will be a pretty long time, I suspect, before I am."

In conversation with his musical friends, Beethoven took pleasure in ridiculing the strict precepts of the schools. When anyone ventured to point out infringements of them in his compositions, he used to cavalierly cast aside the small scrupulosities of his would-be censors. When in good humour on such occasions, he would rub his hands, and exclaim, laughing heartily, "Oh yes, yes—you are quite astonished, and at your wit's end, because you cannot find this in one of your treatises." "One day," says Ries, "when we were taking a walk together, I spoke of *two consecutive fifths* in one of his first sets of violin quartets (that in C minor), which produce a striking and beautiful effect. Beethoven did not recollect the passage, and would have it that there were no fifths in it. As he usually carried music paper in his pocket, I asked him for a bit, and wrote down the passage in four parts. Beethoven, seeing that I was right, said, 'Well, who has prohibited the use of fifths like these?' I was at a loss how to take the question. He repeated it several times, till at last I answered, greatly surprised at his putting it, 'Bless me, they are forbidden by the very fundamental rules of harmony!' Still he insisted on knowing by whom. I said, 'By Marpurg, Kirnberger, Fux, every theorist who has ever written on the subject.' 'Well,' cried Beethoven, '*they* may have forbidden them, but *I* allow them!'"

To the end of his life Beethoven violated rules whenever he thought proper—especially if the progress of an idea was likely to be interfered with by a slavish adherence to some law of harmony. A reference to

the Finale of his Sonata in A, op. 101, will show some consecutive fifths that would make many a pedant's hair stand on end. But Beethoven, it must be remembered, though he scattered laws aside like ninepins, had something to put in their place. We hear a good deal about Beethoven's "contempt" for rules in composition, but it must always be borne in mind that he learnt them before breaking them. Men like Haydn and Albrechtsberger were hardly likely to give the sturdy pupil much rest or license while he was in their hands; and, as a fact, there exist some 500 Exercises over which young Beethoven pored, and, we may be sure, heaved many a sigh while studying with these rigid adherents to law and principle. His own wish was to master every detail ot his art, and a glance at any few inches of his music will show how thoroughly he did this. He must have been an indefatigable worker in his student days to have commanded the technical subtleties of his art in the manner which every bar of his music indicates.

Most of his juvenile compositions may here only be glanced at. A Cantata he wrote on the death of Joseph II. (not discovered until 1884); the string Trios—ops. 3 and 9; the two Sonatas—op. 49, and two Rondos for pianoforte—op. 51, are valuable, particularly, as showing the future Beethoven in tone and atmosphere—infinitely superior compositions having emanated from several of the great masters at a similar age. The fact is, Beethoven was not precocious; and all the results he attained, whether early or late, were the outcome of solid hard work. His strong musical habits and industrious character began asserting themselves at this early stage, but the results were not amazing. Rather than composition, his

pianoforte playing — especially his extemporizations, as, indeed, would be quite natural—reflected more than aught else at this time the rare order of his creative promise and temperament.

Juvenile Compositions

We might write of some other works in almost a similar strain. The three Trios, two Concertos in B flat and C, for piano and orchestra, composed in 1795; three piano Sonatas—op. 2; *Adelaide*,[1] a Cantata for Soprano, with pianoforte accompaniment, composed in 1795; the Sonata in D—op. 10, No. 3, composed in September 1798—here again we have works, excellent though they are, which furnish in their flavour, rather than their workmanship, the clue to the future composer. The merest pianoforte player is familiar with opus 2, the Sonatas which Beethoven dedicated to Haydn, despite the shabby treatment he seems to have received from the "Father of Symphony."

There is, however, another point. These early pianoforte compositions, like the three Trios[2] for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, op. 1, establish one of the most

[1] Of the song *Adelaida* a good story is told:—Before the notes were well dry on the original MS. a visitor was announced—Beethoven's old friend Barth. "Here," said Beethoven, putting a sheet of score paper in his hand, "look at that. I have just written it and don't like it. There is hardly fire enough in the stove to burn it, but I will try." Barth glanced through the composition, then sang it, and finally grew into such enthusiasm concerning it as to draw from Beethoven the promise of, "No, then, we will not burn it, old fellow." And so the glorious *Adelaida* was saved.

[2] It will be noted that although these Trios were the first published compositions, they were not the composer's first writings. Beethoven was twenty-five years old at the time of their issue.

remarkable characteristics in this composer, viz., the spontaneity of his episodes—a quality which ran through his works almost to the end, and which the learned French analyst, Fétis, with marked critical acumen, does not fail to notice:—"By this means, Beethoven," to translate Fétis, "withdraws the interest he has already created, to replace it by something as lively as it is unexpected. This gift is peculiar to him. These episodes, which were apparently contrary to his original inspirations, moreover attract one's attention by their originality, and then, when surprise gradually wears off, Beethoven knows how to re-connect them with the unity of his plan, and thus shows that variety is dependent on unity in the general effect of his composition."

Before passing on, a few other compositions need notice. In October 1797 was published the Sonata in E flat, op. 7, dedicated to the Countess Babette von Keglevics. It stands No. 4 in the Peters' edition, and will be remembered for its expressive *Largo* and remarkable *Rondo*. The favourite Sonata, "Pathétique,"[1] op. 13, saw the light in 1799, although Beethoven probably played it before then at Prince Carl von Lichnowsky's. But a still more important work was at hand—to wit, his Quintet in E flat, op. 16, for pianoforte, oboe, clarionet, bassoon, and horn—a work which could not have failed to have appreciably enhanced its composer's worth. Though not published until 1801, this score belongs to about the 1796-7 period, and may be com-

[1] The ground for this title is unknown. Beethoven himself gave it, though he named neither the so-called "Appassionata" or "Pastoral" Sonatas.

pared with Mozart's and Haydn's latest chamber music with much interest. After this, Beethoven started the six string Quartets (F, G, D, C minor, A, B flat), op. 18, completed in 1800, and which he dedicated to Prince von Lobkowitz; then followed the B flat Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, op. 19, after which he fairly set sail upon the vast sea of harmonious possibility and expression.

Space precludes us from occupying the reader longer respecting Beethoven's early compositions, the remainder of which take their place in the Catalogue. In 1799 he wrote his First Symphony; but before proceeding with the consideration of his progress as a composer, we may well pause to view him as he soon assuredly was, and long remained—the busy practical musician and worker—following his profession in the chief centre of European musical life under conditions totally different from anything in vogue to-day, when the burden of much detail is taken off the hands of artists and concert-givers by a merciful management. Ten or so decades ago the pursuit of music professionally often involved the greatest artists in immense labour and loss, as well as discomfort, against which there were few of the counteracting advantages which now accrue. There were then no "schools" or "academies," giving employment to hundreds of professors of all ranks; fewer private houses were open to, or needed the service of, the musician and his art at almost every public and private society function; pupils could be counted by units where they now exist in hundreds; much fearful drudgery had to be undergone in the way of copying ere performers could have their respective parts

The Musical Hour

—which, when they arrived, were frequently faulty; the remuneration paid was scandalous considering the calibre of the musicians,[1] although this was more the fault of the times than of the individuals. But, weightiest point of all, the music had to be composed before it could be performed before patrons; and to this fortunate fact, we owe nearly every one of Beethoven's compositions. Patrons in those days certainly did yeoman service for the musicians, although the latter paid dearly for it, and rendered magnificent returns for the little they received. Imagine for a moment what the score of a new symphony or opera by Beethoven would fetch nowadays! Impelled by their love of music for music's sake, however, men like Bach, Schubert, and Beethoven worked on—content if they could pay their way and exist in peace, although they did not always succeed in accomplishing this.

The keynote of Beethoven's professional life was reverence for his art—as he comprehended and expounded it. No one man ever worshipped at Music's shrine more devoutly than did the Bonn master, who could think and do nothing concerning and involving his art that was not *holy*. He could not endure the semblance of a slight to true music, whether such was the outcome of ignorance or ingenuity.

On one occasion during a rehearsal, his patron, Lobkowitz, hazarded the little joke that a "third" bassoon player, who had absented himself without permission, would not be greatly missed, as the "first"

[1] Haydn, for instance, was paid 8 groschen—9½d. per hour—for lessons!

and "second" bassoonists were already in their places. Joke or no joke, Beethoven was furious. As soon as the rehearsal was over, he ran to the prince's residence and bellowed as loud as he could up the courtyard, "Ass of a Lobkowitz! Fool of a Lobkowitz!"

At the pianoforte Beethoven seemed a god—at times in the humour to play, at others not. If he happened not to be in the humour, it required pressing and reiterated entreaties to get him to the instrument. Before he began in earnest, he used sportively to strike the keys with the palm of his hand, draw his fingers along the key-board, from one end to the other, and play all manner of gambols at which he laughed heartily. Once at the pianoforte and in a genial mood with his surroundings, he would extemporise for one and two hours at a stretch amid the solemn silence of his listeners. He demanded absolute silence from conversation whenever he put his fingers upon the pianoforte keys to play. If this was not forthcoming he rose up, publicly upbraided the offenders, and left the room. This mode of resenting a nuisance—one not yet extinct—was once illustrated at Count Browne's, where Beethoven and Ries were engaged in playing a duet—yet during which one of the guests started an animated conversation with a lady. Exasperated at such an affront to his artistic honour, Beethoven rose up, glared at the pair, and shouted out, "I play no more for such hogs"—nor would he touch another note or allow Ries to do so, although earnestly entreated by the company. "His improvisation," Czerny tells us, "was most brilliant and striking; in whatever company he might chance to be, he knew how to pro-

duce such an effect upon every hearer that frequently not an eye remained dry, while many would break out into loud sobs, for there was something wonderful in his expression in addition to the beauty and originality of his ideas and his spirited style of rendering them."[1] Ries says: "No artist that I ever heard came at all near the height Beethoven attained in this branch of playing. The wealth of ideas which force themselves on him, the caprices to which he surrendered himself, the variety of treatment, the difficulties were inexhaustible. Even the Abbé Vogler's admirers were compelled to admit as much."[2]

Beethoven the Pianist

Tomaschek was greatly impressed by Beethoven. He writes: "It was in 1798 when I was studying law, that Beethoven, that giant among players came to Prague. . . . His grand style of playing, and especially his bold improvisation, had an extraordinary effect upon me. I felt so shaken that for several days I could not bring myself to touch the piano."

During his summer residence at the seat of a Mæcenas, he was on one occasion so urgently pressed to perform before the stranger guests, that he became quite enraged and obstinately refused a compliance which he considered would be an act of servility. A threat that he should be confined a prisoner to the house,—uttered, no doubt, without the slightest idea of its being carried into execution,—so provoked Beethoven, that, night-time as it was, he ran off, upwards of three miles, to the next town, and thence, travelling post, hurried to Vienna. As some satisfaction for the indignity offered him, the

[1] Thayer, v. xi. p. 10. [2] Thayer, v. xi. p. 236.

bust of his patron became an expiatory sacrifice. It fell, shattered into fragments, from the bookcase to the floor.

When there was applause on the part of his listeners —as there invariably was—he generally made a grimace,[1] either smiled in derision or adopted a feigned unconsciousness of the expression of approval. Not infrequently on such occasions he was right down rude to the grateful appreciative auditors whose emotions had been so moved by his impressive playing. Such appreciation he pretended to regard as uncalled for, or he construed it into an indication of simplicity and weakness. Thayer tells us that his frequent comment upon his admirers' enthusiastic expressions of wonder was this—"We artists don't want tears, we want applause."[2] His manner was to sit in a quiet way at the instrument—commanding his feelings; but occasionally, and especially when extemporising, it was hard to maintain the pose. At extreme moments he warmed into great passions so that it was impossible for him to hide from his listeners the sacred fires that were raging within him. Czerny declares that his playing of slow movements was full of the greatest expression—an experience to be remembered. He used the pedal largely and was most particular in the placing of the hands and the drift of the fingers upon the keys. As a pianist, he was surnamed "Giant among players,"

[1] The explanation of this sort of behaviour on the part of some musicians here and there is difficult to offer. All who knew well the late Mr Augustus L. Tamplin, who was a veritable genius on the organ and harmonium, will remember that he supplied quite a modern parallel to Beethoven in his eccentric reception of recognition and applause upon his really extraordinary performances.

[2] Thayer, v. xi. p. 13.

and men like Vogler, Hummel, and Woelffl, were of a truth great players; but as Sir George Grove aptly says in speaking of Beethoven's *tours de force* in performance, his transposing and playing at sight, etc.—"it was no quality of this kind that got him the name, but the loftiness and elevation of his style and his great power of expression in slow movements, which, when exercised on his own noble music, fixed his hearers and made them insensible to any fault of polish or mere mechanism."[1]

That he was a good teacher when he cared to exert himself in this direction, we know from the testimony and example of his pupil Ries. Not that he was cut out for the drudgery of teaching, to which he only resorted to provide himself with the necessaries of life. He had the greatest repugnance for the exactions of tutorial work, or, indeed, for any irksome routine task. This must often have jeopardized his position with his pupils, especially in such profitable directions as the Lichnowskys, the Archduke Rudolph, and others; but one and all gave way to him, and overlooked his uncertainty of temper and intractableness generally. Kockel says:—"He had an aversion to the enforced performance of regular duties, especially to giving lessons, and teaching the theory of music, in which it is well known that his strength did not lie, and for which he had to prepare himself." Do what she would, Madame Breuning could not prevail upon him to keep his teaching engagements—necessary as the money for them was to him. Time after time she rebuked and expostulated with him, but, all in vain! She gave up with a sigh, and the remark, "He is again in his *raptus*."

That he was conscientious enough when imparting in-

[1] "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," Grove, v. i. p. 169.

struction, we may be sure; indeed, pupils must have had a bad time of it with him. He himself told Fraulein Giannastasio that he rapped the Archduke Rudolph's knuckles—probably because he did not, or would not, finger correctly; but it must be remembered that the master was double the age of the pupil.

When he was not at the pianoforte, the whole of Beethoven's morning, from the earliest dawn till dinner-time, was employed in the mechanical work of writing; the rest of the day was devoted to thought and the arrangement of his ideas. Scarcely had the last morsel of his meal been swallowed, than, if the composer had no more distant excursion in view for the day, he took his usual walk, that is to say, he ran in double quick time, as if haunted by bailiffs, twice round the town. Whether it rained, or snowed, or hailed, or the thermometer stood an inch or two below freezing point—whether Boreas blew a chilling blast from the Bohemian mountains,—or whether the thunder roared, and forked lightnings played,—what signified it to the enthusiastic lover of his art, in whose genial mind, perhaps, were budding, at the very moment when the elements were in fiercest conflict, the harmonious feelings of a balmy spring?

Nothing suited Beethoven better, however, than a ramble in the fields—an exercise that had a wonderful influence on his inspiration. He could commune with Nature, and, alone with it, realised all that was grand, awful, exalting, and inspiring. In such moods he would sit down under a tree, as one entranced, to his score-paper, and indite themes which are imperishable.

Beethoven the Composer

When composing, it was his invariable habit to keep

in his mind's eye a picture to which he worked. He once said to Neate, while rambling in the fields near Baden, "Ich habe immer ein Gemälde in meinen Gedanken, wenn ich am componiren bin, und arbeite nach demselben." [1] [I always have an ideal in my thoughts when I am composing, and work as my thoughts guide me.] The *Eroica*, *Pastoral*, and *Battle* Symphonies are examples, among many, of compositions which owe their character and titles to the custom mentioned.

Beethoven's—and, for the matter of that, every composer's manner of writing is a matter of peculiar interest. Unlike Schubert, who wrote on the spur of the moment on any scrap of paper at hand—the back of a bill of fare would do so long as it enabled him to get his ideas out of himself—Beethoven adopted a deliberate and serious method of transmitting to paper the glorious emanations of his master-mind. What he wrote down, and allowed to remain, was the result of a slow reasoning process and severe inward working. His stores of musical memoranda were constantly requisitioned. The musical notes and ideas which, as they occurred to him, he regularly recorded and preserved in his "Sketch-books," were extremely useful. An "idea"—a primordial germ which may have been gathered in the seclusion of some forest glade—this, at the master's will, would be worked up into a vast harmonial movement. No pains were too great to bestow upon the smallest idea culled from his pocket-book stock. Then Beethoven thrashed it out, extended it, weaved it over and under, this way and that, as the interminable machinery interlocks its wools and cottons, until at last it grew into a work of art—an *opus* to add

[1] Thayer, v. iii. p. 343.

more glory to his immortal fame. It was to provide himself with "subjects," which he could thus develop, that he regularly carried these "Sketch-books," of which we shall say more, so that he might never be at a loss for an idea if he wanted one.

Beethoven differed from Mozart in this respect. The latter carried all his ideas and worked them out completely in his head before committing them to paper. Beethoven adopted another course. He set down his ideas or subjects, and worked them out then and there — always bestowing immense pains to express himself at his best, and frequently touching and retouching, to make, as it were, perfection more perfect. And what is most remarkable, the longer he worked at his phrases, the more seemingly spontaneous did they become. Though the methods of working of these two great composers appear so opposite, they both sprang from acute mental reasoning, and are not really far separated after all. It is difficult to distinguish between the advantages of the processes, because no two minds think alike in these things; and whether Beethoven's more material method, or Mozart's more mental plan is the one for composers to follow, we decide not. It is not right to infer from this dissimilarity in working that Beethoven was less a mental engineer than Mozart. He was ever under the strain of severe musical argument, but he found it convenient to persistently clear the intellectual atmosphere—to get his thoughts down on paper as quickly as possible in order to make room for the new ideas, of wondrous variety and quality, which so incessantly crowded upon his fertile imagination.

Great composers—or for the matter of that—composers generally—do not make good conductors, and Beethoven

was no exception to the rule. Unlike Mendelssohn, who could conduct and had the rare temper to win forces and infuse them with his spirit—Beethoven ruled and commanded his players as a drover does his herd, and as deafness and quickness of temper overtook him he grew more overbearing, exacting and extravagant. His whole body was utilised to indicate the effects he desired. The performers under him were obliged to avoid being led astray by the impetuosity of the master, who thought only of his own composition, and constantly laboured to depict the exact expression required by the most violent gesticulations.[1] Thus, when the passage was loud he often beat time downwards, when his hand should have been up. A diminuendo he was in the habit of marking by contracting his person, making himself smaller and smaller until when a pianissimo was reached, he seemed to slink beneath the conductor's desk. As the sounds increased in loudness, so did he gradually rise up, as if out of an abyss; and when the full force of the united instruments broke upon the ear, raising himself on tiptoe, he looked of gigantic stature, and, with both his arms floating about in undulating motion, seemed as if he would soar to the clouds. At a *sforzando* he suddenly tore his arms apart, and at a sudden forte gave out a great shout. He was all motion, no part of him remained inactive, and the entire man could only be compared to a *perpetuum mobile.*

As Conductor

When Beethoven's deafness increased, it was productive

[1] In 1804 he was conducting the *Eroica* Symphony, and at that passage in the opening *Allegro* where Buonaparte is being portrayed in thundering riot so lost himself and confused the players that he had to stop the work and start afresh from the opening.

of frequent mischief, for his hand would go up when it ought to have descended. He contrived to set himself right again most easily in the piano passages, but of the most powerful fortes he could make nothing. In many cases, however, his eye afforded him assistance, for he watched the movements of the bows, and thus discovering what was going on, soon corrected himself. When pleased with the work of his orchestra he liked to give a thundering "*Bravi tutti.*"

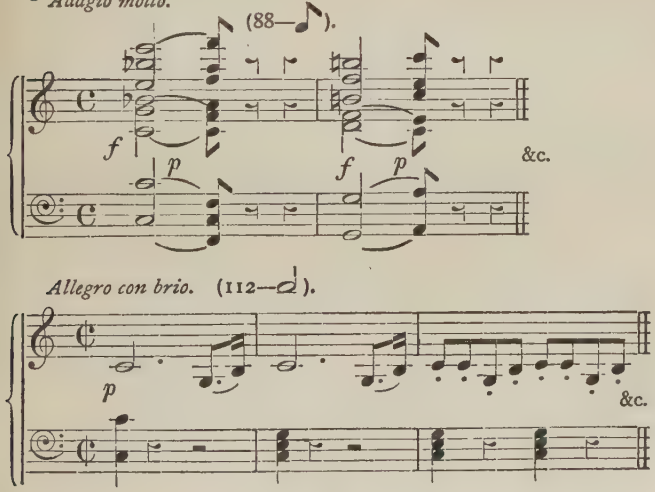
Spohr tells an amusing story of Beethoven as a conductor. The tragi-comical incident took place at Beethoven's last concert at the Theatre "An der Wien":—"Beethoven was playing a new Pianoforte Concerto of his, but forgot at the first *tutti* that he was a solo player, and springing up began to direct in his usual way. At the first *sforzando* he threw out his arms so wide asunder that he knocked both the lights off the piano upon the ground. The audience laughed, and Beethoven was so incensed at this disturbance, that he made the orchestra cease playing and begin anew. Seyfried, fearing that a repetition of the accident would occur at the same passage, bade two boys of the chorus place themselves on either side of Beethoven and hold the lights in their hands. One of the boys innocently approached nearer, and was leading also in the notes of the piano part. When therefore the fatal sforzando came he received from Beethoven's out-thrown right hand so smart a blow on the mouth that the poor boy let fall the lights from terror. The other boy, more cautious, had followed with anxious eyes every motion of Beethoven, and by stooping suddenly at the eventful moment he avoided the slap on the mouth. If the public were unable to restrain their laughter before, they could now

much less, and broke out into a regular bacchanalian roar. Beethoven got into such a rage, that at the first chords of the solo half a dozen strings broke. Every endeavour of the real lovers of music to restore calm and attention was for the moment fruitless. The first *Allegro* of the Concerto was therefore lost to the public. From that fatal evening Beethoven would not give another concert."[1]

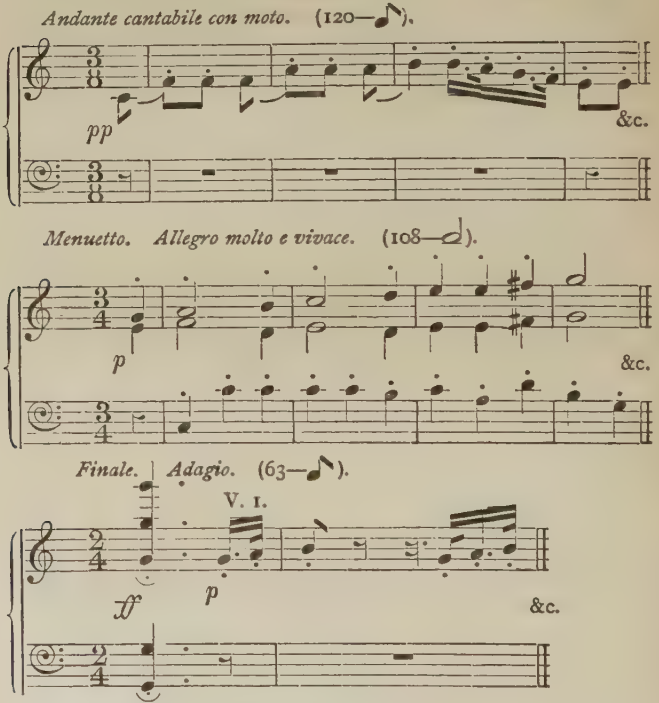
We arrive now at something of a landmark—the date (1800) from which Beethoven's works were composed in regular succession and when they can be considered, therefore, under the years to which they belong. The "First"[2] Symphony was first performed on April 2nd,

[1] Autobiography, page 186.

[2] *Adagio molto.*



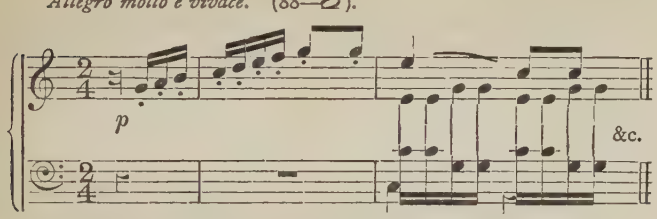
1800, so that its composer was in his thirtieth year at the time. Towards the end of 1801 it was published,[1] and to those who have heard it, it may appear an extraordinary effort for a man of his years, though such an impression fades away in face of the fact that Mozart



[1] By Hoffmeister & Kühnel, Leipzig.

had composed no less than forty-five symphonies by the time he was thirty-one. Nor is this aspect of the matter to be accentuated when it is remembered that Mendelssohn had composed his first symphony [1] at the early age of fifteen years.

As the first [2] of Beethoven's "immortal nine" Symphonies, if on no other grounds, the present score will always command the admiration of the great body of musicians and amateurs who delight in the orchestral glories which the master has prepared for them. If the evidence of several sketches and exercises of 1795 is to be trusted it was by



[1] The C Minor, op. 11, dedicated to the Philharmonic Society.

[2] In C Major, op. 21, dedicated to Baron van Swieten, and scored for the following instruments:—

Flutes	2
Oboes	2
Clarinets in C	2
Bassoons	2
Horns in C	2
Trumpets in C	2
Drums	2 in C and G
Violins	1st and 2nd
Violas	...
Violoncello e Contrabasso	...

Mon très cher Ami Broadwood!

j'amais je n'eprouvais pas un plus grand Plaisir de ce que me causa votre Annonce de l'arrivée de cette Piano, avec que vous m'honorés de m'en faire présent, je regarderai comme un Autel, ou je deposerai les plus belles offrandes de mon Esprit au divine Apollon Aussitôt comme je recevrai votre Excellent instrument, je vous enverrai d'abord les fruits de l'inspiration des premiers moments, que j'y passerai, pour vous servir d'un souvenir de moi à vous mon très cher B., et je ne souhaits ce que, qu'ils soient dignes de votre instrument

Mon cher monsieur et ami recevés ma plus grande Considerat on

de votre ami
et très humble serviteur

Louis Van Beethoven

Vienne le 3 de Janvier 1818

no means a spontaneous effort, but one built up on those studied substantial lines on which Beethoven worked from the first. At its initial public production the work attracted little favourable notice, probably partly because of the indifferent performance, and partly because the composer was "suspected" by the musical authorities. But what a blow he gave them on this occasion! That he was bent on breaking the bonds of academical propriety was no longer in doubt on the sound of the very first chord of this symphony. Who, indeed, before him had possessed the temerity to hurl at artistic sense and reason an unprepared dominant 7th chord on C to open a composition in the key of C! No wonder a wisehead dismissed the score as "a caricature of Haydn pushed to absurdity." Yet of determined stuff was its composer made; and to this originality of thought and other fine aspects of his superlative genius—the world owes the true Beethoven. Unhappily, space forbids us entering, either critically or analytically, into Beethoven's several scores, or much might be written of this C Symphony. It must suffice to say that for conception, originality of ideas, orchestration, modulation and inner working it is essentially Beethoven himself. Its *Minuet and Trio* must have proved a revelation—at any rate to the pedagogues, in as much as he "forsook the spirit of the minuet of his predecessors, increased its speed, broke through its formal and antiquated mould, and out of a mere dance tune produced a *Scherzo*, which may need increased dimensions, but requires no access of style or spirit to become the equal of those great movements which form such remarkable features in his later symphonies."[1] The autograph of this Sym-

[1] "Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies" (Grove) p. 10.

phony is unfortunately lost, but the world has a record of the price at which it was offered to the publisher, viz. 20 ducats—£10.

The Symphony just inadequately discussed was not the only composition of this year. To it also belongs the C minor Concerto, op. 37; the famous Septet for strings and wind, op. 20; the six Quartets already referred to, the *Prometheus* music, op. 43, the *Mount of Olives* oratorio, op. 85, and other lesser works.

The Concerto[1] is for pianoforte and orchestra, and worthily ranks among the highest examples in this form, while the Septet,[2] a magnificent spontaneous effort, stands at the head of works of its order.

Mount of Olives and Prometheus

The original German title of the *Mount of Olives*[3] oratorio was "Christus am Oelberge," and, strangely, is the only effort which Beethoven made in the oratorio form, thus providing in this respect, though not in quality, a parallel to *Fidelio* in opera. Written for Soprano, Tenor, Bass, Chorus and Orchestra, it was Beethoven's first vocal production on a large scale. Its initial performance took place on April 5th, 1803, at Vienna,[4] at a concert in the An

[1] First played by Beethoven himself in 1800, and published by the Bureau des Arts et d'Industrie, Vienna, November 1804.

[2] For Violin, Viola, Violoncello, Contrabass, Horn, Clarinet, and Bassoon. First played at the composer's benefit concert in 1800.

[3] Called in England *Engedi*, a new libretto, with the story of David in the wilderness replacing, but to no better purpose, the original book.

[4] Its first hearing in England was under Sir George Smart, on February 25, 1814, when the Lenten Oratorio performances were taking place at Drury Lane Theatre. Several English versions have appeared: the best is that by the Rev. J. Troutbeck.

der Wien Theatre, where the work commanded such notice, that it was reproduced three times by various concert-givers in the space of the twelve months following its first hearing. Beethoven, we have learnt, was not very orthodox in his religious procedure, and in this work this is well reflected. As music *per se*, the *Mount of Olives* is entrancingly beautiful, possessing as it does all the freshness of Beethoven's first style. Considered as an oratorio, however, it barely deserves the name, and certainly can never rank among the great examples of that form—mainly on account of the extravagant character of the libretto, which seems to be most humorous where it should be most penitential. It is, as the late Mr Rockstro described it, "a monstrous anomaly."[1] When the Divinity is made to sing a trying solo, and join with others in an exhibition of unctuous thirds and sixths, until one's feelings positively rebel, the extremes of absurdity and blasphemy appear to be reached. The setting of this libretto is the only blot on Beethoven's musical character.

The *Prometheus* Ballet music, an overture, introduction, and sixteen numbers, brought out at the Burg Theatre on March 28, 1800, was at once acclaimed a success, so much so that its composer set to work and issued it as a pianoforte solo. By its long run of performances in 1801, and again in the following year, Beethoven is supposed to have appreciably benefited his exchequer, inasmuch as at this time he took healthier and more expensive lodgings in the Sailerstätte. In his article on "Beethoven,"[2] Sir George Grove introduces us to a pleasing story in connection with the first performance of the *Prometheus* music.

[1] "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," vol. ii. p. 553.
[2] *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 180.

Haydn had attended the concert, and meeting Beethoven the next day, said, "I heard your new Ballet last night, and it pleased me much." "*O lieber Papa*," was the reply, "you are too good; but it is no *Creation* by a long way." This unnecessary allusion seems to have startled the old man, and after an instant's pause, he said, "You are right. It is no *Creation*, and I hardly think it ever will be." Quite a case of diamond cut diamond! It can be said of *Prometheus*, however, that it was the only ballet that had ever been performed in the concert-room for the sake of the music alone.[1]

1801 brought to light four important works,—the Pianoforte Sonatas ops. 26, 27, 28, and the Quintet in C, op. 29, and everyone acquainted with these works will be agreed that whatever was lacking here in quantity is more than atoned for in quality. These sonatas are the one in A flat, with an *Andante con Variazioni*, and containing that majestic "Funeral march on the death of a Hero," dedicated to Prince Carl von Lichnowsky; the two—one in E flat, the other the charming "Sonata quasi una Fantasia" in C sharp minor, or "Moonlight" Sonata as it has come to be called; while op. 28 is the one in D —the "Pastoral,"[2] dedicated to Joseph Edlen von Sonnenfels. Every pianoforte player knows them so well that remarks concerning them would be supererogatory. It may not be out of place to observe in respect to the second of the sonatas forming op. 27, that it was published in March 1802, and is dedicated to the Countess Giulietta Giucciardi;[3] also that much of the romance that has gathered

[1] "The Men of Prometheus" is the title of the English edition. The autograph score is lost.

[2] Cranz, the Hamburg publisher, so named this Sonata.

[3] See "Beethoven—the Man," page 72.

round the work is wholly fictitious. It probably derived its imaginary title from a critic[1] likening its first movement to a boating experience on the Lake of Lucerne by moonlight.

Most admirers of Beethoven's chamber music are familiar with the Quintet in C, a great favourite with Monday Popular Concert audiences. This quintet, like op. 3 and unlike op. 16, is entirely for strings, and is as fresh, striking, and free as any work that ever fell from the master's pen. Another remarkable characteristic of Beethoven's, namely, that of availing himself of every theoretical ingenuity, asserts itself constantly in this work.[2]

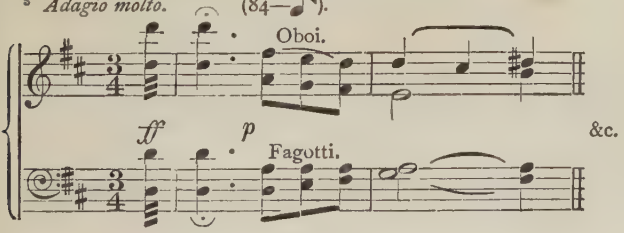
The year 1802 was not very fruitful, the Symphony No. 2 and the Sonatas for Piano and Violin, op. 30, being the chief outcome. There were causes which explain this. It was at this time that Beethoven's deafness began to be really serious, and when he was in that state of mental and physical depression that led him to pour forth that almost heart-breaking epistle, his so-called "Will," dated Heiligenstadt, October 6th.

This Second Symphony[3] belongs to the composer's

[1] Rellstab.

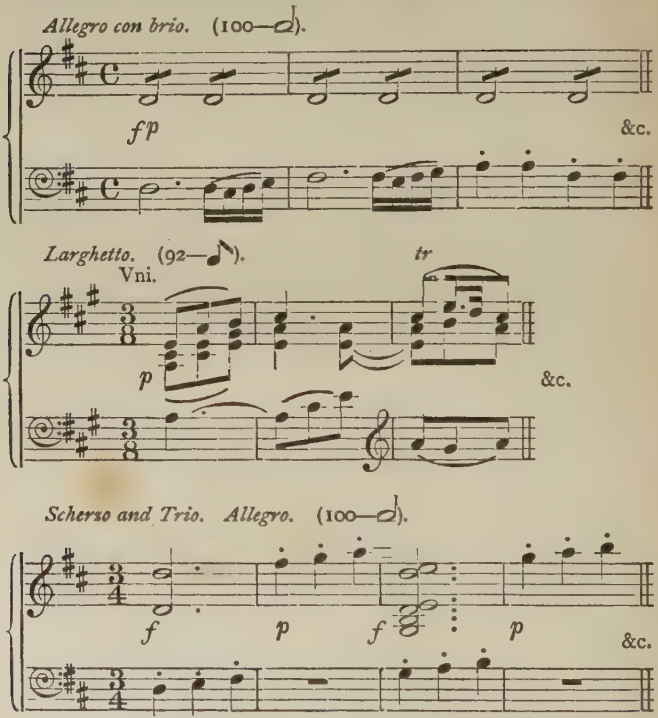
[2] The use of mixed measures—*i.e.* one part in say $\frac{6}{8}$ time, while another is in $\frac{3}{4}$ time—is well illustrated in the *Finale*.

[3] *Adagio molto.* (84—♩).

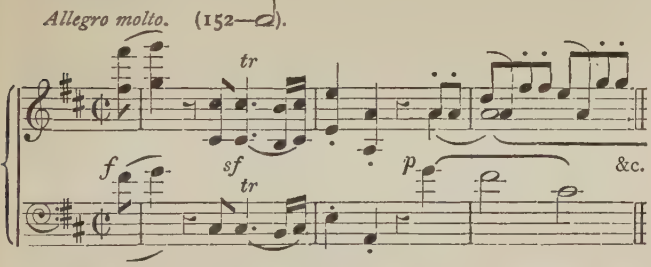


Second Symphony

earlier productions, when the restraints of education were still bridling him; nevertheless, it literally teems with the fire of his imaginative genius. From first to last there is not a tinge of suffering reflected in its glowing pages. Unsatisfactory as was the state of his mind and body at



this time, not a vestige of this is apparent throughout the score—the whole effort being as fresh and vivid a conception as Beethoven ever perfected. Distinctly a great advance upon the Symphony in C, both in extent and treatment, it is more orthodox than some of his later writings. Nothing could be more beautiful than its *Larghetto* in A major, the opening bars of which are appended; while in fancy and vigour the *Scherzo and Trio* would be difficult to beat even in Beethoven himself. The work made its first appearance at the concert already alluded to when the *Mount of Olives*



In D Major, op. 36, dedicated to Prince Carl Lichnowsky, and scored for the following instruments :—

Flutes	2
Oboes	2
Clarinets in A	2
Bassoons	2
Horns in D	2
Trumpets in D	2
Drums in D and A . . .	2
Violins	1st and 2nd
Violas	...
Violoncello e Contrabasso . .	...

was produced. It was generally disliked, that is by the critics, who found it to be too abstruse, more or less beyond comprehension, and inferior to the Symphony in C. This is not the opinion to-day, when its abounding wealth of beauty, fire, and strength have won for it the reputation of being, on the whole, the most interesting, though not perhaps the greatest of the set.

Beethoven was still not quite Beethoven in this Symphony; a reservation which cannot be made regarding the three Sonatas in A, C minor, and G major, for pianoforte and violin, belonging to this year, No. 3 of which is fairly familiar to English audiences. In this composition, Beethoven appears to us as he has never shown himself before—Beethoven the *Ungoverned*. No stronger landmark stands out along the composer's artistic course than this opus 30, dedicated to Alexander I., Emperor of Russia. Not altogether henceforth, it may be, but for the while, Beethoven has parted company with Haydn and Mozart, and given us in these Sonatas a trinity of undisputable individualism, wherein the working-out, poetic import and *ensemble*, generally, convince the hearer that it is music from one who has penetrated a new and hitherto unexplored sphere. That logical development of every idea which forms such a remarkable feature in the pure Beethoven is strikingly apparent in these Sonatas, and is so emphatic that opus 30 may surely be pointed at as the moment when Beethoven finally threw off the restraint of influence and became his real self in composition.

Of all the sonatas of Beethoven for the pianoforte and violin, the "Kreutzer," so called, is unanimously pronounced the finest, and that it is the most effective is

equally admitted. This Sonata in A, op. 47, with three piano Sonatas, op. 31, belongs to the year 1803.[1] Strangely enough, if we are to credit the story, it was little more than an accident which has given Kreutzer his immortality. Beethoven had originally intended to dedicate this work to Bridgetower, the black fiddler, and *protégé* of George IV. Before the sonata was finished, however, the composer and violinist had a quarrel about a young lady. Bridgetower's name was erased from the title, and the name substituted which it will now bear as long as music lasts. There is little doubt that it was composed specially for Bridgetower, who performed it at a concert in the Augarten Hall, Vienna, with Beethoven at the piano, on the 17th May 1803; so that the composer could not have been very deaf at this time. Bridgetower played from the autograph, which, with its blots and blurs, must have been a puzzler. However, all went well, and although Beethoven had to fill in the piano part as he went along, his playing, especially of the Andante, was so admired that there was an unanimous demand for an encore. That the "Abyssinian Prince," as the violinist was nicknamed, performed not indifferently is also evident. It was this probably that commended him to the composer, and

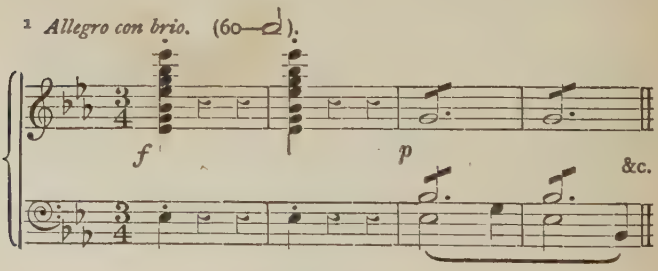
"Kreutzer" Sonata

[1] These are the Sonatas in G, D minor, and E flat—Nos. 16, 17, and 18 in the Peters' edition—which if simple as works, yet literally teem with Beethoven points and characteristics. Nageli of Zurich was the original publisher who took upon himself to interpolate four bars into Beethoven's music in the G sonata, and so published it. Naturally, the composer stormed and raved as only he could, and rewarded the publisher with no more opportunities of publishing for him.

on one occasion at least saved him from disgrace. He ventured to alter one passage in Beethoven's presence. This risky experiment of "improving" upon the original happened to come off all right. Beethoven rushed up to Bridgetower, threw his arms round his neck, and exclaimed, "Once more, once more, my dear fellow!" The general plan and character of this sonata deserve a careful thematic analysis, but, unfortunately, our one volume limit renders this impossible. Suffice it to say that from the first bar of its *Adagio sostenuto* down to its spirited *Finale* it is a display of ever increasing interest, replete with beauty, brilliancy, and animation, the whole wrought out in Beethoven's best and most ingenious manner.

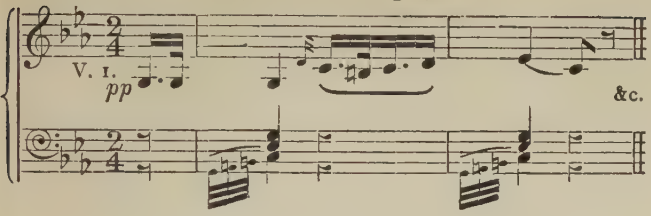
With 1804 three of Beethoven's especially notable works—works of now universal fame—came to light, viz. the "Eroica" Symphony, the "Waldstein" op. 53, and "Appassionata" op. 57, Sonatas.

The "Eroica"[1] was Beethoven's Third Symphony. It was completed in August, and first performed privately at Herr von Würth's house in January 1805, and publicly at the An der Wien Theatre on April 7th, 1805. It was not, as we have seen, its composer's original intention to

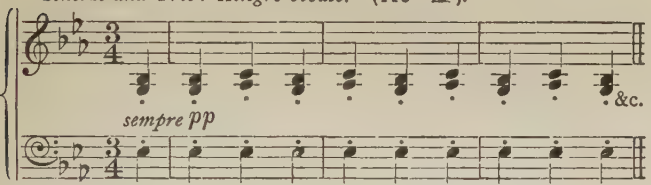


'Eroica' Symphony

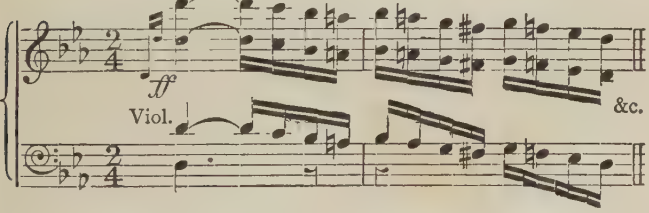
Marcia funèbre: Adagio assai. (80—♪).



Scherzo and Trio: Allegro vivace. (116—𝅗𝅥).



Finale: Allegro molto. (76—𝅗𝅥).



In E flat, op. 55, dedicated to Prince Lobkowitz, and scored for the following instruments :—

Flutes	2
Oboes	2
Clarinets	2

inscribe it as we see it. Imbued as he ever was with a startling energy of purpose, the master sat down to write a special work—a work wherein its composer is undoubtedly on that new road[1] which he declared to his friend Krumpholz in 1802 he intended for the future to take. In every feature it is a great advance upon

---

Bassoons	2
Horns	3
Trumpets	2
Drums	2
Violins	1st and 2nd
Viola	...
Violoncello	...
Basso	...

[1] Mendelssohn was not of opinion that Beethoven struck out any "new road"—"the idea of a new road," he said, "never enters my head." On the whole, the composer of the *Elijah* was disinclined to award too high tribute to Beethoven—even the last period works, the Quartets, Mass in D and Ninth Symphony, which many take to be the loftiest of his utterances—were jealously located by Mendelssohn. "Beethoven's forms," he says, "are *wider and broader;* his style is more polyphonic and artistic; his ideas are more gloomy and melancholy, even where they endeavour to assume a cheerful tone; his instrumentation is fuller; *he has gone a little farther on the road of his predecessors, but by no means struck out into a new path.* And, to be candid, where has he led us to? Has he opened to us a region of art more *beautiful* than those previously known? Does his Ninth Symphony really afford to us, *as artists*, a higher enjoyment than most of his other Symphonies? As far as I am concerned, I confess openly that I do not feel it. It is a feast to me to listen to that symphony; but the same, if not a purer feast, is prepared for me in the Symphony in C minor." All this is scant, studied praise and narrow criticism on Mendelssohn's part.

its predecessors, and is generally allowed to be from beginning to end the composer's "impressions" of Buonaparte. Its great length has always attracted attention, which the composer himself seems to have anticipated, judging from his note of warning that it should be played "nearer the beginning than the end of a concert." A wit of the day attending a performance of it was heard by Czerny to exclaim, "I'd give a kreutzer if it would stop!" But its length in no degree lessens its orchestral magnificence, or stems admiration for the grand themes, astonishing transitions, tremendous *tours de force*, exquisite revelations in melody and much more that tends to make it a dangerous rival even of the "Ninth" itself. It was not always so regarded however. Its first rendering drew forth anything but favourable criticisms—one going as far as to describe it as "a daring, wild fantasia of inordinate length and extreme difficulty."

"Eroica" Symphony

Its famous *Marcia Funèbre* is probably the most wonderful example of its kind; and if one more feature may be mentioned it is the *Scherzo*—the humorous jovial form which Beethoven evolved out of the *Minuet* and to which he gave perfect shape and character as well as a permanent place in the symphony. Few landmarks in musical history are more striking than the advance shown between the D Symphony and the "Eroica."

We come now to *Fidelio* or *Wedded Love*, op. 72—the product of 1805, in which year the Concerto in G, op. 58 and three Quartets, op. 59 saw the light. This was the year when the French occupied Vienna—though that does not seem to have greatly concerned the composer, and composition went on at the same rapid rate as

before. The Concerto is the fourth which Beethoven wrote for the pianoforte and orchestra. Designed as it is to show the skill of the executant in concert with an orchestra, its composer experienced not a little trouble with his executant in this instance. This was his pupil Ries, who tells the following story:—"One day Beethoven came to me, bringing his Fourth Concerto under his arm, and said, 'Next Saturday you must play this at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre!' There were only five days left to practise it in, and unluckily I told him that the time was too short for me to learn to play it really well, and that I would rather he would allow me to undertake the Concerto in C minor;[1] which also I had played for the first time with great credit to myself, though not without some risk. Upon this Beethoven broke into a rage, whirled himself off, and went straight to young Stein, whom he generally could not endure. Stein was a pianoforte player like myself, but older, and he was clever enough to accept the proposal at once. But he, like me, found that he could not get it ready, and the day before the Concert he called on Beethoven to request, as I had done, that he might play the one in C minor. Having thus no choice left, Beethoven was obliged to consent.[2]

Concerto in G

[1] Beethoven wrote nine works associating pianoforte and orchestra—the five Concertos proper, the Choral Fantasia, the Triple Concerto, the Pianoforte adaptation of the Concerto for violin, and the posthumous Rondo in B flat.

[2] The concert was on December 22, 1808, and is memorable as perhaps the most remarkable concert ever given—the programme including the C minor and Pastoral Symphonies, the Choral Fantasia and this Concerto; with the composer at the piano, and the whole under his direction.

However, whether it was the fault of the theatre, the orchestra, or the player, certain it is that the Concerto made no effect. Beethoven was very much vexed, the more so because he was asked on all sides why he had not allowed Ries to play, who had made so much effect before—a question which gave me the greatest delight. He said to me afterwards, 'I thought that you did not wish to play the G major Concerto.'"

Mozart greatly modified and improved the Concerto, but Beethoven took it farther and invested it with a value which makes his examples in this form stand out from all others—especially in the prominence he gives to the orchestra—which at times assumes quite symphonic importance.

Space limits, unfortunately, preclude adequate notice of the Quartets afore-mentioned. They were the three in F, E minor and C,[1] known as the "Rasoumowsky" quartets, by their being dedicated to that cultured man. Like much of Beethoven's other string music, they were studied by the celebrated string quartet maintained by Count Rasoumowsky at his palace in Vienna, of which party Schuppanzigh played the first violin, Rasoumowsky second, F. Weiss the viola, while Linke was at the 'cello.

Fidelio, or *Leonore*, was first represented in the Imperial Theatre, at Vienna, on Wednesday, November 20, 1805, and had a run of two following days, when the composer withdrew it. A more unpropitious moment for introducing the work could hardly have been selected, since residents who might have patronised it had fled, and weather-beaten, if victorious, Frenchmen were hardly likely to

[1] 7th, 8th, and 9th.

sally forth to hear a German opera! Beethoven, however, was never to be deterred, and on the stage the work went. The composer had experienced frightful difficulties in the rehearsals—the singers complaining that the parts were simply unsingable, while the bandsmen "bungled" their music so much that Beethoven declared it "was done on purpose."

Fidelio

This, as is well known, is Beethoven's only opera; he wrote no second because he could not succeed in finding a libretto[1] of a sufficiently elevating and moral nature to induce him to devote himself to another work for the dramatic-lyric stage. Unhappily, when first performed, the great beauties of *Fidelio* were not appreciated. Its ideal characteristics, its true and touching expression, its noble form and pure style, its elevated and impressive tone, all failed to insure success. In 1806, he revised the work for a fresh performance, reducing the three acts of the opera, as originally played, to two as now, and using the Overture, No. 3, in place of No. 2. This revision was a serious affair. By way of accomplishing this delicate matter, his friend Prince Lichnowsky invited him, with the authors of the new *libretto*, and two celebrated singers, Roeckel and Meyer, to try over the opera at his house, in order to discuss the necessary changes. Beethoven at first would not yield a jot. He defended his music inch by inch, bar by bar, keeping his temper, however, better than might have been expected. But when Meyer gave his opinion that several entire pieces must be cut out, such as the principal air in the part of Pizarro, to which, he said, no singer could give

[1] The libretto of *Fidelio* is based upon Bouilly's *Leonore*.

effect, the composer burst into a passion and abused the whole company most outrageously. His friends at last succeeded in pacifying him, and he agreed to give up the air, for which he afterwards substituted the powerful composition which now stands in the score. Once brought into a complying mood, Beethoven became tolerably tractable, and at length everything was settled to the satisfaction of all parties. This trial, and the disputes to which it gave rise, lasted from seven o'clock till two in the morning, when the prince ordered supper to be brought, and this laborious night was concluded with great gaiety and good humour.

Beethoven had the gratification of once hearing *Fidelio* rendered to his satisfaction. This was when it was revived at Vienna, in 1822, for Mdlle. Schröder. The composer was present, and sat behind the conductor so enveloped in the folds of a thick cloak that only his flashing eyes could be seen. After the performance he praised the young cantatrice, smiled, and patted her on the cheek, and promised her another opera.

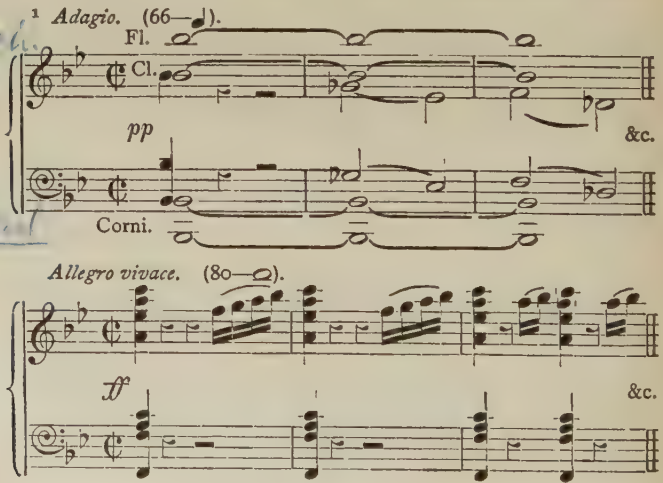
Those deservedly famed Overtures, known as the "Leonora," are associated with *Fidelio*. Beethoven wrote four of them. There is no doubt that upon one of these—No. 3 in C—Beethoven lavished all the wealth of his genius, giving us a work which, apart from any consideration of the opera, forms a concert-piece unsurpassed in the whole range of orchestral music—a work which stands out from its kind, a unique thing—unique in the grandeur of its conception, the profundity of its expression, and in the power with which the highest resources of art are utilised to work out the noblest results.

The revised *Fidelio* did not occupy Beethoven alone in 1806. There were other works—the Violin Concerto in D, op. 61, and the Fourth Symphony[1] issued to the world. The top of the front page of the original manuscript of this symphony is thus inscribed in the author's hand, with the curious and not infrequent contraction of his name :—

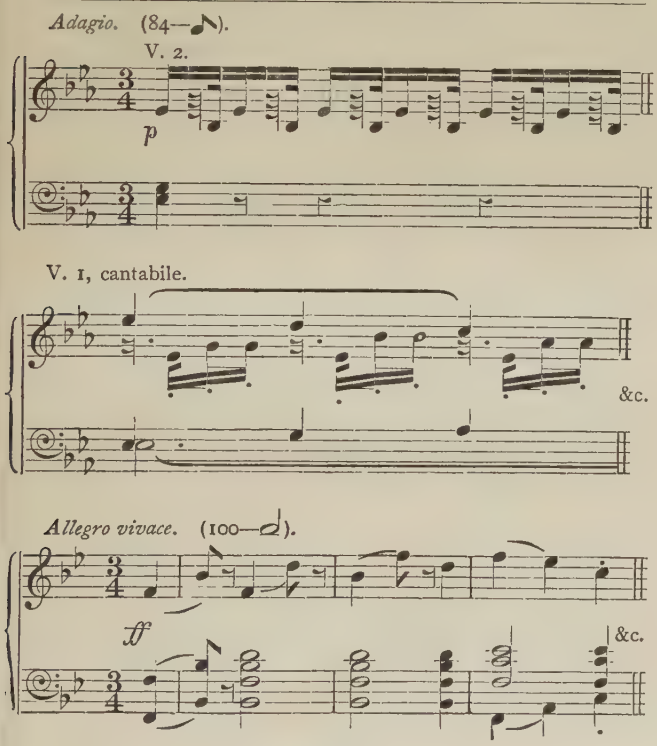
Fourth Symphony

"Sinfonia 4ta. 1806. L. V. Bthvn."

This is fortunate, inasmuch as no sketches of the particular work have yet been forthcoming; and, despite its artistic import and worth, so widely different is it from the "Eroica" and C Minor, that but for this inscription its place in the great series might be seriously questioned. As far as its history can be traced, it appears to have

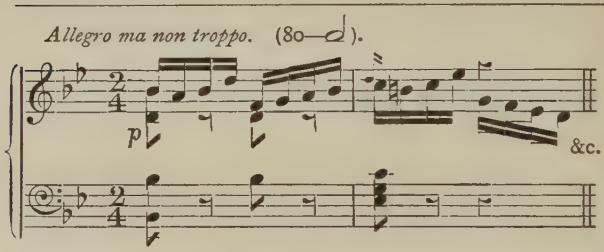


been the result of a contract which the composer entered into with Count von Oppersdorf for a symphony, the fee for which was to be 350 florins (£18, 7s. 6d.). The first hearing of the work was at a subscription concert for Beethoven's benefit, held at Prince Lobkowitz's, in March



1807, at which it is stated his three earlier symphonies were also performed, with other of his works; and yet we are told that the Vienna public of the time were indifferent to good music. It was played at a more public concert on the 15th November following, and was published in 1809.[1]

The most striking characteristic of this Symphony[2] from first to last is its ease, grace, and spontaneity. The composer seems to be performing a simple task "off



[1] By the Bureau des Arts et d'Industrie, Vienna.

[2] In B flat Major, op. 60, dedicated to Count von Oppersdorf, and scored for the following instruments:—

Flute	1
Oboes	2
Clarinets in B	2
Bassoons	2
Horns in B basso	2
Trumpets in B	2
Drums in B and F	2
Violins	1st and 2nd
Viola	...
Violoncello	...
Contrabasso	...

the reel." Whether this was so, and whether it was the limit to which he cared to go in the shape of a symphony that would meet his contract with Oppersdorf, must remain a mystery. Or, there is another theory. It might have been in the composer's mind an undesirable undertaking to follow the "Eroica" with such another heavy work as the next — the C Minor — without a "steadier" between them.

The work of the composer will always be more or less the mirror of his inner self; and unquestionably we find the state of Beethoven's mind reflected both in this Symphony and the Concerto in D. The fact is, Beethoven was fairly at ease. His friend Breuning had quitted Bonn and settled in Vienna. "To my great comfort," he writes to Pastor Amanda, "a person has arrived here with whom I can enjoy the pleasures of society and disinterested friendship—one of the friends of my youth (Stephen von Breuning)." In a letter to Wegeler he observes, "Stephen Breuning is here, and we are together almost every day; it does me so much good to revive old feelings. He has really become a capital good fellow, not devoid of talent, and his heart, like that of us all, is pretty much in the right place." Beethoven, therefore, dedicated the Concerto to Breuning, and it, like the Symphony, shows him in one of his most cheerful, humorous, and vigorous moods. His song is a pæan of real loveliness. No trace of hesitation or studied work marks the score from beginning to end, but the whole is one long exuberant expression of all that is graceful, beautiful, and exhilarating. Lighter and less profound than the "Eroica," it undoubtedly presents the same man and mind again, only both are in a changed, happier

mood. The working-out is still Beethoven's, and there is no shadow of retrogression in style ; it is rather something more ideal, more tenderly classical that emphasizes itself and stamps this work particularly.

For a while its mighty composer seems to have set aside his burden of passionate, pent-up emotion, and given us a tone-picture which makes every heart rejoice to feel that the fires, apt to burn so furiously within his breast were at remote moments quenched from a fount of will that enabled him to speak to us with all the sparkle, vivacity, and enjoyment of some youthful mind. Where, in the *Adagio*,[1] Beethoven is passionate, it is the emotion of unbounded joy—not of sorrow, suffering, or unrealizable aspiration. Indeed, he *was* happy ! His love-letters of this year prove it.[2] That Beethoven's intimate friends were gratified with the surprising beauty and gaiety of the work on its first unfolding, we may be assured. Nevertheless there were malcontents, and none more heated than Weber, sixteen years his junior—then more critic and conductor than composer. Ordinary conditions fail to portray his horrible experiences ! The effect was as of a bad, frightful dream, from which, when the slumberer awakes, the dreadful alarm is lest he was "on the road to become either a great composer, or—a lunatic."[3]

[1] Of one of its melodies Berlioz declared that "the being who wrote such a marvel of inspiration was not a man."

[2] Beethoven was engaged to the Countess Thérèse, sister of his friend Count Franz von Brunswick, in May 1806.

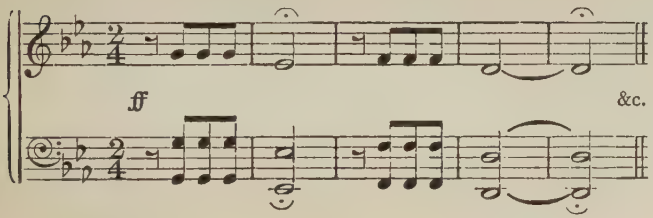
[3] Rather a bad return this for the welcome Beethoven gave Weber on their first meeting, when the former said good-humouredly, "There you are, my man ; you're a deuced clever fellow ; God rest with you !"

'Fifth' Symphony

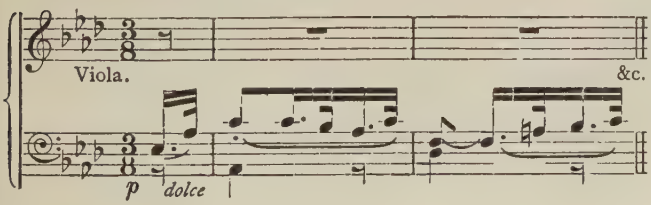
Still the work of composition went on, and this with a rapidity which must seem startling nowadays when the announcement of any new score of promise from our musicians, even once in a decade, comes quite as an event. The *Coriolan*, op. 62 and *Leonora*, No. 1 Overtures, and the Mass in C—to which latter reference will be made later—belong to 1807. The following year was even more productive since it gave us the Fifth and Sixth Symphonies, the Trios for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello in D and E flat, op. 70, and the *Choral Fantasia*, op. 80.

The "Fifth" Symphony[1] is verily a majestic and forcible

[1] *Allegro con brio.* (108—𝅗𝅥).

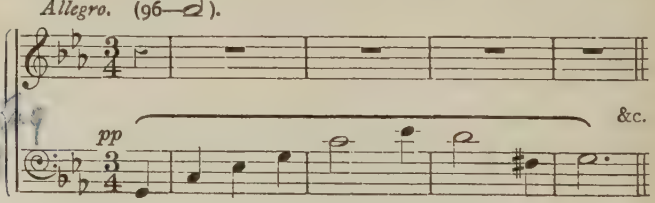


Andante con moto. (92—♪).



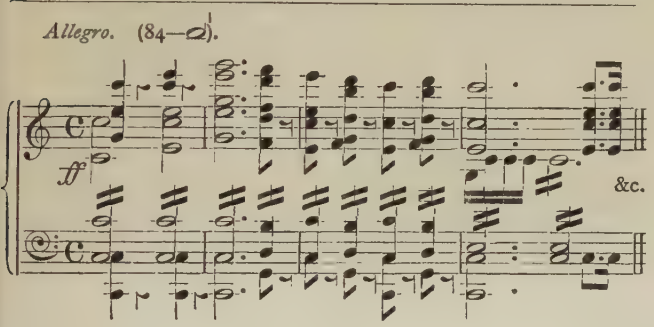
composition; indeed, so massive is it that one is tempted to doubt that one hand and brain would be equal to the exposition of such a prodigious mental and physical enterprise. But, although the autograph of the work bears no date, we know this "the most splendid symphony ever written" to be true Beethoven work. Every bar tells us so. To sit and listen to it with rapt attention, is like a transport to some umbrageous forest. Theme after theme appears only to stretch out—like the far-reaching arms of the giant trees, until we seem surrounded on all sides with a gorgeous covering of innumerable forms and colourings which can only be matched by Nature when found in all her autumnal loveliness and lavishness amid the solemn loneliness of some thickly wooded scene. Surely in all music there cannot be found a work more titanically noble, more inspiring, more impelling and convincing than this sublime tone revelation; yet, on its first hearing,[1] it was laughed at — even the orchestra laughed at the first movement! To-day, however, it is played more fre-

Fifth Symphony



[1] At Beethoven's concert in the "An der Wien" Theatre, on Thursday, December 22nd, 1808, when the "Pastoral" was also produced.

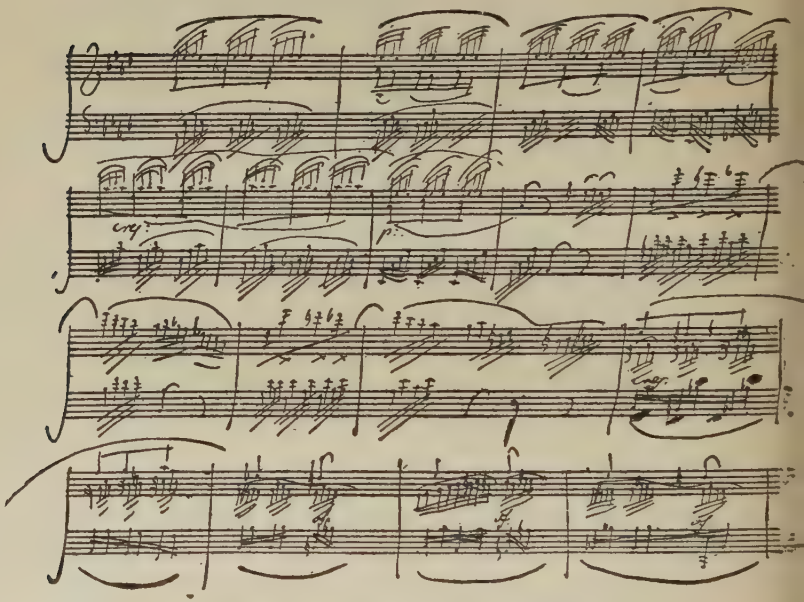
quently than any other symphony; every music lover revels in it, and it is of itself capable of filling a concert hall. No work that the composer ever wrote reflects so well the master as this,[1] whether we consider its technical



[1] In C Minor, op. 67, dedicated to Prince von Lobkowitz and Count von Rasoumowsky, and scored for the following instruments:—

Flutes	2
Oboes	2
Clarinets in B	2
Bassoons	2
Horns	2
Trumpets	2
Drums in C and G	2
Flauto piccolo	1
Trombones	Alto, Tenor, Bass
Violins	1st and 2nd
Viola	...
Violoncellos	...
Basses and Contra fagotto	...

or emotional characteristics. If it amazed its first performers by the novelty of its style, it still more amazes music-lovers of to-day by reason of its poetic grandeur and transcendent qualities in every direction.

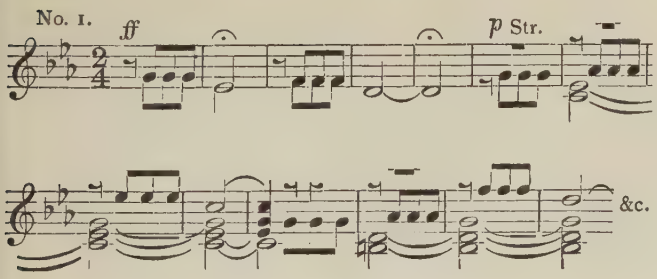


MS. from A flat major Sonata, Op. 26.

Little wonder that so keen a judge as Berlioz saw in it a subject for ecstasy:—"The Symphony in C minor," he writes, "seems to us to emanate directly and solely from the genius of Beethoven. It is his inmost thought

that he is going to develop in it; his secret griefs, his concentrated rages; his reveries, full of such sad heaviness, his nocturnal visions, his bursts of enthusiasm, will furnish his subject; and the forms of the melody, harmony, rhythm and instrumentation will show themselves as essentially individual and new as endowed with power and nobleness."

Happily, too, all this intellectual force is far from past understanding to-day. The man Beethoven is understood, and so are his musical manners. Hence it is that this work has triumphed gloriously and come to be the best loved of all the composer's vast orchestral undertakings. There is no need for the master to furnish a clue to his intentions in this symphony. It is the whole story of his love experiences, his exaltations and his crushings, which were to culminate in a wrench which he hardly dared contemplate. Yet a voice within warned him that the Countess Thérèse was not destined to be his. Fate was against them, though engaged. What an index of the end is that ominous unison phrase of four notes :—



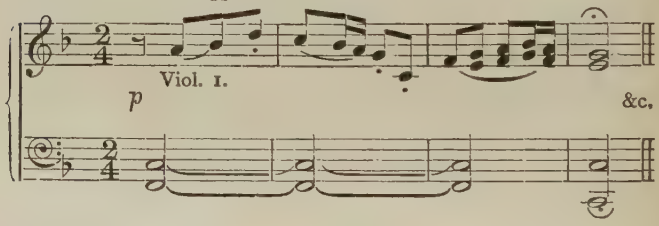
Beethoven

"What do they mean?" the composer was once asked. Beethoven answered, "Thus Fate knocks at the door!"[1] And how the composer keeps Fate knocking throughout this symphony!

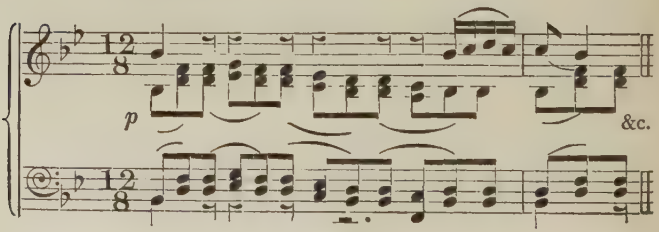
Passing by, as limits of space compel us to do, the splendid Trios in D and E flat, op. 70 for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello—which were composed in 1808, published in April and August respectively, and dedicated to Countess Marie von Erdödy — we come to the Sixth Symphony —the "Pastoral."[2] Here we are confronted with an

[1] The engagement was put an end to by Beethoven himself in 1810; and the Countess returned him his love-letters.

[2] *Allegro ma non troppo.* (66—𝅗𝅥).



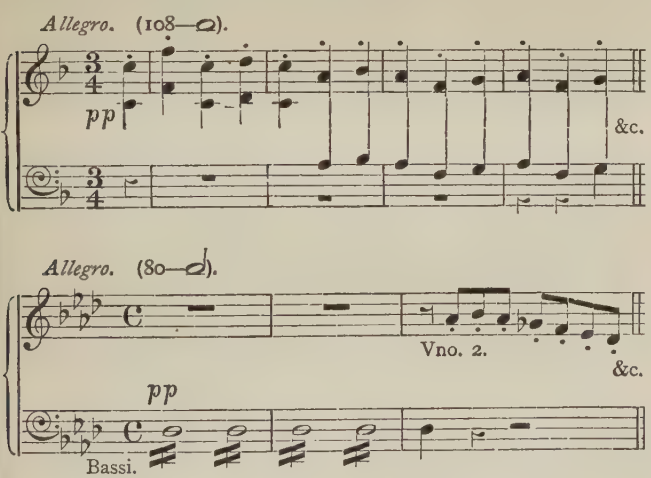
Andante molto moto. (50—♩).



extraordinary and most influential masterpiece. "The man who listening to the Sinfonia Pastorale," says a great writer, "cannot see the beautiful landscape, sit down beside the brook, dance with the peasants, get drenched through and through with the storm, and give thanks to God when the rainbow first gleams in the sky, must be dead alike to every sense of Poetry and Art."[1]

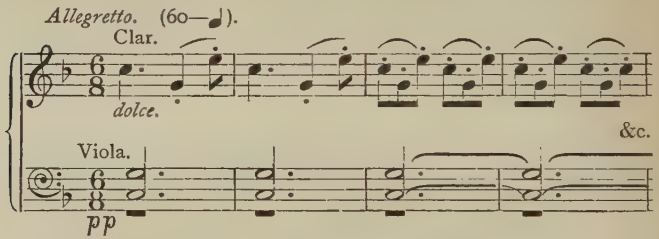
Sixth Symphony

Without a word of warning Beethoven forsakes humanity and strikes deep into the universe of Nature in this symphony. He had a very passion for the country



[1] W. S. Rockstro, "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," vol. iii. p. 292.

and its fields and lanes resonant with the matchless music of the feathered wildlings. All this brought to his strenuous life that change and retirement that he loved so well, and in the present score we get in no mean form the impressions which such rural experience afforded him. Indeed, when this Symphony[1] was first performed[2] it was announced in the programme as "Recollections of Country Life." The panorama displayed



[1] In F Major, op. 68, dedicated to Prince von Lobkowitz and Count Rasoumowsky, and scored for the following instruments:—

Flutes	2
Piccolo	1
Oboes	2
Clarinets in B	2
Bassoons	2
Horns in F	2
Trumpets in C	2
Drums	2
Trombones,	Alto and Tenor
Violins	1st and 2nd
Viola	...
Violoncelli	...
Contrabasso	...

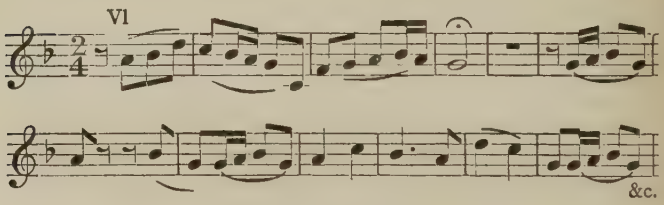
[2] At the concert already alluded to on December 22nd, 1808.

is (*a*) The awaking of cheerful feelings on arriving in the country (allegro); (*b*) Scene by the brook (andante); (*c*) Merry gathering of the country people (allegro); (*d*) Storm and Tempest (allegro); (*e*) Herdsmen's song; Blithe and thankful feelings after the tempest (allegretto); with all of which scenes the illustrious musician was lovingly familiar. That he has here depicted them with unerring fidelity and in grandly complete colouring is attested by the unanimous voice of all civilised countries. "The world," we have been told, "owes much to Beethoven, and it may be that the most formidable item in the account refers to the 'Pastoral Symphony.'"

Beethoven's contemporaries were not all admirers and adherents, so that he was ever cautious not to overreach himself or lay himself open to the charge of attempting something that he did not fulfil. Thus he prefaced this work with the warning that it was a record of impressions rather than a representation of facts. It furnishes us with one of those extremely rare occasions when Beethoven deigned to give any clue to his musical intent; and it is unlikely that he would have done so in this instance except to be on "all fours" with his critics. Like all his writings, the 'Pastoral' Symphony is no mere word-painting, or illustration of concrete things, Beethoven was above such commonplace craft—but actual soul, expression and emotion, the intent of which was invariably known only to the composer himself, although the world is slowly unravelling it all. In the 'Pastoral' therefore, Beethoven is not persevering in a struggle to imitate the actual sounds and objects of Nature but rather to inspire the feelings which a great storm or fair landscape would evoke within us.

This was the legitimate relationship of his art to exterior things, and beyond it Beethoven would not move.

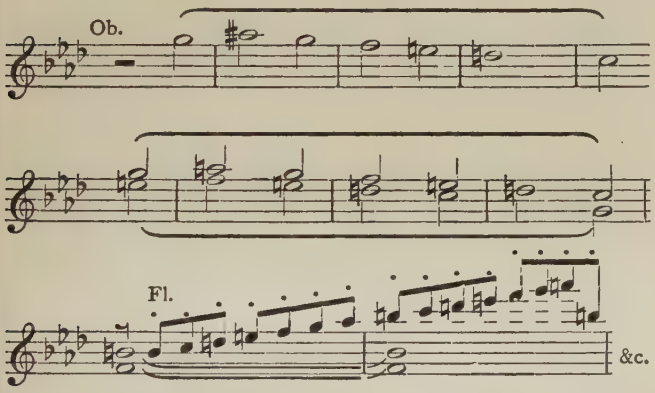
How totally different in atmosphere, colour, theme and treatment this delightful work is from anything that preceded it is known to every lover of the master. Save the terror and amazement compelled by the Storm, the entire symphony is sweet simplicity itself. Here is the unaffected and natural theme of the "cheerful impressions movement":—



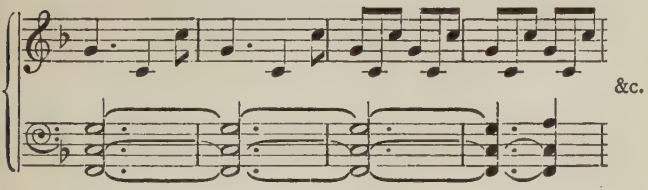
here the opening of the movement which affords the mental impression caused by the murmur of the brook:—

The third movement covers the grandest of all tempests recorded in music. The flash of lightning, the roll of thunder, the beating of hail, the discordant cries of terrified creatures, are all vividly obvious. Most striking,

too, is the gradual cessation of uproar after the tremendous climax in which the trombones, hitherto silent, lift up their strident voices. Charmingly is the idea of a return to calm and sunshine brought home to us :—

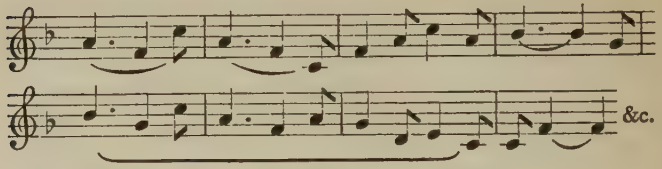


After a while the villagers can emerge from their places of shelter



then comes the fit and proper expression of gratitude and

thanksgiving for escape from the terrible possibilities of such an outburst of Nature's power;



until the work concludes in an ideal Heaven.

The popularity of this Symphony is now boundless, yet at first it met with tardy acknowledgment. It was objected to—even sneered at in Germany—and a set of parts exist containing extraordinary excisions, especially in the slow movement, to show that its mutilation even was considered necessary before it could be fitly placed before the comprehension of an old-time London music-hearing audience. This is to be particularly wondered at in the case of a brilliant work where an exception to the usual treatment meted out to the master's works on their appearance might presumably have been expected. Yet no. The "Pastoral" was neither appreciated nor understood. Notwithstanding the extreme simplicity of the musical means employed throughout—always excepting the *Tempest* scene—despite the fact that there is no exertion after scholarship and learned contrapuntal show—all of which may be said to be the technical speciality of the "Pastoral"; albeit the composer had gone out of his way to present a sort of programme of the music—this beautiful work at its first performance, and long afterwards, failed to arouse enthusiasm. When Beethoven produced it on that memorable cold December day in

1808, there was one friendly auditor only, Count Vielhorsky, in the scanty audience! The master's grandly-rounded conception was "caviare to the general."

Three years later it was performed in London;[1] and subsequently (June 5, 1820), the Philharmonic Society maimed and performed it. Again it was condemned by critics and hearers alike. The *Harmonicon* was then *the* musical organ, and its writers also long found fault with the Symphony. It was "too long," "a series of repetitions," and "could only," forsooth, "be listened to by enthusiasts without some feeling of impatience." Yet to-day every bar of it is appreciated. We of the ending nineteenth century can well be thankful. It is one more instance of our improved times, and of the vast intellectual strides which have been made during this Victorian era—especially in the direction of music.

1809 was a stormy year. The battles of Aspern and Wagram had led up to the second French occupation of Vienna, so that the Austrians could make no further head against Napoleon. One man at least was not dismayed. This was Beethoven. The year 1809 proved the most remarkable, perhaps, in his life; since he was not only active with his pen, but, what was rare with him, he devoted such time and thought to business matters that an arrangement was come to with Messrs Breitkopf & Härtel henceforth to publish for him.

Sees to Business

The Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra in E flat—the fifth—op. 73; the Quartet in E flat—the tenth—op. 74; the Pianoforte Sonata in F sharp, op. 78; and

[1] At Mrs Vaughan's Benefit concert, Hanover Square Rooms May 27, 1811.

the lovely Sonata, "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour," op. 81a, with some lesser works, all belong to this year. Every admirer of Beethoven's music is familiar with them, and will readily endorse our statement that whatever disturbing influences were at work in Vienna when Beethoven completed these delightful compositions, no traces of external discomfort mark any single bar.

The following year brought forth the music to Goethe's tragedy of *Egmont*, op. 84;[1] the Quartet in F minor—the eleventh—op. 95; and some small military pieces. In 1811 Beethoven spent the summer at Töplitz, and the world became the richer by the Trio for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, in B flat, op. 97; the "Ruins of Athens,"[2] op. 113; the "King Stephen"[3] music, op. 117, and more.

1812 was again a busy year. Though Beethoven's health was bad, and he was ordered the baths of Bohemia, he journeyed a good deal, visiting Töplitz, Carlsbad, Franzensbrunn, and Linz. Withal, composition went on apace, so that the fruits of this year include the "Seventh" and "Eighth" Symphonies, and the Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, op. 96.

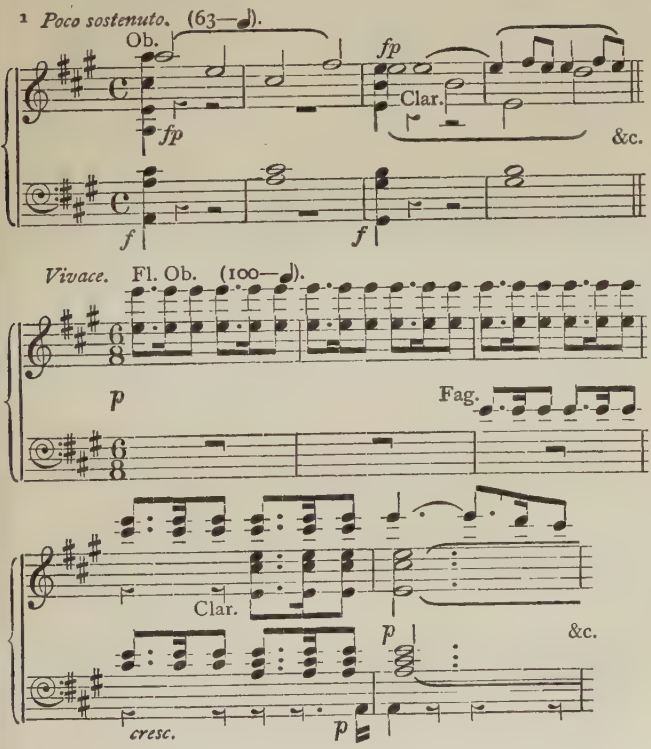
[1] First performed May 24, 1810.

[2] For Chorus and Orchestra. Words by Kotzebue. Produced at the opening of the New Theatre at Pesth, on February 9, 1812. First performed in England at the Philharmonic Society's Concert of July 8, 1844, when Mendelssohn, who conducted, had brought over MS. copies of the "Ruins of Athens" with him. This Society bought the Overtures "Ruins of Athens," "King Stephen," and op. 115, for £78, 15s.

[3] Overture and nine numbers. First performed on February 9 1812.

'Seventh' Symphony

The "Seventh" Symphony[1] is another of those matchless masterpieces which lend their brilliant dramatic qualities and beauty to make Beethoven's name immortal. Some four years separate it from its predecessor, the "Pastoral," and truly the effluxion of time shows its traces here.



Beethoven

Beethoven is in his Romantic mood, so that this creation, if it required an identifying title, might well be christened Beethoven's "Romantic" Symphony. Indeed, no less an authority than Sir George Grove has already set down a similar reading of it. "It is not in any innovation on form," says this great judge, "or on precedent of arrangement, that the greatness of the 'Seventh' Symphony consists, but in the originality, vivacity, power, and beauty

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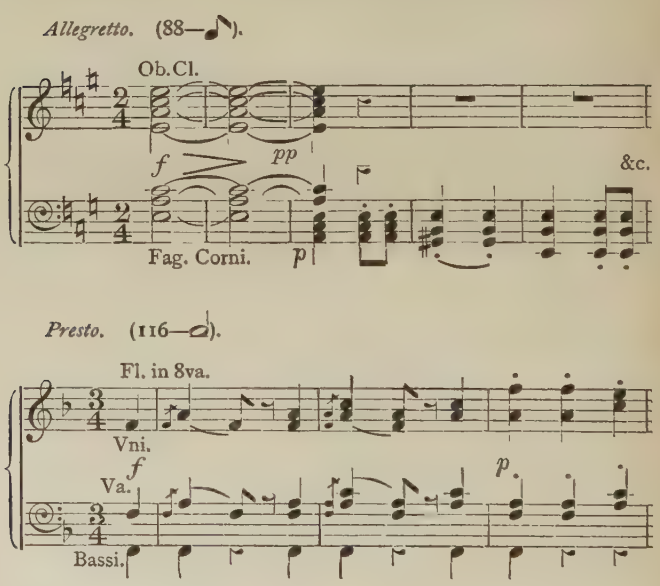
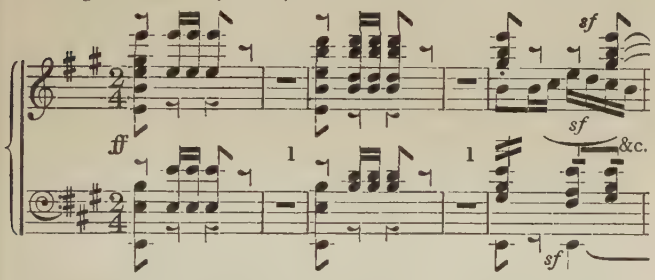


of the thoughts and their treatment, and in a certain new and romantic character of sudden and unexpected transition which pervades it, and which would as fairly entitle it to be called the 'Romantic' Symphony, as its companions are to be called the 'Heroic' and the 'Pastoral.'" [1]



In A Major, op. 92, dedicated to Count von Fries, and scored for the following instruments :—

Flutes	2
Oboes	2
Clarinets in A . . .	2
Bassoons	2
Horns in A	2
Trumpets in D . . .	2
Drums in A and E . .	2
Violins	1st and 2nd
Viola	...
Violoncello	...
Contrabasso	...

[1] "Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies," p. 240.

Seventh Symphony

It is a work of tremendous import indeed. Nowhere has Beethoven given us more of himself intellectually than in this score, and that at a point where his great soul and intellect have ripened to full maturity. Every experience of an artist's life had been his; his unexampled musical imagination and faculties had expressed the profoundest utterances; his vast conception and understanding of Music's province had provided manifestations, objective and subjective, which would have satisfied mankind—all this, yet such was the glorious scope of his poetical imaginative reason, that he could see even more! And this "Seventh" Symphony transports us into this new region—a region where Beethoven makes a fresh stand. To express the every subtlety of the human breast, to bring before our very eyes the most awful as well as the most beautiful extremes of Nature's kingdom was not enough. This master of masters would give the world the psychological moments of his personal, mental kingdom. Material reflection was little more to him while there lay before him such a modification of musical process as the expression of his most secret mind and imaginative aspiration. It is scarcely surprising that a flight so daring and unparalleled made men then and since wonder. As was his custom, not a word escaped Beethoven during the composition of the "Seventh." The Viennese knew of it only when they first heard it in the University Hall of Vienna on December 8th, 1813, at a charitable concert.[1] And what enthusiasm it aroused! At last the Viennese showed signs of appreciation, which so gratified the

[1] The famous concert in aid of the wounded soldiers of Hanau.

composer that he wrote a letter of thanks to the press.[1] More performances of the work were soon given,[2] since which time the Symphony has won the suffrages of musicians all over the universe. It did not, of course, at the outset wholly escape dissentient criticism. Weber averred that it fully qualified Beethoven for the madhouse—musicians *do* love one another; and others who early heard it arrived at the conclusion that its first and last movements could only have been written by a dipsomaniac! It certainly would be interesting to know what impressions were aroused in the minds of such acrimonious critics by the lovely *Allegretto* in A minor, and the original, vigorous, *Minuet* and *Trio* when they were new to the world. *Tempora mutantur.* To-day the A Symphony is unanimously regarded as highly as any mortal man's work can be regarded—not that its form differs from that of its predecessors, but on account of its ideal and spiritual qualities, and the ever-present fact that its absence from among the immortal nine could only be equalled by the disappearance of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* in literature. "We cannot tell," wrote one who has passed to the Eternal Habitations, "no human tongue can tell in words the meaning of the wonderful *Allegretto* (of the Symphony in A). No language can express the depth of thought enshrined in that awful episode in the delicious Scherzo, universally recognised as the highest manifestation of the Sublime as yet afforded by the art-life of the nineteenth century. But we can understand it. It speaks to us in accents far stronger than words. And, in

[1] *Wiener Zeitung.*

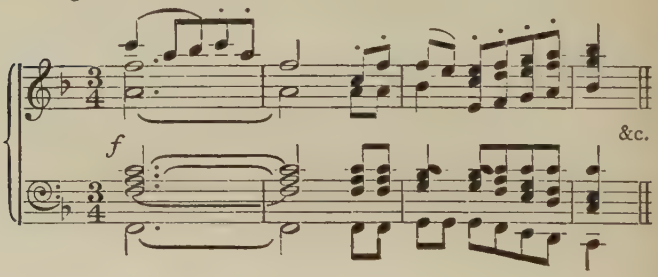
[2] On January 2nd and February 27th, 1814. First performed in London at the Philharmonic Society's concert of April 3rd, 1826.

listening to it, we are brought into closer communion with the composer's inmost soul than we could have gained through any amount of personal intercourse with him during his lifetime." [1]

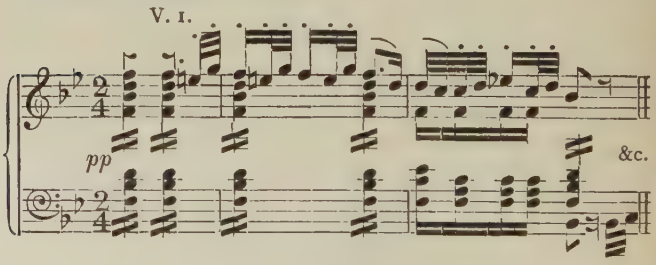
"One of my best works," Beethoven wrote to Salomon concerning the "Seventh" Symphony. The "Eighth" [2]

[1] W. S. Rockstro, "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," vol. iii. p. 292

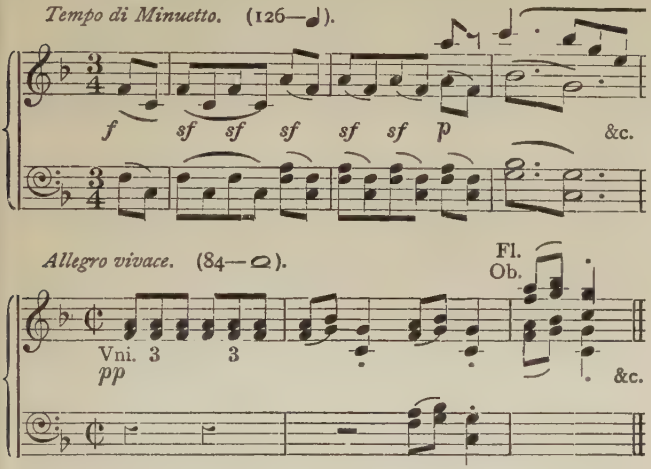
[2] *Allegro vivace e con brio.* (69—♩).



Allegretto scherzando. (88—♪).



was not held in less esteem by its great composer. When it[1] was first performed it met with but little appreciation,



[1] In F Major, op. 93. Without dedication. Scored for the following instruments :—

Flutes	2
Oboes	2
Clarinets in B	2
Bassoons	2
Horns in F	2
Trumpets in F	2
Drums in F and C	2
Violins	1st and 2nd
Violas	...
Violoncello	...
Contrabasso	...

which, however, did not apparently alarm Beethoven. "That's because it is so much better than the other," he is credited with replying.[1] The famous "Seventh" had preceded it at this performance,[2] and it might be thought that the effect of this sublime work detracted from an adequate realisation of the present Symphony, had not subsequent audiences shown a decided preference for the "A" Symphony. Only four months separate the creation of the two works, and rather than allow that the genius of the master operator had fluctuated, a better explanation for the supposed inaccessibility of this wonderful work—"a little one," Beethoven modestly styled it!—may be found in our stunted musical perception rather than to the composer's extravagance or his artistic paralysis.

Eighth Symphony

It was composed at a time when Beethoven was much worried about his brother's wife and his own ill-health, which latter forced him to have frequent recourse to doctors and their methods. Nevertheless, not a shade of this external strain mars the prevailing colour and bearing of this work, which again is an utterance which stands out from all that he has hitherto spoken—an expression of intense significance (whatever its intent and picture is Beethoven alone knew), and one which the artistic world could not now spare. It is true that critics of all musical centres have "budged" at the work, and when performed in England there has always been variance among those who

[1] "Thayer," vol. iii. p. 273.

[2] Held in the Redouten Saal, Vienna, on February 27, 1814. Its first hearing in England was at the Philharmonic Society's concert on May 29th, 1826.

ought to know as to the *tempo* and reading of each movement. In his wonted mysterious procedure Beethoven, in this score, hurled a gigantic musical problem at mankind, leaving its solution to us with the prerogative of accepting or rejecting his work, as we choose. That Beethoven makes himself evident in the Symphony is never in doubt. Its features are its beauty—humour and fury; yet there is such a masterly command pervading all — such an extraordinary reality and unmistakable purpose, that all admirers of the master are the more moved to fathom, if possible, its purport. That Beethoven had an aim in composing it (he never wrote listlessly, or as the spirit moved him, as we say) there is no doubt, and the sooner we exploit what it all means, what its philosophy is, the better off we shall be. Many atmospheres pervade it—sometimes it is as black as night, at others there is the light of a resurrection morning; sweet peace distinguishes it, though this is counteracted at times with terrible fury —even war. We shall be safe in concluding that it is all acute fervour of experience that we have here reflected; though it is difficult to fix with certainty the exact episodes in the life that led up to it. But men ruminate and chew the cud of reflection more keenly, bitterly, and frequently —though they tell not of it—than women think, and it may be that Beethoven, who had passed through many of the severest life-fires, is in this work pouring out the vials of his remembrances—sometimes seriously, at others in caricature — before committing himself to a complete resignation to One who alone could bless him with that solace that he now needed in this world more than aught else. One thing is certain. The tenour of the Symphony is personal, and the person reflected is Beethoven. As

Sir George Grove says: "The hearer has before him not so much a piece of music as a person."[1] What we have to decipher is the connection between this music, so admirably realistic and authoritative in its qualities, and the incidents to which it relates. At present there is a mystery here, but increased light upon the man and his music will surely provide us some day with a complete elucidation of everything.[2]

Beethoven's political experiences, if serious and pretentious, were not altogether happy. The early Buonaparte *fiasco* was no doubt galling, but retribution came at length, and the composer — who was fond of declaring that if he knew as much about war as he did about music he would lower Napoleon's colours—had an avenging Nemesis in hand for the audacious, unscrupulous soldier.

Political Outpourings

Political events had been going on apace, and while Beethoven had been spending the summer of 1813 at his beloved Baden, the news came to Vienna (July 27th, 1813) from the North of Spain, of Wellington's fortunate victory over King Joseph Buonaparte and his Marshal — Jourdan. The composer expressed his satisfaction in his famous "Battle of Vittoria" piece (sometimes named the "Battle" Symphony), in honour of June 21st, 1813. It formed one of the pieces at that charitable concert on December 8th, 1813, when the "Seventh" Symphony first broke upon the world, of which performance

[1] "Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies," p. 280.

[2] It was not many years ago when Beethoven's Symphony in C minor was pronounced, here in England, "an absurd piece of nonsense!"

'Battle' Symphony

Tomaschek tells a good story relating to Meyerbeer, and narrated by Beethoven himself. "Ha! ha! ha! I was not at all pleased with him; he could not keep time; was always coming in too late, and I had to scold him well! Ha! ha! ha! I daresay he was put out. He is no good. He has not pluck enough to keep time."

"Wellington's Victory, or the Battle of Vittoria,"[1] is an orchestral piece in two parts—illustrative of the "Battle" and the "Victory." The music throughout is of an aggressive, impetuous, martial, yet very effective character, flavoured with such national melodies as "Rule Britannia," "Malbrouk," and "God Save the King." Indeed, it was in this connection that he wrote his famous words that the English could not be too sensible of the treasure they possessed in "God Save the King," unaware of the fact that it is the national tune of at least one other European power. Musically, the value of this work is great, especially as a sample of programme music; but it arouses little artistic interest nowadays as people know so little about it. Nevertheless, if grandeur of effect, originality of invention, and energetic passages, are to be considered as necessary constituents of that musical compound—an instrumental piece—it is not probable that any other work of the same length can vie with this specimen of what a man of genius, and only a man of real genius, can accomplish when he is determined. In the midst of all the seeming confusion which the title of this piece would lead us to expect in the performance of it, there is

[1] Op. 91. Known to English readers as the "Battle" Symphony, and first performed in London at Drury Lane Theatre on February 10th, 1815, and dedicated to the Prince Regent of England.

one passage, trifling in itself, but which, from the way it is introduced, shows the master-hand as fully as the most elaborate symphony could possibly do. We allude to the air of "Malbrouk," which is at the beginning of the Sinfonia, understood as the national march played by the French army in advancing, but as the horrid "confusion worse confounded" proceeds gradually to accumulate, we are morally certain that the enemy is giving way, they fall in numbers under the British army, the whole band are dispersed, and only one fifer is heard attempting to keep up the fast-fleeting valour of his countrymen by playing "Malbrouk"; but the fatigue he has undergone, and the parching thirst he endures, obliges him to play it in the minor key—sorrowfully.

It was this piece which Maelzel barrelled for his Panharmonicon—bringing it to England, and making a lot of money. Unfortunately, he claimed the authorship of the composition, and this led to one of the law-suits which marred the later years of Beethoven's life—the other "wig and gown" experiences bringing him into conflict with Count Kinsky's heirs, his brother (Carl's) widow, and Professor Lobkowitz.

Yet another political event of importance—the Congress of Sovereigns in 1814—moved Beethoven. Vittoria and Hanau had both been fought, and there was in view the apparent termination of the war. Hence the assemblage of Sovereigns and exalted persons at Vienna. For the occasion, Beethoven set to work on the *Der glorreiche Augenblick*[1] ("The Glorious Moment"), op. 136. It is a Cantata of six numbers for S.A.T.B., Chorus and

[1] Known in England as the "Praise of Music." Dedicated to the Sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia.

Orchestra, with a turgid libretto [1] by Weissenbach, and was produced on November 29th. There is some truly characteristic Beethoven work in this score, but, as with several *pièces d'occasion*, it does not rank with his happiest work.

"Work while it is day," seems to have been Beethoven's watchword henceforward, as he entered the darkest period of a not too felicitous career. Perchance he presaged what was looming in his immediate future. Whether or no, he applied himself to composition with astonishing energy. He re-wrote *Fidelio*, and presented it again on May 23rd, 1814, while other notable new compositions were the Pianoforte Sonata in E minor,[2] op. 90; the Grand Overture in C, op. 115;[3] the Cantata, *Der glorreiche Augenblick* just mentioned; and some Tournament music. 1815 brought the Pianoforte Sonata in A, op. 101[4]; the Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin in C and D, op. 102,[5] the *Meerstille*[6] music, op. 112; and his arrangements of Scotch songs. The *Liederkreis* we owe to 1816, and in the following year Beethoven set to work upon the 'Ninth' Symphony. Amid many worries this was carried over 1817, and was continued through 1818; when, pursuing his wonted habit of working upon two or three works at the same time, Beethoven commenced the grand

[1] Beethoven revolted against it, but faced the setting,—saying that the effort was an "heroic one."

[2] Dedicated to Count Moritz von Lichnowsky.

[3] Dedicated to Prince Radziwil.

[4] First performed, February 18th, 1816. Dedicated to Baroness Dorothea Ertmann.

[5] Dedicated to Countess von Erdödy.

[6] Known as the "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage"—a Cantata for S.A.T.B. and Orchestra, with words by Goethe.

Sonata in B flat, op. 106, and the Mass in D. This latter work was proceeding during 1820, in which year the composer gave the world the Pianoforte Sonata in E, op. 109,[1] and in 1821 followed it with another—that in A flat, op. 110.

In 1822 Beethoven was at Baden, where there took place the happy—and too long deferred—reconciliation with Stephen Breuning, with whom he had been estranged since 1815. This year he wrote his last Pianoforte Sonata—the C minor, op. 111; the Overture[2] in C, op. 124; and completed the D Mass.[3] Meanwhile the 'Ninth' Symphony was not being neglected, though several matters tended to delay it. All progress was for a season neglected in consequence of the Rossini madness; and there were interminable worries over a new opera which Beethoven wished to compose. At length the famous Symphony was finished, at Baden, on September 5th, 1823—the year to which the "33 Variations on a Waltz," op. 120, also belong.

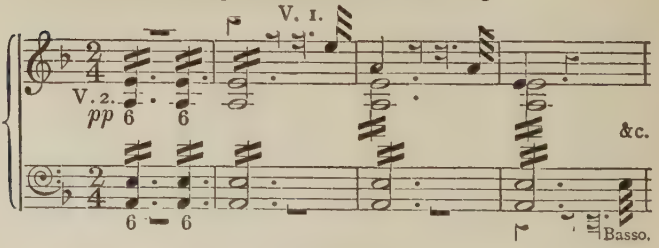
The 'Ninth' or "Choral" Symphony[4] is the last of

[1] Dedicated to Fräulein Maximiliana Brentano.

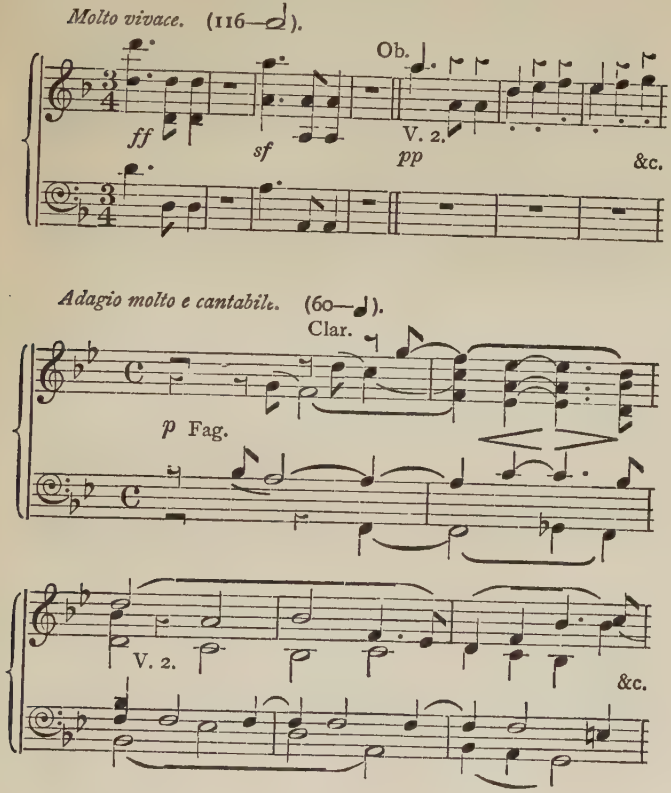
[2] "Weihe des Hauses." Written for the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre, and dedicated to Prince N. Galitzin.

[3] On March 19th.

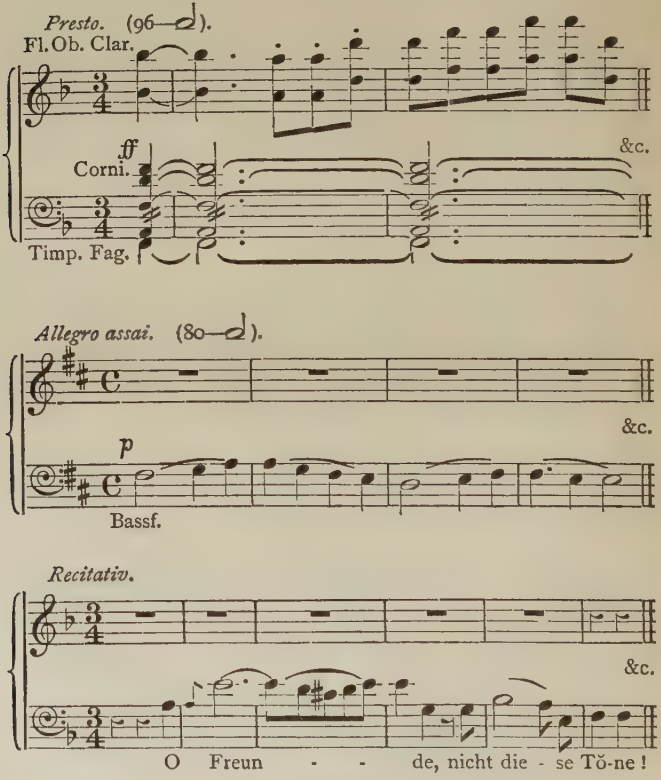
[4] *Allegro ma non troppo, un poco maestoso.* (88—♩.



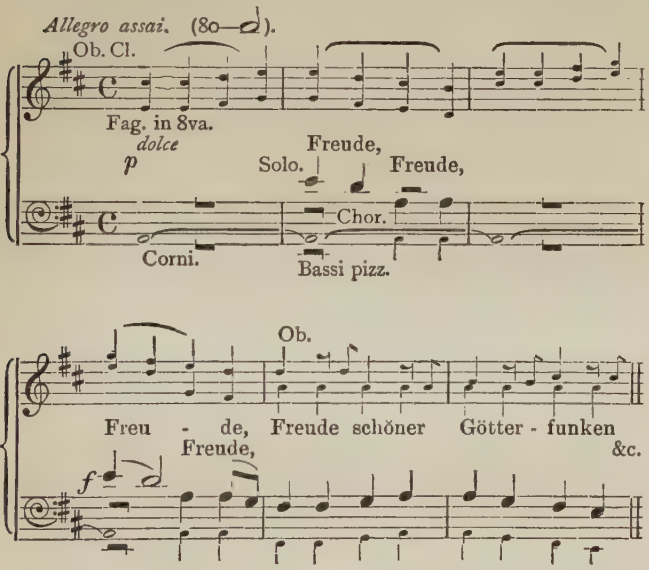
the great chain of instrumental masterpieces in the highest form of orchestral manifestation that Beethoven gave to



the world. This creation, as gigantic as it is sublime, is the completed work, sketches for which—of the Scherzo



and First Movement for example—are met with as far back as 1813 and 1816. It[1] is the crowning glory of the great musician's life; the accomplishment of which becomes



[1] In D minor, op. 125. Dedicated to the King of Prussia, although a MS. copy of the Symphony is in the possession of the Philharmonic Society of London inscribed to it, and for the use of which MS. for eighteen months the Society paid £50 to Beethoven. It is scored for the following instruments:—

Flutes	2
Oboes	2

the more wonderful when we remember that for some twenty years its author had been utterly deaf. Of all the symphonies written by Beethoven, the 'Ninth' is the only one containing choral parts. For this reason it is sometimes called the "Choral" Symphony. Schindler, in his "Life of Beethoven," says of this :—

Ninth Symphony

"It may not be uninteresting to notice the way in which Beethoven introduced Schiller's 'Hymn of Joy' into the fourth movement of the symphony. At that time, I was seldom from his side, and could therefore closely observe his struggles with the difficulties of his composition; the highly interesting sketches and materials for this, all of which I possess, bear witness to these difficulties. One day, when I entered the room, he called out to me, 'I have it, I have it!' holding out to me his sketch book, where I read these words: 'Let us sing the immortal Schiller's song—the Hymn of Joy.' And thus it was the great composer not only made sure his footing on the height he had attained, but, by the addition of the human voice, rose into the empyrean."

We are told that in the penultimate movement of the 'Ninth' Symphony, instrumental music spoke her last

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Clarinets in B	. . . .	2
Bassoons	. . . . .	2
Horns in D	. . . .	4
Trumpets in D	. . . .	2
Drums in D and A	. . .	2
Violins	. . . . .	1st and 2nd
Violas	. . . . .	...
Violoncellos	. . . .	...
Contrabasso	. . . .	...

There are parts also for—Trombones (3), Double Bassoon, Piccolo, Triangle, Cymbals, and Great Drum.

possible word. There could be nothing better, nothing higher, nothing beyond. "Any attempt further," says Wagner, "is but to progress backward." Beethoven himself, recognising this fact, added a chorus to the final movement, to obtain full expression of his ideas, and we can but admit that the master has produced a profound result. This Symphony has that infinite sublimity and dramatic power, that sympathy with humanity which make it the most wonderful musical revelation that could be desired, or that is ever likely to be devised. Of its intrinsic excellence, words will always fail to convey an adequate representation. It must be heard and understood—and it was not understood long after it came into this country — ere the imagination can fully perceive what the giant mind has put before us in this creation. It possesses all the solemnity, breadth, and magnificence allied to the gorgeous colour, and infinite detail, and workmanship that invest the works of Beethoven with such value and import, making them practically inexhaustible to the closest critical analyst. What it was all intended to convey the world knows not, at least, not from Beethoven. No programme of the music ever escaped its composer, and capable as he was of keeping his own counsel, he, beyond stating that he was engaged upon it, talked no more of this work than of any other. Some call it a "monstrous madness"; some, "the last flickers of an expiring genius"; others hope to understand and appreciate it some day. It is the longest as it is the grandest of the series. The world, therefore, must build up its own conclusions respecting the tonal phraseology and language, the elevated ideas and wondrous melodies, resources, and

combinations, which culminate with such dignity and force in this 'Ninth' Symphony — the most tragic world-picture as well as the most spiritually poetic composition in the whole realm of instrumental art. It is hardly necessary to state, perhaps, that it is not a symphony on Schiller's Ode, and that it is only in the *Finale* that the poet's words have been employed for choral treatment. Beethoven had carried the springs of emotion until he could carry them no farther; he took Speech, therefore, and still more enhanced the scope of the Symphony.

The Symphony was first performed, after but two rehearsals, on May 7th, 1824,[1] at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, Vienna, when a tremendous ovation was accorded to Beethoven—the Viennese seemingly having awakened to the manner of man he was. So great was the applause that the police were called in to quell an enthusiasm that was feared would end in a disturbance. It was a wretched performance, as also was the careless and ignorant rendering which it received when first produced by the Philharmonic Society of London on March 21st, 1825; on which latter occasion most of those who listened to it were unable either to understand or appreciate it—such was the low ebb of musical education and discrimination in England three-quarters of a century back.

There is every evidence to show that had Beethoven lived the treasures of music would shortly have been enriched by yet another Symphony—a Tenth, to say

[1] Habeneck rehearsed it for three years before producing it in Paris on March 27, 1831.

nothing of other compositions. This 'Tenth' was clearly intended for the Philharmonic Society of London. The master mentioned it on his death-bed, and Schindler and Moscheles both knew of it. Besides this, that indefatigable analyst of Beethoven, Nottebohm, has traced several sketches for it in the 'Sketch-books'; and, remembering how fully Beethoven planned these vast works out in his head before committing them to score paper, it is almost beyond doubt that we only just missed another of these sublime compositions by the untimely advent of that Reaper whose approach brooks no delay, and stays not for excuses.

Now was the end near—nearer than was supposed either by the great entity himself or by those about him —so accustomed were they to his spells of ill-health and repeated rallyings. Fortunately the close of the illustrious career was crowned by yet more treasures to swell the precious bequest which the genius had to lay at the feet of mankind. Orchestral work was laid aside, while the sorely tried composer, in impaired health, but with his mental capacity as brilliant and logical as ever, turned his attention once more to the domain of Chamber Music. In rapid succession came superlative examples of a form of art in which he excelled not less unequivocally and wondrously than he did in the Symphony. These were the Quartets which, full of heavenly beauty as they are, so aptly, and with so much dignity, hover like the music of a requiem over the glorious reign which they shrouded. The Quartet in E flat, op. 127,[1] belongs to the year 1824; those in B flat, op. 130, and A minor, op. 132, to 1825;

[1] The 12th, 13th, and 15th respectively, for two violins, viola, and 'cello, and dedicated to Prince N. Galitzin.

that in C sharp minor, op. 131,[1] and the last in F, op. 135,[2] belong to 1826.

Last Quartets

The following circumstances respecting three of these remarkable Quartets require to be known. In 1824 Beethoven was engaged in the composition of his Tenth Symphony, of an oratorio called *The Triumph of Faith*, and of an opera written by Grillparzer, when Prince Galitzin requested him very urgently to compose three quartets for him, offering him 125 ducats, on condition that they should not be Beethoven's property till a year after the prince had got them. Beethoven laid aside the works he had begun, finished the quartets, and sent them to the prince, but did not receive the stipulated price. He did not trouble himself about the matter, never supposing that a Russian prince could break his word. But, being much straitened in his circumstances, in consequence of severe illness, and the sacrifices he had made on his nephew's account, he at last wrote to the prince, reminding him of his engagement. Having received no answer, he made two farther applications, but no attention was paid to them. M. de Lebelteren, the Austrian ambassador at St Petersburgh, and M. Isisgritz, the banker, also interfered, but in vain. The generous prince, forgetting his debt, had set out for the army on the frontiers of Persia. It was then that Beethoven, driven to extremity, applied, through Mr Moscheles, to the Philharmonic Society of London. In the face of all this, the name of Prince Galitzin stands on the title-page of these three quartets, Beethoven having dedicated

[1] The 14th; dedicated to Baron von Stutterheim.

[2] Dedicated to his friend Johann Wolfmayer.

them to him, notwithstanding the mean conduct of this pretended patron of genius. It cannot be maintained, however, that Beethoven was "driven to extremity" when he wrote to Mr Moscheles; for it was found after his death, that he was possessed of a considerable sum of money; and was, when he died, in the receipt of a pension of about £70 a year. He had thus the wherewithal to live, according to his abstemious and retired habits; and when we consider his high and independent spirit, we can only ascribe the dread of want which appears to have embittered his latter days, and his application to the Philharmonic Society, to the influence of disease in breaking down his once independent spirit. Actually the last composition Beethoven wrote, and which is published in its original form is the *Finale* of one of these Quartets—that in B flat, op. 130. It was composed four months before the composer's death. His last professional appearance was when he appeared as an accompanist at a festival-concert on the birthday of the Emperor of Russia in 1815. Quite unexpectedly he presented himself, and at once "Adelaide" was put on and sung by Franz Wild to Beethoven's accompaniment. On *20th April* 1816 this was repeated, and this occasion was Beethoven's actual *last* appearance.

That Beethoven excelled as a composer of Sacred music requires no demonstration. It could hardly have been otherwise with a musical genius of such exalted order, whose mind was ever impressed and controlled by the sense of an Omnipotent Unseen on and in Whom he placed his whole dependence. His simple, earnest faith found vent in many a letter and many an utterance,

but nowhere is his sincerity and chaste mind better reflected than throughout his music—whether the sacred or secular. "I well know," said he one day to a friend, "that God is nearer to me in my art than others—I commune with Him without fear." Mention has already been made of that masterly work the "Mount of Olives," with its majestic "Hallelujah" Chorus—the only thing of its kind that has ever approached Handel's glorious "Hallelujah"—and now Beethoven's two famous Masses call for remark.

When Haydn and Mozart wrote their masses they spoke the deep religious sentiment and conviction within them. Lovely and pleasant, too, are the stores of musical treasures belonging to the Church which these composers reverenced. Marked though most of these Masses of the eighteenth century be by a strong family likeness, they are nevertheless entrancingly beautiful—so celestial that, at times, we seem to hear the very angels sing. Their predecessors of the Palestrina and Scarlatti schools were of a severe and gloomy character, and it was a merciful thing for pious Catholics when Haydn and Mozart arose with their wealth of sanctuary music—music to which one cannot well listen and not believe.

As a Sacred Music Composer

Beethoven came to mark an epoch in Catholic Church music in his two Masses—the one in C and the *Missa Solennis* in D. Here again he is that "law unto himself" which was a marked characteristic of his personality. He eschews conventional church garb and practice, and writes what he himself submits to be mass music. His religious mood is no blind service to ecclesiastical tone, ending on word-painting, nor are his

'Agnuses' reminiscent of the pasture and sheepfold. The atmosphere marking Beethoven's music is an exalted one of his own formation; and church colourings, rites, and sacerdotal appendage and practice do not affect or influence him in the least. The composer puts his own reading on the text and sets it according to the ethics of his own finding. Like the rest of Beethoven's music, these Masses are couched in such impressive language that they appeal to the reverent mind irrespective of any ethical or emotional bearings which a religious system, or ritual, might have had—if such had been possible—upon Beethoven. Both Beethoven's Masses must be regarded as expressing the master's own conception of religion and the awful profoundness of the vast mystery which they concern. In them the great genius soars far away from priestly rite and human teaching—leaving "temples made with hands" for that inexpressible sphere where all, after all, is *Unknown*; where reigns that *One* before Whom and after Whom there was at any rate in Beethoven's religion, *nothing*.

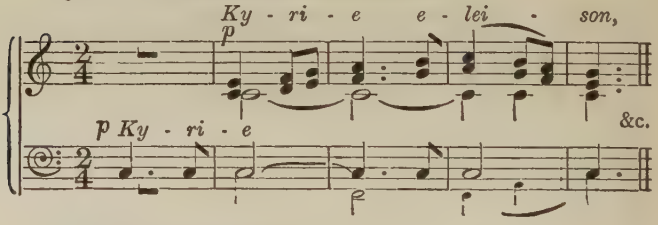
It was a daring deviation from the flowery path of Roman service music that had long obtained before his advent. His ecclesiastical colour was totally new—nobler, healthier, and more bracing; while his reading of the mass text, unconventional and independent as it was, lifted worship out of the Church into his broader region—that 'everywhere' wherein God and Religion were to him as ever present as in the cloister or cell. Thus Beethoven stands apart by himself as to his setting of the Mass. He follows no school or model, but expresses with intense force his own interpretation of the text, and without aiming at churchiness is as awe-inspiring as he is

theoretically astonishing. From an inciting church music point of view, however, he has not improved upon Haydn and Mozart or their predecessors Pergolesi and Jomelli. The *Agnus Dei* of the D Mass is one of the most dramatic emotional movements known to the world; but in neither the C nor D Masses has the composer struck a new ecclesiastical-musical ideal, however much he may have infused his works with a dramatic force hitherto foreign to church music.

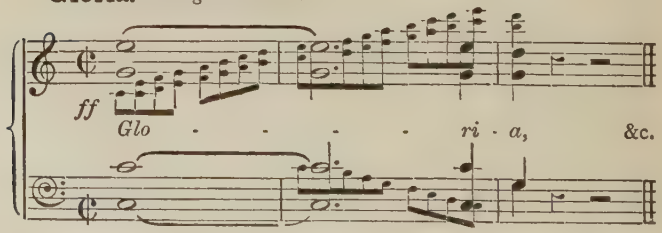
The Mass in C[1] belongs to the year 1807. The first

[1] Op. 86. For S.A.T.B. Chorus and Orchestra. Originally dedicated to Prince Nicholas Esterhazy de Galantha, and altered in the published copy to Prince Kinsky.

Kyrie.—*Andante con moto assai vivace* —.

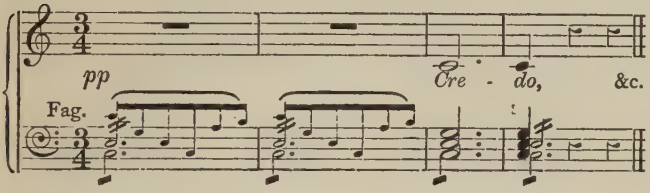


Gloria.—*Allegro con brio.*

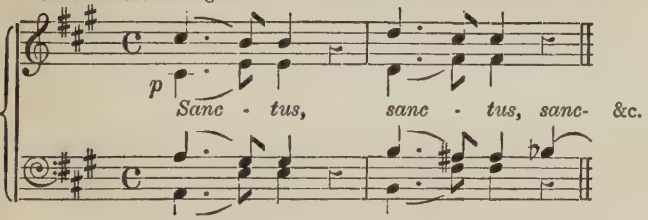


performance of it took place in Prince Esterhazy's private chapel at Eisenstadt, where Hummel was Capellmeister, on September 8th of the same year. It came like a

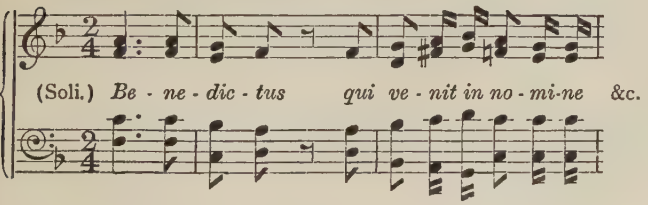
Credo.—*Allegro con brio.*



Sanctus.—*Adagio.*



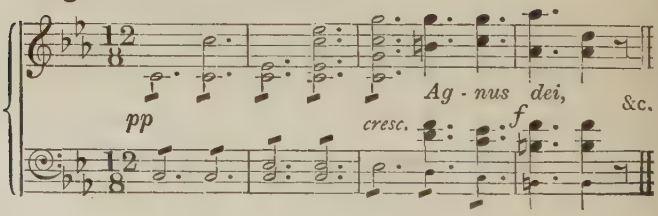
Benedictus.—*Allegretto ma non troppo.*



thunderbolt upon the prince—long inured to Haydn's precise, close-fitting style. The first model of a new style of choral music it undoubtedly was, but the princely patron did not relish it. "What have you been up to now?" he enquired of Beethoven, in the presence of Hummel, who smiled. There was no reply. Beethoven flew into a terrible passion and left the place. As in the case of everyone of Beethoven's scores, the Mass in C has outlived all the disfavour that first greeted it, and to-day it is freely accepted as one of the most precious, soul-stirring compositions that adorns the rich ritual of the Roman Church. Now we hear nothing of its aural surprises, its abrupt modulations, sudden transitions, remote harmonies, and vocal perplexities. Why? Because musical education has gone on apace, and narrowness of thought and pedantic servitude are lost for ever in a wider spirit of comprehension and appreciation which has permanently broadened the vista of musical art. "The chief importance of this remarkable Mass," it has been aptly pointed out, "consists in showing how far sacred music may be

Mass in C

Agnus Dei.—*Poco andante.*

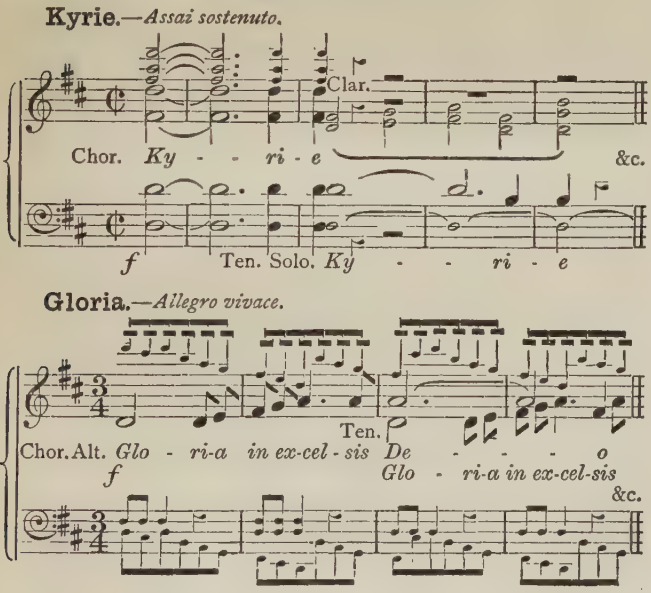


freed from formulas and placed under the dominion of imagination."

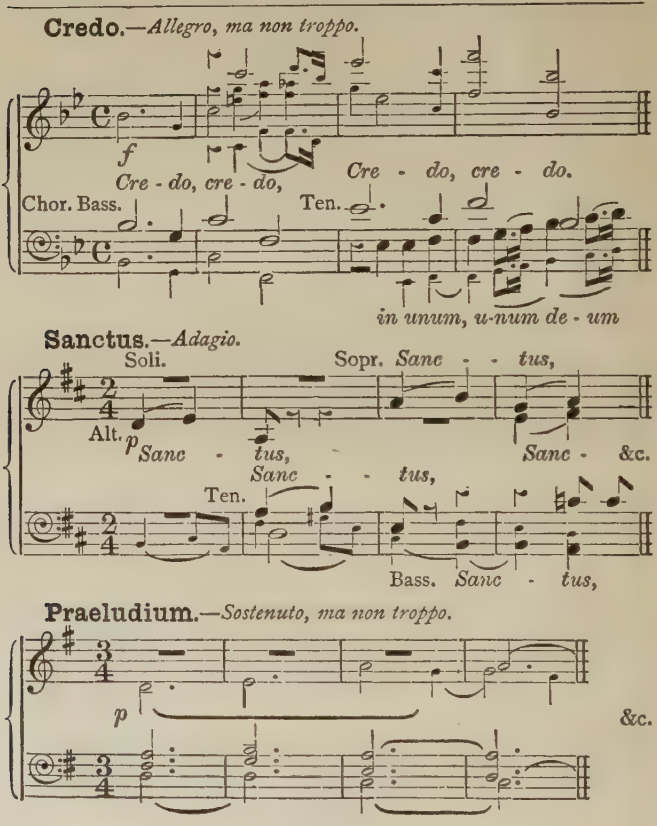
"I never saw Beethoven in such a state of absolute detachment from the terrestrial world as when he composed the *Missa Solennis*," [1] writes Schindler; and we can well imagine how the composition of such a work—one that is the ambition of all conductors, would affect Beethoven's serious

Mass in D

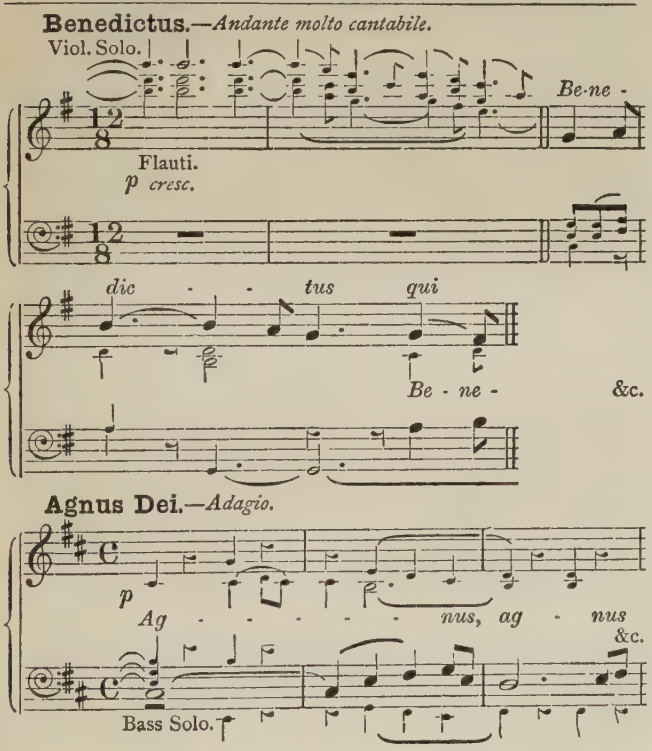
[1] Op. 123. Mass in D (Messe Solennelle), dedicated to the Archduke Rudolph. First performed on May 7th, 1824.



temperament. On March 15, 1823, Beethoven addressed a letter to Cherubini relative to this Mass, which letter, however, the composer of *Les Deux Journées* never



received. It ran: "I recently completed a grand solemn Mass, and have resolved to offer it to the various European Courts, as it is not my intention to publish it at present. I have therefore asked the King of France, through the French Embassy here, to subscribe to this work,



and I feel certain that his majesty would, at your recommendation, agree to do so. My critical situation demands that I should not solely fix my eyes upon Heaven, as is my wont; on the contrary, it would have me fix them also upon earth, here below, for the necessities of life."

We have already seen (p. 29) the result of this subscription, which must have disappointed him—even used to rebuffs as he was. Such was the Rossini *furore*, however, that the public was indifferent to Beethoven and his Mass too, for the moment. It was still open to him to sell it outright, and this he did.

As a sacred composition this Mass is still less suited to the Church than the Mass in C. Like Bach's B minor, and Cherubini's magnificent *Requiem* Mass in D minor, the length alone of these compositions forces them into the concert-room rather than the cathedral. A composition that runs into hours in performance is ever hardly likely—at least we hope so—to find a very frequent hearing at a service intended for the purpose of worship. There is another restricting feature about all these eighteenth-century masters' Masses, particularly Beethoven's. They have a suggestiveness of theme and emotion which carries the mind over the composer's secular compositions, while their excessive warmth, dramatic energy, and strong emotional yearnings, woefully detract from their value as helpful church music. Every churchman — whether Protestant or Roman — welcomes music that will help him in his devotions; not art that carries the mind away from the church into the world, grand and masterly in the extreme though such art be. But Beethoven brooked no restrictions, other than those of his Art, when he wrote sacred or

any other music. It is Beethoven, think what we will of it for church service or ecclesiastical function.

After vocal came instrumental music, and Beethoven so identified himself with the orchestra that no story of his life would be complete without proper regard to this aspect. It was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that composers seriously occupied themselves with purely instrumental pieces, which took their names from existing vocal forms. Thus we got the primitive shapes of the prelude, suite, sonata, and symphony—somewhat antiquated patterns, however, which were to be replaced by nobler ones, built upon existing structural forms of sacred and secular contrapuntal art, but united to thought and drift more beautiful, expressive, and ornate, than had before existed. The Venetian, Netherlands, Early German and English schools—all aided in this slow evolution. Sebastian Bach stands as the great link between the old and new; and after him it needed only Emmanuel Bach and Haydn to lay down the sonata and symphony where Beethoven took them up. Haydn particularly put a new orchestral as well as formal face on the symphony, extending its separate movements and divisions, and developing the thematic treatment of the musical idea or motive; but despite his one hundred and eighteen examples, he left it an unromantic, though beautifully adjusted classical structure. It might have seemed, then, that he had exhausted the subject; but Beethoven appeared to achieve yet greater things by his genius. Instrumental music had yet to fulfil its highest mission both in form and spirit. The psychological and

Rise of the Orchestra

mathematical conditions of theoretical music were to be coupled—wedded and made amazingly convincing.

The orchestra in Beethoven's day—say a hundred years ago—was a very different thing from what it is now. Then modern instrumentation was in its infancy, Haydn being the establisher. To-day it has reached its full development, scant room being left for improvement, save in the case of one or two instruments where convenience rather than effect would be served, while the invention of new instruments seems out of the question.[1] In the first place, the harpsichord—the predecessor of the pianoforte—a power in old-time orchestras, has been banished probably for ever. A comparison of the orchestral scores of Haydn and Mozart with those of Wagner and Verdi to-day will reveal the fact that nearly all the instruments now in vogue were then within reach and were used. Such a scrutiny will at once bring home where the difference in the two bodies exists. Though the instruments employed are similar, save those later introductions the bass clarinet and tuba, the composer's method of using them differed considerably. Chiefly, instruments were not used *en masse* to anything like the extent they are now, nor as Beethoven in his works—especially the later ones—employed the whole orchestra. His was a manner that was quite new in his day. Haydn and Mozart rarely if ever employ four horn parts, trombones were sparingly used, the oboe constantly had place where the clarinet would now displace

Orchestra as found by Beethoven

[1] The flute, it may be stated for instance, is an instrument which, since Beethoven's day, has greatly gained in power and intensity, so that the composer could not have heard his flute effects as we hear them to-day.

it;[1] while the wood wind instruments generally performed less important duties, and were less effectively combined than was the case under Beethoven and later orchestral composers. Beethoven, although he began cautiously, remedied all this, and developed orchestration in a manner akin to his great genius—so much so that he must be credited as the maker of to-day's orchestra. He gave it considerably less to do in solo or in twos and threes, making up for this by a consistent handling of his forces in solid groups or, as occasion often required, in one irresistible phalanx.

This new orchestral method constitutes one of the most important among the many vast achievements which Beethoven accomplished for music outside his labours as a composer. It is such radical modifications as these that only the genius can detect and carry out. It was a grand move for orchestral art; it gave the orchestra a unity and compactness that it did not before possess; it provided it with that homogeneity which enabled Beethoven, particularly, to give practical shape to conceptions demanding colossal sound forces, which alone could convey the tremendous pronouncements he had to hurl at the intelligence of the newly opening century. How wonderfully he has raised the majesty of art—extended and enlarged it materially and theoretically! No instrumental pigmies will evermore pose where giants only may tread.

In his variety of colouring—*i.e.* the power of judiciously blending the several instruments so as to bring out their qualities to the greatest advantage—Beethoven is supreme. Mozart was a great colourist, but even his rich treasures

[1] Mozart's C minor Symphony originally had no clarinet parts. These were subsequently added by the master, the oboe parts being modified to make room for the clarinets.

are surpassed by the boundless wealth of harmonious combination which Beethoven summons in his orchestral resources. A close study of this subject will fire the student with unbounded admiration at the marvellous faculties, rich fancy, and persistent zeal in every detail, manifested by Beethoven at each touch of his pen in the direction of instrumental manipulation. The active, restless spirit seems never to tire in the desire to present an idea in yet one more new light. Each instrument is regarded as an identity, with a voice and right to speak at the opportune moment. Thus come his contrasts and tonal *chiaro-oscuro*; thus escape those truly exquisite passages of which every instrument has a share under Beethoven's rule; thus the multitudinous listeners who, year after year, crowd to hear Beethoven are enthralled by the momentous manifestations which compel rapt attention from one end to the other of his every score.

Orchestral Variety

In consequence of this extraordinary power of introducing variety everywhere, nothing in Beethoven's music ever seems stale. He never reflects himself in a way to suggest an exhaustion of his powers. He repeats phrase after phrase for a purpose, yet seldom tiring us or inducing the feeling that we have heard an old thing over again, or that we are being treated to mere "padding." Nor in all this does he trust to mere technical orchestral device or ingenuity. The emotional element is ever changing, until at times we are face to face with the fact that scarcely a shade of feeling by which the human breast is capable of being agitated, or such as natural phenomena induce, has been left untouched. We need to go particularly to his last works—those which belong to the period between 1815 and 1820—to reap the full experience of his psycho-

logical invasions. These works literally burst with beauty, variety, and richness of tone-colourings ; but, there is more —they are full of the mystic and heavenly, as if the composer, willing to cease battling with a stormy world, saw all heaven unfolding before his eyes. Religion seems mingled with music, and an atmosphere mystical and full of import, strangely different to anything else in the whole realm of musical art, shrouds us around, above and beneath.

Without doubt, Beethoven in his instrumentation is indebted to Mozart. The latter, standing between Haydn and Beethoven, accomplished much with his exquisite ear and artistic sensibility to advance instrumental art and usage, though it was left to Beethoven to bring it to perfection. The great symphonist enlarged everywhere and put all—the material and spiritual alike—on a more expansive and broadened basis. Withal, under his treatment, every instrument partakes of more reality and is fuller with life and action than it ever was before he worked.

It would need a volume at least to do justice to Beethoven's instrumental influence. We have stated broadly where he improved the orchestra ; while every amateur and musician knows that his employment of the various instruments proved such as had not been known before, and has certainly never been equalled since. It was what Beethoven had to say and transmit through orchestral media, however, that has constituted it such a new and wondrous element among the world's processes and resources. Until Beethoven's day, Literature, Painting, and the Drama were the acknowledged channels through which the greatest messages were brought home to whatever intelligence was possessed at the time. But a fresh force was at hand. Beethoven

furnished a new medium and a new way, by means of which the discerning are permitted to realize, and this through no glass darkly, the profoundest truths and extremest subtleties of humanity and nature alike. This was a new musical dispensation of which men know not yet the possibilities.

Up to and including the "Second" Symphony, Beethoven contented himself with much the same orchestra as Mozart used. Mozart had nobly employed the trombones; Haydn used the bassoon—an instrument that the Bonn orchestra possessed. With the 'Eroica' Symphony, however, Beethoven broke away, and his method of working out and employment of the instruments underwent an unmistakable change. A single example must suffice. He freed the horns from their traditional restrictions and established the record of being the first composer to demand three horn parts in a symphony. And how altered horn music from that day became!

Instrumental Influence

There is not an instrument of the orchestra that Beethoven did not lift into greater importance. His labours in this direction, indeed, are so extraordinary that whole books might be devoted to this special feature of him as a musician. A study of any member of the String, Wood or Percussion families of instruments will show that in every instance it grew into more importance and received greater prominence under Beethoven's remarkable manipulation. It would be a labour to enumerate even the most striking instances of his deft handling of each instrument, though such a process would involve one in a very ocean of examples—so constant is the flow of his wondrous instrumental variety and invention.

The whole matter can well be left summed up in the grand orchestral results which he has attained—results which his splendid, sometimes almost miraculous, detailed workings have led up to—results which have indisputably proclaimed Beethoven to be the greatest wonder among masters of the orchestra that the world has ever seen.

This conviction forces itself upon us wherever we look —whether towards his symphonies or compositions for solo instruments. Take the Violin for example. The Concerto[1] which he specially wrote for Franz Clement is the greatest of all violin concertos. In the same way the violin music throughout Beethoven's symphonies is of an order that was unknown until it, too, appeared. No violin music prior to it had possessed such broad expressive passages, such fresh detail and *technique*, such warmth and emotion.

If we turn to the Trombone[2] we find his employment of this old-time instrument to be simply perfection. Everyone will call to mind that fine inspiration the *Funeral-Equale* for four trombones performed at the composer's own funeral and frequently since at burial services in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere—notably with long abiding effect when William Ewart Gladstone was laid to his last sleep in the Valhalla of Britain's great ones. The first appearance of trombones in the symphonies occurs in the 'C Minor,' and other noteworthy instances of its use are to be found in the *Benedictus* of the Mass in D—particularly those mysterious trombone chords "pianissimo"; also in the *Finale* of the 'Ninth' Symphony. In the case of the Clarinet, there is hardly a

[1] Preserved in the Imperial Library at Vienna and first played on December 23rd, 1806.

[2] Formerly known as the Sackbut.

score in which Beethoven does not call upon it—as a glance through his list of works will show. In every case the master added to its functions and worth in the orchestra, notwithstanding his evident partiality for the upper over the lower notes of the instrument. Striking passages for it abound where Beethoven is dealing with a full orchestra, while especially favoured opportunities for it occur in the *Larghetto* of the 'Second' Symphony, in the first movement of the 'Pastoral' and in the *Trio* of the 'Eighth' Symphony—the latter difficult clarinet music indeed.

The Drum was as patient as a tortoise until Beethoven infused new life into it, and produced some of his most remarkable effects by its use. Of course the Bachs, Haydn and Mozart employed it, and this artistically; but it was Beethoven who made it something more than a noise-producing instrument. Unlike Berlioz, who used sixteen drums in his *Requiem*, Beethoven nowhere employs more than two. He was the first composer to alter the accepted drum tunings to other notes than the tonic and dominant, and this as early as in his 'First' Symphony, in the *Andante* of which is a striking passage for them—quite rhythmically independent of the other instruments. In the 'Eroica' Symphony the drum is frequently employed in a truly remarkable manner. In the *Finale* of the 'Eighth' Symphony the drums are probably for the first time in musical history tuned in octaves. Magnificent use is made of the instrument in the Violin Concerto, the Fifth Pianoforte Concerto, and especially in the Fourth Symphony, where it has solo passages of extreme effect. The enharmonic change in the first movement of this Symphony, when the original tonic (B flat) drum is

unexpectedly employed as A sharp, again illustrates the wonderful resources of this king of orchestralists.

The Trumpet was not a favourite with Beethoven, although its high pitch and brilliant tone have served the composer on many occasions to enhance the gorgeousness of his greatest effects, particularly at *tutti* points, and where he needed to declare himself with fullest emphasis. Almost every one of Beethoven's orchestral pieces furnishes many such points—particularly so the 'Seventh' and 'Eighth' Symphonies, the *Agnus Dei* movement of the Mass in D, wherein there is a wonderful passage for trumpets and drums, and the *Leonora* Overtures; while an even greater effect is raised from a prolonged F sharp for the trumpets through no less than seventeen bars of the 'Eighth' Symphony.

Another of the principal members of the numerous family of brass instruments Beethoven certainly did not forget. This was the Horn — that instrument which lends such romantic air wherever it is judiciously introduced and blended in an orchestra. In the 'Eroica' Symphony is music for three horns, and this was one of the earliest appearances of that number of *Corni* in the orchestra; while in the 'Ninth' there are no less than four! Glorious passages for this weird and unassertive instrument will be found in the 'Fourth,' the '*Eroica*'—its *Trio*, to wit, the 'Seventh' and the 'Ninth' Symphonies.

The Bassoon was yet another instrument that Beethoven exalted. Although employed largely by Handel among other great masters of music in their orchestras, no composer has used it with such imposing effect as has Beethoven. He engages it almost everywhere that it can be advantageously introduced—notably in the 'C Minor'

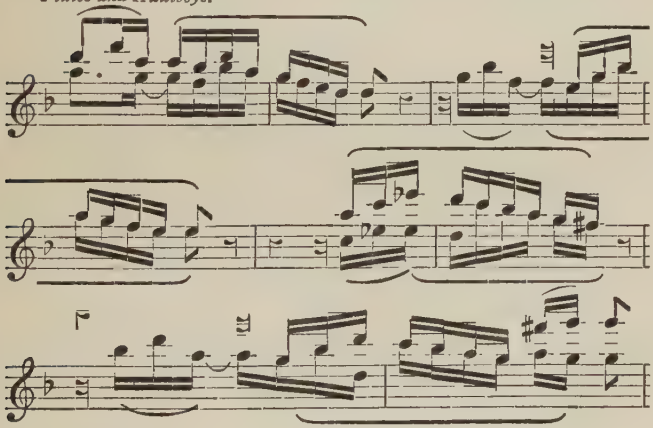
and 'Choral' Symphonies. Not infrequently he reinforces it with the double bassoon or *contra-fagotto*—as, for instance, in the symphonies just mentioned. There is some fine music for the first and second bassoons in the slow movement of the 'First' Symphony; the 'Second' Symphony opens with bassoons in unison with the bass strings. An unusual yet excellent employment of it, under staccato treatment, occurs in the *Adagio* of the 'Fourth' Symphony; it is perfectly "alive" in the first movement of the 'Eighth' Symphony, where it is very humorous, and also in the *Minuet*; while some remarkable passages for it are well known in the *Finale* of the 'Ninth' Symphony. So one might go on, *ad infinitum*, instancing example after example of Beethoven's admirably full and yet judicious employment of every instrument that the orchestra then contained. But, if all were said that might be said of the master's achievements in this direction, no portable volume would hold the story. We must leave, reluctantly, a field so fruitful that any attempt at recapitulating, much less closely analysing its treasures, becomes a matter of simple impossibility.

Wagner heads the list of the few who see defects in Beethoven's instrumentation, defects which, where they exist, have only been rendered apparent, we apprehend, by the later light of advanced technical renderings and instrumental development and treatment; inasmuch as it is absurd to imagine that the genius would have left any known open door for improvement upon his masterly operations. One of Beethoven's greatest points of strength was his anticipation of coming musical possibilities and necessities, so that when conductors are ready to "improve" upon Beethoven, it is fairly safe for

them to heed the warning that the "letter" of the master will often prove better then any amendments or revisions —Wagnerian or otherwise. The teaching that in the later years of his life Beethoven was not always sure of the effects of his instrumentation is a mischievous one to propagate; and we shall be far better off, probably, content with the gospel of Beethoven as he left it, than by tampering with it in the light of any new doctrine, however exalted the presuming teacher may be. To take one example—the 'Choral' Symphony is a work which attracted the criticism of the erudite Bayreuth master.[1]

Wagner on Beethoven's Orchestration

[1] A reference to a Breitkopf & Härtel's edition of the *Choral* Symphony, p. 19, will show the reader the purport and value of Wagner's suggested emendation, as carried out in the following passage :—



Not only are we told by him that marks of expression could be improved, but that phrases could be better written, that the instrumentation could be revised, and that the difficult vocal part, notably a trying passage, a cadenza in B major for the four principal vocalists, might be simplified—all excellent advice in its way, but if adopted by that great band who call themselves "improvers," where shall we stop? Better far to leave Beethoven to live or die through his works as he left them.[1]

This question of Beethoven's instrumentation and *tempo* was well summarised in the *Monthly Musical Record* for May 1, 1874, and January 1, 1878; and as no less a champion than Mr August Manns stepped into the arena on this occasion, the discussion is well worth the study of those interested in the subject. How the famous conductor wound up the whole matter, however, may be gathered from his castigation of a captious critic:—"'C. A. B.' must, I fear, continue to express his surprise. At any rate he must forego the pleasure of hearing Wagner's Beethoven at the Crystal Palace as long as the direction of the musical department is confided to myself; and I trust that all who may follow me may at least agree with me in this, that Beethoven's works require no such alterations as are suggested by Herr Wagner, considered as they are by all, except a small minority, as the most perfect monuments of musical art in existence."

[1] No one, let it be noted, was more indebted to Beethoven's works than was Wagner. "I am doubtful," Heinrich Dorn writes in 1832, "whether there ever was a young musician more familiar with the works of Beethoven than Wagner at eighteen."

Manns *v.* Wagner

Manns on Wagner

"I will only add that while fully alive to the great genius of Wagner, and grateful for the many benefits which, in common with others, I have received from his keen and able criticism on orchestral performances, I must decline to acknowledge his infallibility, or that of any other man, in reference to the *tempos*[1] of other people's music. Though anxious to learn from any quarter, a conductor must ultimately confide in his own judgment, whenever a composer's personal directions as to time and general reading cannot be ascertained, because it is only on the strength of such self-criticism that he can avoid placing himself in the position of the man with the donkey in 'Æsop's Fables,' who in trying to please everybody, displeased all, and lost his donkey into the bargain." Bravo! August Manns, jealously loyal to the great ones, whose creations he has wrought so indefatigably and successfully to interpret, and ever instinctively true to the highest traditions of orchestral harmony.

In the ninth volume of Wagner's "Collected Writings" is an article entitled "Zum Vortrag der neunten Symphonie Beethoven's," originally contributed to *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*, which, as might be expected, is a very able plea for 'improving' Beethoven's instrumental masterpiece. Whether such "improvements" will ever come about now that Wagner is dead cannot be determined, but it is devoutly to be wished that the day is far off when the man will be found with the temerity to tamper with Beethoven, though he charm us ever so wisely with the assurance that as much can be done with

[1] This had reference particularly to the *Tempo di Menuetto* in Beethoven's Symphony in F (No. 8).

Beethoven as Mozart, by dint of additional accompaniments, did for Handel. Incontrovertible as it is that Beethoven's symphonies, etc., were scored for an orchestra of much the same numerical strength as Mozart's and Haydn's; undeniably true as it also is that Beethoven's conceptions were far beyond the resources at hand to give effect to them; however much he was forced to control his mind, un-edited Beethoven as he stands in his scores, will always content the really reasonable and practical musician.

Wagner Additions to Beethoven

None the less it would be a great injustice to Wagner's genius and sincerity in art to disparage, though we may reject, his proposals respecting Beethoven's orchestration. Both Haydn's and Mozart's ideas exactly accorded with the strength of the orchestras that performed them. The same cannot be said of Beethoven, who had something grander in conception than had either of his predecessors, though, good workman that he was, he did his best to make his utterances felt through the material provided. It is here that Wagner wanted to 'improve' Beethoven. The Bayreuth master conceived that all he could discern in Beethoven's intent was not reached to the full owing to the conditions through which Beethoven conveyed his mind to us. Beethoven gave the old slender orchestra infinitely more to do—notably in the "Eroica"—than it had before, and it is little wonder that such a scrutiny as Wagner's left him with the conviction that many of the Bonn master's effects came out hazy, and that the grand truths and intentions were only partially driven home, losing much of their effect because of the inadequacy of the means conveying the

idea. Wagner, it may be conceded, could have "touched," (if the process had gone no further), many of the passages in Beethoven's scores with wonderful advantage, especially in the direction of increased sonority—a quality which Beethoven ever had before him.

Wonderful and unrivalled as Beethoven's achievements in the creative and instrumental departments of music indubitably are, his influence upon the formal face of theoretical art is, certainly, not less far-reaching and astonishing. He expanded and improved everywhere, whether we apply this to his colossal works in their entirety—to their emotional properties — or to a single idea or episode constituting a part of some movement. If, too, he impressed the formal side of music by his vast industry and superlative original gifts, how much more is to be accounted to him for his achievements in that more exalted sphere of art influence—the æsthetics of music. The spiritual, emotional side of music was practically an undiscovered region until Beethoven opened it up, and by his bold traversings took mankind into a new world with all the wondrous possibilities of that art which had been engaging men, if not from the earth's foundation, at least for ten or twelve centuries. All of this *soul*

Beethoven's Watch

of music may not even yet be fully understood, but it will be some day.[1] It is not too much to say that the Romantic style in Music owes its existence to what Beethoven accomplished in the symphony, sonata, and overture.

Metaphysical Qualities of the Music

To do justice to Beethoven—to solve his music and to participate much, or little, in its spirit and teachings—it is necessary to bear in mind that he was something more than the masterful musician. However original and dexterous he was in his theoretical expression and inventiveness—and only those sufficiently acquainted with the scientific or technical side of music can adequately estimate this—he was yet more. Music is, or should be, the language of a great mind, having tones for its speaking letters. Beethoven was the exponent of this tongue. Everything he says musically has a hidden meaning to it; and to those who understand music thoroughly there is as much of the divine and human, the spiritual and material, told us by Beethoven in his special language as Shakespeare, Homer, Milton, or any other *litterateur* has left us in words. It is not alone the technical or material aspect of Beethoven's music that is so overwhelming—wonderful, indeed, as it is; but it is its mental and spiritual characteristics which so possess the attentive mind. If our poets and philosophers have unfolded to us in verse and prose great truths from an

[1] It was the late Sir George Smart's opinion that "although the later works of Beethoven may have been theoretically correct, they were to the ear harmoniously unpleasant." [Communicated to the writer by his niece, Miss A. C. Smart, who owns the *Canon*, "Ars longa, vita brevis," which Beethoven specially wrote for him.

unknown world of imaginative fancy, Beethoven has placed before our senses mightier things in music—stored up though they be, unless to a comparatively few—for an age when everyone will see the mental side of such music as readily as they now comprehend the subject of a painting beneath the pigment, or the spirit of an author behind his typed pages. Beethoven is far from being done with when the listener experiences grand harmonies, rapturous tune and gorgeous orchestration in what is before him. The mental image, the picture, Beethoven's *soul*—all that he was worth mentally and emotionally is ever behind.

His music, almost from the first and certainly at the last, is ripe with psychological issues. Who can propound, for example, the full meaning of the romanticism permeating the *Leonora* Overtures, the slow movement of the Concerto in G, or furnish the key to the mysterious, unearth-like air pervading the *Trio* of the "Eroica," the 'Seventh' Symphony, and Beethoven's last Sonatas and Quartets? It was man's soul that he made music for, and which it appeared to him was capable of higher musical aspirations and realisations than had hitherto ever summoned it. Adverting to the question of the strangeness of the last symphonies, he one day told Freudenberg, who had trudged all the way from Breslau in Silesia to Vienna to see him—"What does a blockhead like you, and what do the rest of the wiseacres who find fault with my works, know about them? You have not the energy, the bold wing of the eagle, to be able to follow me." Here is where he so distinctly anticipated Wagner and his mission, forestalling the very essence of Wagner's gospel, which was to

make men nobler, better, freer by the aid of a free musical drama — nothing else. This æsthetical tendency, this philosophic purpose which permeates Beethoven's music and invests it with a wondrous halo, such as no other composer cast over the art, is one of the strongest grounds of its universal acceptance to-day. It was not understood or appreciated at first, though it was undoubtedly there in the earliest compositions, strengthening and strengthening towards that full maturity which is characteristic of his ripest works ; but to-day much is clear and understandable enough to trained, willing minds. Whatever name we accord to this quality, it is incontestably the secret of Beethoven's superiority over all composers of music.

Putting its ethical drift and meaning aside for the moment, this emotional element is more remarkable in Beethoven than in any other composer. The nature of his thoughts, the purity and sublimity of his expression, simply impel one to bow the knee. In some cases the subjects which form the text of his music are abrupt and individual beyond all precedent — in others they are steeped in heavenly beauty and feeling—in both instances because they are the representatives of corresponding emotions. Mere "music" and "harmony" were nothing to the mind of Beethoven. He required *moment* and *meaning* in art, so that every phrase that he has uttered has a purport—a sense, if we can but discover it. Music must be a language, a language of those grand things which overflowed his heart, and which, like Wagner, he wished to bring home to his fellow-creatures. His admiration of the works of Haydn and Mozart has been surpassed by no man, but to his thinking they were but as a visitor at the entrance-gate of a far-reaching

kingdom. They did not tell of that vast sphere of art which he so keenly realised, and which in so remarkable a degree he felt it to be his mission to bring before the understandings of mankind. Great as had been the achievements of his two famous predecessors, he was inspired to accomplish still mightier things from his art. And the world must know that Beethoven did accomplish more. He fulfilled all that was possible in the domain of absolute music, surpassing everything that had been achieved before. In the 'Ninth' Symphony, where Speech is joined to Tone, the limitations of actual music seem to be set. Here we have not a symphony with a chorus merely, but that culmination of art elements to which Wagner only asked to add the Dance to form that perfect elixir which, according to his gospel, was to prove potent enough to emancipate Germany intellectually and give the people an ideal existence here on earth.

Admirable as is the spiritual intent of poetry, prose, painting, and music, it is only when the artist touches the heart-chord of everyday experience that a world of vibrations are set up in every sympathetic breast. Beethoven while being so lofty is also so human that the lowest can understand and be touched by him. The properties of his music appeal so forcibly and unerringly, even to the popular mind, that the masses, whenever they hear it, to use a homely phrase, "like it." He strikes the springs of the finest feelings within us; he invokes—and not vainly —the best sentiments of every heart. His music is not the vulgar stuff which the sugar-coated composers, who write for their banking account, thrust before our intelligence and force into our ears. Everything that Beethoven wrote sprang from a large, pure, uncommercial heart, and

this is why, given his genius, it is ever fresh like newly plucked flowers ; and why, too, it will live when tons of rubbish—it deserves a worse name—has worked its cursed evil and served its little day. Beethoven is so pure, so lofty, that he furnishes food for the child and the philosopher alike. His work can have only one effect upon all—that of making the listeners better men and women. As Shakespeare has said the grandest things in Literature, so has Beethoven expressed the loftiest utterances in Music—sufficient for every intellect and all time. A composer's works can with difficulty be other than a mirror of his inner self, and lofty as Beethoven's flights invariably are, it is none the less the humanity of the man that is making itself heard. The 'Eroica,' 'Fifth,' 'Pastoral' and 'Ninth' Symphonies are distinct tone portrayals bringing out this humanity, although all his intentions have not yet found a solution, despite his many readers and interpreters. There is no doubt that everyone of Beethoven's compositions — especially his more serious works—has a tale to tell, since this principle of expressiveness was the key-note of his life's work. Nothing in the shape of technical resource was divorced from his work on its account—indeed, it led the composer to be more precise, more prone to exact the very utmost from the least idea that, to his mind, was worth a place in his memoranda books. This vast mastery of detail in working, unparalleled in the case of any master before or after him, together with his extraordinary emotional power and daring freedom, whether in the conception of advanced tonal ideas, or, in a lesser degree, in the handling of this or that form of instrument, these

Humanity of his Music

sum up the main artistic conditions of Beethoven's wondrously powerful and original musical mind. What else followed was inevitable—whether this be his new-born melody, harmony that already translates us to the eternal spheres, logical formations, or majestic complete organisms like the symphonies, in which alone his extraordinary powers seem to be at all at a tension.

And all this vast intellectual philosophy—the paramount feature of Beethoven's music—be it remembered has been imparted with scarcely a single slight, much less offence or crime, against Music's forms. Wagner broke the barriers of many technical forms, and knocked over accepted art-methods and traditions like skittles. Not so Beethoven. His great emotional flights, his originality of invention, his scientific modulation and abstruse workings have all been attained upon wonderfully legitimate lines. Beethoven was no iconoclast. He kept the old methods and models, but said infinitely more through them than anyone else before or since. He broke no images in order to set up something revolutionary of art. The seeker after some new thing in music may find straws to catch at here and there in Beethoven's scores that may seem to advance some pet theory of his own, but on the whole Beethoven's compositions are wonderfully consistent in their adhesion to the strictest canons. Indeed, considering the extraordinary development which subsequently took place, it is simply amazing how naturally and logically his early instrumental forms tack on to those of his two great immediate predecessors, and seem to be the natural—the only continuation of things musical. He accepts all that they employed, but the results of working between

Legitimacy of Style and Practice

them stand in comparison like Snowdon and the Matterhorn. Beethoven takes up where Mozart and Haydn laid down, and though such possibilities as Beethoven has expressed existed, it may be, in the minds of the former, the psychological moment in Music's fullest expansion was from Creation's morn deferred until it manifested itself so openly in Beethoven.

As we have seen from our necessarily brief survey of Beethoven's works, his genius led him to favour especially the cultivation and development of such great instrumental forms as the symphony, concerto, overture and sonata; and of these his greatness was particularly employed—if such a distinction need be made—on the symphony and sonata. In these we find Beethoven not merely the vast musician, but also the logician and the rhetorician, with a great deal to say of an original order; which accounts, perhaps, for his winning the reputation of being an art innovator. With the sonata form prepared before him he chose this—the most symmetrical and elastic vehicle through which to express thoughts which, like his musical workings and expression, soon proved to be grander and broader than the world had known before.[1] The old lines

[1] Wagner correctly describes Beethoven as a composer of sonatas, because "the outline of the sonata-form was the veil-like tissue through which he gazed into the realm of sounds. . . . For inasmuch as he again raised music, that had been degraded to a merely diverting art, to the height of its sublime calling, he has led us to understand the nature of that art from which the world explains itself to every consciousness as distinctly as the most profound philosophy could explain it to a thinker well versed in abstract conceptions. *And the relation of the great Beethoven to the German nation is based upon this alone.*"—"Beethoven," by Richard Wagner, p. 41.

which had served his predecessors answered all his purpose,[1] until he found that to adequately express himself he must enlarge and modify them. Then, he expanded art as no man else has ever widened it, not omitting, as he broadened out, to invest the structure with ample body and texture. He worked not only on the external but the internal phases of music. Musical *thought* was to him more than it had been to any of his predecessors, and, when he found that the *matériel* of music was inadequate —even the pianoforte was too short for him—he stayed not, but created music which soon set the instrument makers as well as the performers at work. Hence his vast tonal flights: hence his mighty achievements in the great school of instrumentation which Bach and other lights of Northern Germany founded, and which has been promoted by no one as by Beethoven. Great even as Bach was as a master of musical technique, he was overshadowed by Beethoven, while Wagner as an instrumental musician has far from rivalled the composer of the 'Choral' Symphony.

Expansions of Forms

Beethoven was not one who created any such distinct forms as Bach did in his *Passion-Music* settings, but he accomplished tremendous things in carrying the art on from where he received it from Mozart and Haydn. Even a slight acquaintance with their respective works will bring the conviction that Beethoven has all the vivacity and conciseness of Haydn added to a greater and grander breadth of style, with infinitely more 'working out,' than is anywhere noticeable in the "Father of Symphony." His inexhaustible imagination and power of conception, his

[1] See such works as the Sonatas, op. 7, 10, No. 3, and the Coda of the *Finale* to the "Second" Symphony.

fine sentiment so full of solemn emotion (the first real sentiment of great quality ever imparted to music) combined with this minute working—all this raised upon the Haydn-Mozart lines have made modern music what it is. Most readers are familiar with the pianoforte sonatas of these three masters. They have only to be compared to discover (despite Beethoven's mechanism being influenced by the eighteenth-century schools) how those of the two older masters fall far short of that emotional intent and variety of technique which lift Beethoven's above anything of their kind.

It is Beethoven's own independent style, the strongest element in which is that inimitable metaphysical quality already touched upon, that raises him to so high a pinnacle among the masters of creative art. His technique was fresh and exciting indeed, but it is the soul, the *verve* of Beethoven's style which has made his music, whether in its simple or most abstruse instances, so universally acceptable and so convincing as true art. There are other qualities attaching to it, notably that irresistible *force* especially noticeable in the *Finales* of his symphonies, but these lesser properties must be left in face of our broad reference to his grand general manner.

This lavish expenditure of imaginative emotion to which we have alluded, which comparatively early characterised Beethoven's writings, has left him the great prophet of Romanticism in music. But for Beethoven, the romantic style in art, as we know it, would probably never have obtained, in which case a great element would be missing from our art surroundings and divinings. Little wonder that factions of classicists and romanticists have grown around such an exemplar, and that both are equally

Beethoven s Father

eager to claim him as theirs—the exact embodiment of all that they profess and desire in art.[1]

Attention has already been drawn to the painstaking nature of Beethoven's work. No trouble was too great that could make his music—the expression of his august mind—more noble, more truly refined or that could add to its beauty. It was no *accident* that made his music what it is, whether we gauge this by the ears of the comfortable auditor or by the acute analysis of the critic and specialist. Some might be tempted to think that his glorious pre-eminent position was the result of some sort of 'luck' or of some sudden impulse or impromptu effort. Nothing of the kind. It is all the effect of enormous care and infinite labour. There is scarcely a bar of his music which he did not improve over and over again, until some bars have been written as many as ten or a score of times. His choicest themes are apt to appear at first in what might seem to be a mere commonplace form, but by repeated touching and re-touching they are brought to their present beautiful and eternal shape. Striking indeed must have been the patience of this remarkable man. As his works became more familiar to us, and his scores become easier of access, we can realise the sort of feeling which must frequently have overtaken Beethoven. That he desired to make himself friendly with, and instruct his fellowmen can easily be realised from his commendable patience in the matter of the 'Leonora' Overtures—no less than four of which he wrote to satisfy

Painstaking Workmanship

[1] See Riehl's "The Two Beethovens" for an exposition of this matter.

the taste of a tyrannous public. Who is there at the present day, and with less genius than Beethoven, who would thus strive to bring his music within the demands of his critics? The same attention was shown everywhere and in everything. No one before him was so careful, for instance, to mark the intended pace or the changes of expression, in the minutest *nuances*, or to see that his publications were correctly printed. Beethoven's 'Sketch-books' are the best memorials of his industry and manner of working. From them we see how insatiable he was in touching up and polishing his work until it assumed the shape in which he wished to give it to the world—when, although so worked upon, it comes before us as a perfectly spontaneous effort. And, as has been well said, "when he has found the proper vehicle for his thought, he is never weary of repeating it, until as in the 'Pastoral' Symphony, the music seems to consist of a continued reiteration of a few elegant ideas."

Chamber music—that is all that great class of music peculiarly adapted for performance in a room—was greatly enriched by Beethoven. Haydn and Mozart—not to travel so far as the Italian, and even English masters—accomplished wonders in this direction, but Beethoven has surpassed even their splendid results. To him the string quartet afforded a channel for the expression of many of his grandest thoughts. Growing more and more upon him, a culminating point of absolute perfection is reached in the works of his later years—many of them treasures which no time or frequency of performance will ever mar. In this department,

indeed, Beethoven is unequalled, unsurpassable, matchless. The Trios furnish the most perfect example of the union of three instruments in the whole range of music. His sixteen Quartets for Strings eclipse all similar compositions. The last four may not be so familiar as their predecessors, but every real student of this, the most enjoyable of all musical exercise and practice, knows of them and cherishes them beyond measure. The chaste domain of the quartet supplies the exact area for the adduction of convincing evidence of Beethoven's powers as a faultless harmonist. Irreproachable four part writing and the most delicate adjustment throughout are among the conditions demanded. Beethoven could rise supreme here, as these famous quartets show. Wherever search is made it will be to discover that his four part writing therein is simply perfect. Such a thing as a principal part is out of the question, but all is weighed and adjusted with the nicety of an apothecary's balance. In no other similar compositions are the parts distributed with such exquisite delicacy; and nowhere else, certainly, can be traced such splendid evolutions of counterpoint. Nor is it the terse part writing alone that is so surpassing. The clear design, the profuse and rich ideas and innumerable manifestations of profoundest thought and originality stamp these examples with an imprimatur which will never be erased nor imperilled—while minds and instruments remain to expound such absolute masterpieces. The Rasoumowsky set of three, op. 59, are generally allowed to bear the palm for grandeur, and Mendelssohn was wont to say that of these—

As a Chamber Music Composer

the F,[1] and the F minor, op. 95 were the most Beethovenish of all the composer's works. The one in E minor, No. 8, op. 59, however, has a huge following of admirers. So, too, has the one in C sharp minor, op. 31.[2]

The world has had no Sonatist like Beethoven, and how adequately the distinction applies to him as a Symphonist! Who before or after him has approached his sublimity of idea, his aspirations towards undreamt-of realistic expression, his almost super-human workings, or who has bequeathed us the splendid culminations which compel our admiration and wonder when his God-given powers have been expended on one of his mighty symphonic creations? Mozart, Haydn, Schubert and Schumann are great indeed as symphonists, but all lie low by the side of Beethoven. If he had written nothing but the C Minor, it would have been enough to have given him a place above every instrumental composer. As it is, no music painter has given to the world such stupendous or original and momentous tone actualities as he, whether these are of the epic or the dramatic order. All of them are unsurpassably beautiful expressions of life and nature as Beethoven experienced and regarded these. Any one of them would not inaptly pourtray a period or more in the composer's own life;

[1] This is the one which B. Romberg is credited with throwing to the ground and trampling upon as unplayable. On another occasion —in 1804—he took Spohr seriously to task relative to one of the six, op. 18, asking him how on earth he could play such stuff.

[2] The music which Schubert last heard, and which so moved him when Holz took him to hear it that he got into such a state of excitement that his friends grew alarmed.

or, taken together, these majestic tone poems—with all their comedy and tragedy, their passionate battlings and gloomy chequerings, from which Beethoven knew he must some day emerge triumphantly victorious—they delineate in no feeble or uncertain colours the vicissitous life that fell to his lot. They are played more than ever to-day, and form the mainstay of the best orchestral concerts.

Symphonist and Sonatist

Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas are the food of the greatest executants and humblest students and amateurs alike. No player, no listener, has ever been found to tire of them. No pianist who has Bach's "Forty-Eight" Preludes and Fugues in the *Wohltemperirte Clavier* and the Beethoven Sonatas on his desk, and can grapple with them, requires more, for therein lies the sum of all music. They furnish the Alpha and Omega of musical art, meeting the tastes and capacities of youth and old age, and satisfying alike the pedant and the *dilettante.* These works have been aptly styled the "Old and New Testaments of all serious musicians."[1] Certainly they are as daily bread and closest tie to all thinking musicians—whether amateur or professional—and it will be a long day in the world's history before they are superseded by works more staple or sustaining. Beethoven was the first to take the Sonata out of the sphere of precise formalism and infuse into it the warmth of human emotion. Hitherto it had appealed only to polite circles. Beethoven shaped it for the wide world, and to its cold formal basis added such a superstructure of expression of every degree as to amaze mankind of his own day and all who have followed them. This great step constitutes him the maker of

[1] Naumann.

modern music—that art work which raised music into an intellectual, human, as distinct from a purely mathematical, element. His Sonatas are complete—perfect organisms reflecting and conveying, to all who can fathom them, most potent messages and secrets of one great heart and soul to the minds of all others. Thus these pianoforte compositions become and remain the grandest, as they are the richest and most perfect works of their order.

Where all are such beautiful compositions it is all but heresy to single one out from another—particularly as admirers can be found for each one of them. No pianoforte player can fail to be particularly impressed, however, with the A flat major Sonata, op. 26, with its grand "Funeral March" and "Variations" in which Beethoven so richly excelled; or its neighbour in C sharp minor—the "Moonlight," op. 27—unquestionably a "tone poem of entrancing merit." The grand, mysterious nature of the D minor Sonata, No 5, op. 31,[1] which work Beethoven told Schindler was suggested by Shakespeare's *Tempest*; and the fantastic vigour and exuberance of its associate—the E flat major Sonata, No 3—render them great favourites. The "Waldstein" in C major, op. 53, which has been well said to contain as much intensity "as would suffice for a Symphony"; the charmingly serene work in F major, op. 54; the universally admired "Appassionata" in F minor, op. 57, wherein Beethoven seems to pour forth his fiercest soul fires;—these are all works which

[1] The varying numberings of Beethoven's works, in the numerous published editions, has caused much unnecessary confusion. The subject has been touched upon by Mr J. A. Fuller-Maitland in the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," vol. ii. p. 582. Nottebohm's Catalogue numbering has been followed in the present work.

stand out even from among Beethoven's glorious catalogue of Sonatas for the clavier. The Sonata in E minor, op. 90, is one wherein Beethoven's influence upon this form is particularly noticeable; wherein also as in the A major, op. 101, Mendelssohn's style is clearly anticipated. Grand and distinctive works — illustrating most emphatically Beethoven's master hand, especially in the "Variations" —are the three Sonatas in E major, A flat major, and C minor—the last Sonata, ops. 109, 110, and 111 respectively.

Beethoven's impress upon the Sonata form consisted principally in the varied interest he threw into it. The elasticity which he imparted to its early stiff, rigid form gave it practically a wholly new character. This he brought about mainly by a profuse exercise of ingenuity in working out his subjects; by varying his themes when repeating them, and thus avoiding monotony; also by investing his subjects, when once introduced, with intense contrapuntal treatment and therefore interest. Over all this lay the counterpane of his matchless, absolutely peculiar individual emotional tone and expression.[1]

Beethoven's method of working is interesting enough.

[1] Wagner cites Liszt as an ideal player of Beethoven's piano-music; and goes on to say, "I have ascertained beyond a doubt, that, in order to reproduce Beethoven, one must be able to produce with him. It would be impossible to make this understood by those who have, in all their life, heard nothing but the ordinary preformances and renderings by virtuosi of Beethoven's work. Into the growth and essence of such renderings I have in the course of time gained so sad an insight that I prefer not to offend anybody by expressing myself more clearly. I ask, on the other hand, all who have heard, for instance, Beethoven's op. 106 or op. 111 (the two great Sonatas in B flat and C minor) played by Liszt in a friendly circle, what they previously knew of those creations, and what they learned of them on these

He began from the first making notes and memoranda of everything that might prove useful or that appertained to his art. Thus, the "Sketch-books,"[1] with which talented and industrious experts like Nottebohm and Thayer have familiarised us, are especially valuable. They contain scraps, not merely of his own ideas, but those of others. Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn—all in turn were worth 'making note of.' His own notes—frequently the most scanty memoranda and almost unintelligible to anyone but himself—have proved to be (now that the scores themselves are published) the germs of many of his grandest works. Equipped with such reminders, he went off by himself, sometimes to his lodgings, but generally to the fields and secluded country spots, and there, note by note, built up the vast structures which arouse the wonder of every generation of musicians as it comes and goes. The close and detailed character of his music—its most prominent characteristic next to its sublime feeling and bearing—was the outcome of his method of working. Like Bach, he did not write to merely exhibit the skill of the performer, but to draw out the ripest expression of his words and subject. The florid and highly ornamental passages arose from his being able to see so many possible ways of viewing an idea. Indeed, in this development of idea he

Characteristics of Style and Diction

occasions? If this was reproduction, then surely it was worth a great deal more than all the Sonatas reproducing Beethoven which are "produced" by our pianoforte composers in imitation of those imperfectly comprehended works. "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," vol. ii. p. 147.

[1] Some of these are to be found in the British Museum and Berlin Royal Libraries.

eclipses every composer. He toys with a figure until it seems impossible that he can, cat-like, play with his mouse longer; when he turns round and makes the figure serve as an accompaniment to some new phrase.[1] Never has there been a master who, from such slender materials, has, by sheer patient handling and delicate manipulation, raised such colossal monuments of art out of apparently nothing. Happily has he been styled an "architoniker"—such was his wonderfully scientific art of building up his themes and movements.

Too numerous to mention almost are other characteristics of Beethoven's style and workmanship. His methods of modulation are as new as they are surprising and arresting; his part writing is as pure as crystal; his use of the *crescendo*, constant as it is, never palls, because the results obtained are invariably admirable in the extreme. The manifold instances throughout his works of the use of varying and specially strong rhythms leave him with no equal as an exponent of the power of rhythm in composition. Schumann approaches Beethoven in this direction, but no one has equalled him in his humorous rhythms, syncopated passages, and eccentric displacings of beats. Then there are his novel expedients with syncopation effects; happy ideas like the substitution of the 'interrupted' cadence for the 'perfect'; his captivating use of the 'mordent' and 'pralltriller' graces, or 'morendo' and 'smorzando' effects—all of which tend to make his music the delight of the student and the charm of the listener. In consequence of his habit of writing everything himself and leaving

[1] It is this anxiety to arrive at the fullest possible artistic expression which leads to the difficulties of execution in his music.

nothing to the whim of the performer, his music teems with the most delicate ornaments and marks of expression. It is a fine study to examine his works, especially the later ones, and count the number of expression marks, appended no doubt from the composer's anxiety to secure that *proprio e proposto effetto* which was ever so dear to him. Nor can other splendid features escape notice. The piquant grace of his science, especially in his *fugatos*, is particularly alluring. Not less so are the melody and harmony, whether vocal or instrumental, or such grand effects in Recitative as in "Ah, perfido!" Never was there work which, beyond its profundity and beauty, affords such constant instances of superlative effects altogether unknown until Beethoven beautified his music therewith. What wonderful Pedal points, for instance, are his! Whether ornamented or not, they stand unique in musical art—say one in the Finale of the C Minor Symphony.[1]

In several respects Beethoven modified the formal face of music, either improving existing forms or providing new ones. Thus he extended and gave considerably greater prominence to the "Introduction" of the symphony, introducing episodes in the working out, and extending the key varieties of the movements. What Bach accomplished for the *Chorale* Beethoven did for the 'Variation' form, taking a very free view of its limits, and they have had no successors in these two particular branches of music. Then, if Beethoven did not greatly re-model the *Rondo*, he studded it with such delicate, fragile embellishments as to improve its

[1] Wagner's famous Pedal note of 136 bars in the Prelude of "Das Rheingold" comes to mind here.

Beethoven's Mother

character and enhance its beauty almost out of knowledge. The *Scherzo* we owe entirely to Beethoven. He gave it that permanent place which it occupies in the sonata and symphony. Whatever may have existed before in old Italian masters in the shape of jest-like movements, whatever Haydn and Mozart may have done to animate the Minuet, no one except Beethoven found the true *Scherzo*, that strict-form, piquantly humorous, movement which affords such welcome diversion wherever it appears in his works. In Beethoven's hands also the *Coda* assumed importance. Instead of remaining a matter-of-course tail to a composition, Beethoven made it a part of the æsthetical plan of the work, with a bearing upon what had preceded it.

In numerous other ways did his genius impress art. There are, for instance, his improvements in the *tutti* and solo parts of the *Concerto*—a notable example is the Pianoforte Concerto in G (No. 4)—whereby both solo instrument and orchestra are better served and better pleased. Under Beethoven the solo instrument gets more prominence than formerly, and instead of the orchestra opening with a *tutti*, the first hearing falls to the good fortune of the solo instrument. His marvellous variety in obtaining *Accent*—sometimes anticipating, at others throwing back—or, if not this, obtaining it by syncopation —all this is Beethoven's.

It was not any serious alteration in the form of his Symphonies and Sonatas so much as the detail, temper, and work which he put into them that lifts these works so high above everything of their class, just as it is the great beauty, purity, and ingenuity of his Chamber-Music, and not any new shape which wins for it universal admiration.

He put a new face on the Overture, however. This was a poor thing until Beethoven handled it, and from Mozart's model led us up to such glorious conceptions as the *Prometheus*, *Coriolan*, *Egmont*, and *Leonora* [1] Overtures, works wherein perfect workmanship and dramatic expression reach their highest acclivity.

There is a solitary example only whereby to judge of Beethoven as an operatic composer. As a sample of the attainment of dramatic truth, combined with masterly construction and a rare grasp of human interest, it indicates what was possible even in this direction; but Beethoven's genius was more symphonic than operatic, and it would be dangerous to maintain that he was gifted with an instinct for the stage equal to that of Mozart and Wagner. It was a great step which Beethoven took in *Fidelio*, however, towards the advancement of opera as required to meet modern ideas, so that in any consideration of the development of that form of art, Beethoven's part in its expansion will always require to be remembered.

In the world of Song he accomplished much. He invented the Song Cycle, and his *Liederkreis* stand out from anything of their kind. The *Liederkreis* is a cycle, or set of songs, having the same subject—the series forming a complete work. Beethoven's op. 98, a set of six songs with words by A. Jeitteles, appears to have first introduced the *Liederkreis* in name and form. His early songs, such as "An einen Säugling," "Molly's Abschied," etc., need declaiming rather than singing; but such fine lyric settings as those to Goethe's words—ops. 75 and 83—are matchless. In George Thomson's collection of national songs he arranged some forty Scotch airs, and nearly thirty

[1] Nos. 1, 2, 3 in C, and *Fidelio* in E.

Welsh melodies. "An die Hoffnung" he wrote specially for Franz Wild: he also set "The Last Rose of Summer."

More than all, however, does Beethoven stand out as the master in whom instrumental music fulfilled its highest ideal—the composer who of all others vindicated the true spirituality of music. Neither before him nor since has there been such an exponent of thematic music—one who giving full vent to his thematic play could build a gigantic movement out of merely an "idea" of four notes—as say in the opening *Allegro* of the "Fifth" Symphony. His vast achievements as a tone-architect place him on a footing with the world's foremost men—the leader in the department in which he worked. His great enterprises—as astonishing in their wondrous detail as they are in their colossal dimensions—may be ranked with the deeds of the world's chief men of action and progress.

. . . . . .

In the Bibliography will be noticed a work, "Beethoven et ses trois Styles," which goes fully into a question—subsequently much debated—of the composer's so-called three styles, but a brief explanation of the subject here may not be undesirable. What is meant by the "three styles" is the varying character of Beethoven's music, and the three periods into which his long list of compositions either resolve themselves, or may be allocated at the will of the critic and musical analyst. Schindler and Fétis, for example, adopt this classification. To the First Period belong these works which were composed before the 'Eroica' Symphony, 1803, and in which Beethoven is clearly under the influence of, and writing as Haydn and

Mozart wrote. The works of the next ten years, *i.e.* to 1813, come under the Second Period, when he is striking out a path for himself and expressing his ideas after his own fashion and genius. This was the time of his most finished, if not most momentous work, and includes the A major Symphony, Mass in C, *Fidelio*, the *Egmont* music, two Sextets, "Variations for the Pianoforte," etc.—broader, stronger, deeper coloured, and more beautiful work than preceded it. To the Third Period belong the scores of the last thirteen years of Beethoven's life. The works of this closing period, while being tinctured with a peculiar mysticism and unearthly sentiment, are the profoundest that came from his pen, and include the 'Ninth' Symphony, the Mass in D, the last Quartets and Sonatas. These were the outpourings of the saddest, darkest years of Beethoven's life, when more than one cruel disease had made sad havoc with his body, and his mind had become disarranged with long-continued worry and disappointment. They have been pronounced "obscure," "abstruse," "capricious," "meaningless" and "aimless," "difficult to play and to understand," "perversely extravagant," all of which epithets are as undeserved as they are reckless and misleading. These maturest works are admittedly *extreme* in their diction and meaning, but they are surely something more than the well-intentioned efforts of a constitution broken down physically and mentally. Beethoven's impaired health had not impaired his muse, and if his physical powers were on the wane, we have proof here that his spiritual capacity was growing more magnificent. Fortunately, almost a century of years has broadened men's minds and comprehension in matters of musical

Beethoven's "Three Styles"

art, as in everything else, so that to-day the efforts of those who have devoted themselves to the elucidating and familiarizing of Beethoven's later writings have been rewarded by an almost universal acceptance of the master's every thought and idea. It is now pretty generally accepted that however deep and seemingly inexplicable these works are, they yet abound in more than the average intellect can wholly perceive and bring out. This lies chiefly in their psychological import and emotional intent. Technically, the works can be rendered almost perfectly—far better, certainly, than Beethoven ever heard them; but the best performances always leave something to be desired, and this is the full poetic justice as intended by Beethoven. We may hear a Beethoven symphony performed and receive impressions, but these are never twice alike, nor are they identical in any two individuals; and the question arises, therefore, whether there is not still more in Beethoven than we have dreamed of in all our philosophy. Here and there Beethoven named a work, but these instances are very rare. What a world of enquiries yet remains unfathomed, therefore, in each one of his thousands of subjects and episodes!

Beyond doubt Beethoven saw in music a constitution and nature entirely different from that of poetic or plastic art—opening a path for Schopenhauer's spirit and reasoning. The philosopher determined it imperative to recognise in *music itself an idea of the world*, since whoever could completely elucidate music, or rather translate it into rational concepts, would at the same time have produced a philosophy explaining the world.[1] This is what Beethoven realized. Like Wagner, he thoroughly compre-

[1] *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung.*

hended the proper position of music with reference to the other fine arts.

That the whole world of music makers and music lovers has benefited mightily by Beethoven will be readily conceived. To fully discover how many composers have been influenced by him, too, would be almost startling. Among the prominent men, one at least—Mendelssohn—stands, beyond doubt, indebted, since his system of orchestration is based upon Beethoven's; while he is incontestably under obligation to the Bonn master for not a little of his "style." Not a few passages in Schubert's music show the strong influence which Beethoven exercised over him—a notable instance being the slow movement of the Duet for the Pianoforte in C, op. 40. Wagner would never have been Wagner without Beethoven, and it is extremely doubtful whether, but for being inspired on hearing the 'Ninth' Symphony, he would ever have written the *Eine Faust* Overture or other orchestral works. It was the high ideal of Beethoven's music, too, which Wagner claimed for the realisation of his dreams of a national opera. Weber, Spohr, Schumann, Lachner, Brahms, Raff, Rubinstein, and a host of others have followed and imitated Beethoven; yet all their combined efforts have not resulted in the extension or improvement of the forms of music as he left them, nor has any one of his successors said anything so good and fresh as he said it.

Followers

Appendix A

BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE Beethoven bibliography as might be supposed is most voluminous—comprising books of biography, critical and analytical deductions, letters, catalogues and more or less extensive articles on every possible aspect of the man and his works—the whole amounting to a literature which for extent is equalled in the case of no other composer and is only approached in the instance of Wagner. Not a history of music has been written since Beethoven's day without a large share of the space being devoted to him. No other great tone-poet has provided so fertile a subject for the pens of those who delight to narrate the lives and distinguish the artistic characteristics and mannerisms of these saviours of our somewhat defective race, as has Beethoven and his environment. And men and women will go on writing and pondering about this sun of the musical firmament down to the end of time. It is impossible to conceive that it can be otherwise, just as it is impracticable to determine that he can ever be dethroned from his high musical state. The study of music as it is found in Beethoven supplies us in itself with a life-long task: to accomplish this, and then to do as the glorious Bonn master has done with the view to surpass him —surely for such a labour seven life-times are needed, even if Nature has not closed the womb that gave us the Cyclops and the giants of intellect and art. On this account, if on no other, it may safely be predicted that for many and many an age to come every *littérateur* touching music with his pen will find in the scores and personality of Beethoven an absorbing-

inexhaustible subject which will command a ready interest for almost everyone—cultivated sufficiently to understand it—of whatever age it may be the good fortune of these labourers of the pen to serve and instruct.

The following list contains the more important of the biographical and critical writings relating to Beethoven. Of this collection the place of precedence must be assigned, unquestionably, to the "Life" of the master by A. W. Thayer—an American who sedulously applied himself to the task of giving the world an adequate account of the great composer's career. The work was written in English, but a German edition under the title *Ludwig van Beethoven's Leben* was issued in Berlin in order to court German criticism. It extends to three volumes bringing the "Life" down to the year 1816; but, unhappily, the untimely death of the author prevented the completion of the work, so that eleven years of Beethoven's career remain untold therein. Another remarkable work emanates strangely enough from the pen of a Russian lover of music—Lenz, who wrote *Beethoven et ses trois styles.* A great deal is said concerning the division of the compositions of Beethoven into three periods. The idea was not a new one however. Most musical critics and analysts have a passion for divisioning whichever master and his music they undertake to expatiate upon, and Lenz's reasonings are, in this respect, no more than an elaboration of an idea that was first essayed by Fétis in his *Biographie Universelle* article on Beethoven. Lenz's work brought a rejoinder—namely Oulibicheff's *Beethoven, ses critiques et ses glossateurs.* The former author in lauding Beethoven went out of his way to blame the latter for his inability to appreciate Beethoven's perfected style. Only a volume would do to hurl at the head of 'Bruin,' and this was the work referred to. The effort proved too much, however, and appears to have hastened Oulibicheff's death. Anyhow he died the year after his volume had left the press.

Here it is just and right to refer to Sir George Grove's writings on Beethoven. Space forbids reference in detail to his invaluable notes and annotations in the Crystal Palace Concert programmes for so many years past; but it would,

indeed, be difficult to say too much, or to praise too highly his admirable article on Beethoven appearing in the initial volume of the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." Until the appearance of that article there was nothing in the English language which, in the same compass, supplied us with an equally authoritative, detailed, step by step life of the master. Fortified with a thorough knowledge of the Beethoven music and literature, and second to no one in his admiration of the master, the distinguished author was enabled to bring to bear upon the article an appreciative power and influence possible, we believe, in the case of no other native writer. With the *errata* (which still needs some few additions) to be found in the Appendix to the work this article is altogether admirable. Nor, among leading books must be omitted the same writer's "Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies"—in which these wonderful works, "as great in their own line as Shakespeare's plays," are analysed and a vast amount of erroneous editorial garble which had got attached to them has been sliced away, we trust, for ever. Apart from its great critical value the volume teems with notes, data, reminiscences and anecdotes. "Beethoven depicted by his contemporaries" (Ludwig Nohl) is a notable book. This has been translated from the German by Emily Hill; and it can be safely said of it that, next to Sir George Grove's writings, no other work exists from which so clear an idea of Beethoven's personality can be obtained. In it we can trace Beethoven's career from the cradle to the grave. Another important book is Wagner's *Beethoven*, translated by Edward Dannreuther. This was a contribution to the celebration of the Centenary of Beethoven's birth.

Teetgen's high sounding work is more startling than valuable. Moscheles' "Life" is little more than a translation of Schindler's work; but the other writings cited in this bibliographical sketch are all more or less valuable and essential to any worker desiring a thorough acquaintance with Beethoven. Wagner has written extensively upon Beethoven. Among his literary remains published in nine volumes (Leipsic, 1871) much valuable material will be found relating to Beethoven. One of the best short sketches of Beethoven's career,

in our own language, is the article in Chambers' *Encyclopædia*. H. A. Rudall's biography in the "Great Musicians" series is also a good sketch. Another valuable contribution to the literature of the genius is the article on Thayer's *Beethoven* published in Francis Hueffer's "Musical Studies."[1] The dates of the books show the order of their production.

Work	Author	Date
Biographische Notizen über L. van Beethoven	Wegeler-Ries	Coblentz, 1838, 8vo
Biographie von L. van Beethoven	Schindler	Münster, 1840, 1 vol. 8vo
Life of Beethoven	Moscheles	London, 1841, 2 vols. 8vo
L. v. Beethoven's Leben	Thayer	Berlin, 1866-72-79, 3 vols. 8vo
Skizzenbuchs von Beethoven	Nottebohm	Leipzig, 1855-1863, 1882, 8vo
Beethoveniana	,,	Leipzig, 1872-1887, 8vo
,, 2nd Series	,,	,, 1875-1879
Beethoven Studien	,,	
Beethoven ("Biographie Universelle des Musiciens")	Fétis	Brussels, 1835-1844 8 vols. 8vo
Beethoven et ses trois styles	Lenz	St Petersburg, 1852, 2 vols. 8vo
Beethoven, ses critiques et ses glossateurs	Oulibicheff	Paris, 1857, 8vo
Beethoven nach den Schilderungen seiner Zeitgenossen	Nohl (translated by Hill, 1880)	,, 1877, 8vo
Beethoven	Wagner (translated by Dannreuther, 1880)	Leipzig, 1870
Beethoven's Symphonies critically and sympathetically discussed	Teetgen	London, 1879

[1] Messrs A. & C. Black, 1880.

Appendix A

Work	Author	Date
Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies	Grove	London, 1896, 8vo
Beethoven ("Lexikon")	Mendel	
Eine Pilgerfahrt zu Beethoven	Wagner	Leipzig, 1871
Beethoven	Barnard	,, 1871
Briefe Beethovens	Nohl	Stuttgart, 1865
Beethoven (Article in "Dictionary of Music and Musicians")	Grove	London, 1879-89, 4 vols. 8vo
"Letters" (from the Collections of Dr L. Nohl, and Köchel), 1790-1826	Wallace	London, 1866, 2 vols. 8vo
"Beethoven Pianoforte Sonatas explained for the lovers of Musical Art"	Elterlein-Hill	Leipzig, 1856 / London, 1879 8vo
The Two Beethovens	Riehl, W. R.	Pamphlets
Beethoven: ein Kunst-studie	Lenz	Cassel, 1855-60, 5 vols. 8vo
Beethoven: a Memoir	Graeme	1870
L. van Beethoven	Wasielewski	Berlin, 1888, 2 vols.
Bericht über die Aufführung der neunten Symphonie von Beethoven im Jahre 1846	Wagner	Leipzig, 1871
Neue Beethoveniana	Frimmel	Vienna, 1888-1890
Zweite Beethoveniana	Rieter-Biedermann	,, 1887
Beethoven: Some Thoughts on the Man and his Genius	Bennett	London, 1892
L. van Beethoven. Leben und Schaffen	Marx	Berlin, 1863, 2 vols. 8vo
Chronologisches Verzeichniss der Werke L. van Beethoven's	Thayer	Berlin, 1865
Beethoven's Leben	Nohl	,, 1867, 3 vols
Beethoven, Sa Vie et ses Œuvres	Barbedette	,, 1870

Work	Author	Date
Beethoven: A Memoir	Towers	
Beethoven's Studien		
Die Beethoven Feier	Nohl	Vienna, 1871
Neue Briefe Beethovens nebst einigen ungedruckten Gelegenheite compositionem	Nohl	Stuttgart, 1867, 8vo
Beethoven in Paris	Schindler	1842
Beethoven, Thematic Catalogue of the works of	Nottebohm	Leipzig, 1868
Briefe Beethovens	Kockel	Vienna, 1865
"Aus dem Schwarzspanierhaus"	Breuning, G. van	,, 1874

In addition to the writings mentioned the British Museum Catalogue contains the following list of works bearing upon Beethoven and his compositions :—

Work	Author	Date
Biographische Skizze	La Mara	Leipzig, 1870
,, ,,	Hiller, F.	
Biographical Notice	Maltitz, G. A.	Leipzig, 1855
Détails Biographiques	Anders, G. E.	Paris, 1839
Biography	Ball, T. H.	London, 1864
L. van Beethoven: Sa Vie et ses Œuvres	Audley, A.	Paris, 1867
Lebensbild	Buchner, W.	Lahr, 1870
Erinnerungen	Breuning, G. van	Vienna and Leipzig, 1874
Lebensbild	Jahn, C. F.	Elbing, 1870
Beitrag zur Säcular—Feier des . . . Tondichters L. v. B.	Evels, F. W.	Bonn, 1870
Études de Beethoven	Fétis	Paris, 1833
The Mount of Olives	Smart	Liverpool, 1814
Hundertjährige Gedächtnessfeier	Graedener, G. P.	Hamburg, 1871

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Work	Author	Date
L. v. Beethoven's Studien in Generalbasse, Contrapunto, etc.	Seyfried	Vienna, 1832
Biography	Clément	Paris, 1882
,,	Gerhard	1892
,,	Mastrigli	1886
,,	Mensch, G.	Leipzig, 1871
,,	Muelbrecht, O.	,, 1866
,,	Niedergesaess, R.	Vienna, 1881
,,	Ortlepp, E.	Leipzig, 1836
,,	Polko, E.	
,,	Pompery, E.	Paris, 1865
,,	Rees, C. F. van	Deventer, 1882
,,	Rio, F. del	Leipzig, 1875
,,	Roger, L.	Paris, 1864
,,	Sauzay, E.	,, 1861
Egmont	Goethe	1863
Drei und achtzig neu aufgefundene Original-Briefe	,,	Vienna, 1865
Briefe Beethovens	,,	Stuttgart, 1865
Neue Briefe Beethovens	,,	,, 1867
Beethoven's Brevier	,,	Leipzig, 1870
Briefe von Beethoven an Marie Gräfin Erdödy	,,	,, 1867
"Fidelio"	Berwin	,, 1886

Other authors upon Beethoven and his works appearing in this Catalogue are Wagner (F.), Bischoff, Deiters, Virchow, Schlösser, Waldersee, Rudall, Tengen, Scheelund, Holtzendorff, etc., etc.

Much relating to Beethoven has appeared as might be expected in such continental musical journals as the *Deutsche Musiker Zeitung, Neue Zeitschrift für Musik, Allgemeine Musikalisches Zeitung* ; and also in some of the French papers devoted to the art. So far as Great Britain is concerned, however, no journal has published such valuable contributions on our subject as the *Monthly Musical Record.* These articles are

so valuable and many-sided that no apology is needed for supplying a list of them—from the start of the paper up to the present time :—

Work	Author	Date
Beethoven's Trio, Op. 97	Lt. H. W. L. Hime, R. A.	June 1871
,, Symphonies	H. Berlioz	Aug., Oct. and Nov. 1871 ; Jan. and Feb. 1872
,, Festival at Bonn		Oct. 1871, July 1890, July 1893
,, The Text of	Dannreuther	Dec. 1872
,, ,, Notes on	,,	Jan. and April 1873
,, Eroica Symphony	R. Wagner	May 1873
,, Overture to "Coriolanus"	,,	July 1873
,, Variations in A Flat from Sonata, Op. 26		,, ,,
,, Instrumentation, Wagner on		April and May 1874
,, Last Days	F. Hiller	June 1874
,, What the Paris Conservatoire thought of		Nov. 1874
,, A Pilgrimage to	R. Wagner	May, June and July 1875
,, Depicted by his Contemporaries		May 1877
,, Death	Ludwig Nohl	Oct. 1878
,, Eighth Symphony. Tempo di Menuetto in	A. Manns	Jan. 1878

Appendix A

Work	Author	Date
Beethoven's Sketchbooks by Gustav Nottebohm	J. S. Shedlock	March, April and June 1883
,, A New Composition of (Lobkowitz Cantata)	Dr F. Nohl	Feb. 1882
,, As a Humorist	J. Verey	,, 1887
,, Sonatas, a New Edition of	Niecks	Nov. 1887
,, Pianoforte Variations	,,	Feb., March, April and May 1889
,, Sonatas for Violin and Piano	,,	July, August and September 1890
,, and Cramer		July 1893
,, Pianoforte Sonatas		March 1893
,, ,,	Reinecke	July to Dec. 1896
,, ,,		Jan. to May, Aug., Oct. and Dec. 1897; March, May and Aug. 1898
,, Some remarks by, regarding the performance of his works	E van der Straeten	April 1897
,, and his Symphonies		June 1896
,, and Marie Bigot		April 1896
,, Pianoforte Sonatas	J. S. S.	Dec. 1898
Beethoveniana	J. B. K.	May 1888

Nor have the pages of the leading magazines of several years past been closed to accounts of the master and his music. Some of the most valuable of these contributions will be found in the following periodicals, not a few of which, by-

the-bye, have unhappily been unable to survive the change of fashion and burden of increased competition which have stepped in upon periodical literature this last half of the Victorian era :—

Musical Times. Beethoven Number, 1892.
Harmonicon, 1823-1833.
Musical World, 1836.
Westminster Review, 1839, vol. 32.
Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, 1840, vol. 62.
Boston Quarterly Review, 1840.
Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, 1841, 1858.
North American Review, 1841, vol. 53.
Bentley's Miscellany, 1847.
Atlantic Monthly, 1858.
Journal of Speculative Philosophy, 1868.
Contemporary Review, 1866.
Appleton's Journal, 1870.
Argosy, 1870.
Orchestra, 1863-1882.
British Quarterly Review, 1871.
Fortnightly Review, 1872.
Edinburgh Review, 1873, vol. 138.
Macmillan's Magazine, 1876, vol. 34.

Here, perhaps, is a fit place to lay before the reader a few extracts from contemporary journalism bearing upon the closing scenes in Beethoven's life. These admittedly throw little fresh light upon our subject, but in the case of any great man, and in this instance Beethoven in particular, it is always well to know how the press of his period have regarded his decease. The following extract appeared in the *Austrian Observer* of March 22nd, 1827, and was reproduced in the *Times* of April 5th, 1827 :—

CASE OF BEETHOVEN.

"Vienna, March 21st. Poor Beethoven has now been suffering for these four months under a very tedious and painful disorder, namely, the dropsy, which, if it does not threaten his life, may for a long time check the exertions of his active mind. The melancholy situation of this highly esteemed composer was scarcely known in London, when one of his warmest friends and admirers, M. Moschelles (*sic*) hastened to lay the case before the Philharmonic Society, which unanimously resolved at a very numerous meeting, to afford

him, not only for the moment but in future, all the assistance of which he might stand in need. In consequence of this resolution, the Society transmitted to Mr Beethoven, through the house of Rothschild, the sum of 1000 florins (convention money), with the intimation to spare nothing that might contribute to restore him to his health, and enable him to resume his exertion in the cultivation of his art. It is difficult to describe the deep emotion with which Beethoven received the information of this generous action; and if his worthy friends in London could have been witnesses of it, they would have felt themselves amply recompensed for their considerate liberality. With respect to medical advice, Beethoven is in the best hands. The persons who are the most constantly about him are his early friend, the Imperial Aulic Counsellor, Von *Bremming* (*sic*) (? Breuning) and Mr von Schindler, leader of the band, who has been for many years his tried and constant friend, and who regards no personal inconvenience when he can be of service to him. May Heaven be pleased long to preserve to us and the musical world in general this unequalled composer."

The following are further extracts from the same journal at the time :—

"The German papers which arrived last night, mention that the celebrated composer, Beethoven, died at Vienna on the 27th ult., at six o'clock in the evening. The loss to the musical world is irreparable, and will be heard with universal regret."—*Times*, *April 9th*, 1827.

"'Philharmonic'" in a letter to the Editor remarks :—'I cannot help feeling much surprise that the Emperor of Austria, who professes to be such a patron of music, could have allowed this accomplished veteran to be lingering in misery at Vienna, without affording every possible assistance and comfort to him.'"—*Times*, *April 18th*, 1827.

"The file of carriages at the funeral of Beethoven, at Vienna, was said to be endless. A little more attention to him on the part of the owners, while living, would have been more to the purpose."—*Times*, *April 19th*, 1827.

"Vienna, April 2. Beethoven terminated his earthly career on Tuesday, the 26th ult., at a quarter before six in the

evening. A violent thunderstorm, accompanied by lightning and hail, occurred during the time he was breathing his last. On the morning of the 24th, when the feebleness increased to such a degree, that he himself was sensible that his sufferings were rapidly approaching their termination, he requested when he should be no more, that his warmest thanks should be conveyed to the Philharmonic Society, and to the whole English nation for the attention shown him during his life, and more especially towards its close. His place of interment is at Wahring, a village situated a short distance from Vienna, where his remains repose near those of the lamented Lord Ingestre. The Philharmonic Society has already had information respecting the donation of £100, which was so liberally sent him, but which, not being required for the service of the deceased, will be again at the disposition of its members, who will, no doubt, appropriate it in some noble manner worthy of the English nation. The executors have defrayed his funeral expenses out of the above sum, subject, however, to repayment. They could not otherwise have conducted his interment in a manner suitable to so distinguished a man without disposing of one of the seven bank actions which constitute the whole of his property. The value of the actions here mentioned, which are of the bank at Vienna, is about £1000 sterling, and some surprise has been expressed that Beethoven, being in possession of so large a sum, should have appealed to the sympathy of a foreign nation. Those intimately acquainted with him, however, and who know his habitual indifference and neglect of money matters, are of opinion that the fact had entirely escaped his recollection. Beethoven was never married, and his property devolves upon his nephew and sole heir."—*Times, April 20th*, 1827.

This reference was made in the *Annual Register* for 1827 :—". . . he was induced in 1809 to accept an offer from the new Westphalian Court of Jerome Buonaparte, of the situation of Maestro di Capella. Fortunately, however, for the honour of Vienna and of Austria, the Archduke Rodolph, and the princes Lobkowitz and Kinsky, induced him to rescind his determination. In the most delicate manner those princes had an instrument drawn up, by which they settled upon

Appendix A

Beethoven an annuity of 4000 florins, with no other condition, than that, as long as he should enjoy it, he must reside at Vienna, or in some other part of the Austrian dominions, not being allowed to visit foreign countries, unless by the express consent of his patrons. Notwithstanding this income, the latter period of Beethoven's life was passed in penury; and early in the present year a subscription was raised for his benefit in this country. Beethoven had received a regular classical education; Homer and Plutarch were his great favourites among the ancients; and of the native poets Schiller and Goethe (who was his personal friend), he preferred to all others. For a considerable time he applied to more abstruse subjects, such as Kant's Philosophy, etc. Although Beethoven was allowed to languish and expire in poverty, his remains were honoured with a splendid and ostentatious funeral."

Appendix B

LIST OF THE PUBLISHED WORKS OF BEETHOVEN

FOUNDED ON NOTTEBOHM'S THEMATIC CATALOGUE, ETC.

No. of Opus	Composition	Instruments, etc.	Key	Date
1	3 Trios	Pianoforte, violin and 'cello	E♭, G and C minor	Composed before April 1795
2	3 Sonatas	Pianoforte	F minor, A and C	Published 9th March 1796
3	Trio	Violin, viola and 'cello	E♭	Composed before 1793 (? 1792)
4	Quintet	2 violins, 2 violas and 'cello	E♭	Published 8th February 1797
5	2 Sonatas	Pianoforte and 'cello	F and G minor	Published 1797
6	Sonata	Pianoforte (4 hands)	D	Published 1797
7	Sonata	Pianoforte	E♭	Published 7th October 1797
8	Serenade	Violin, viola and 'cello	D	Published 7th October 1797
9	3 Trios	Violin, viola and 'cello	G, D and C minor	Published 21st July 1798

10	3 Sonatas	Pianoforte	C minor, F and D	Composed before 7th July 1798
11	Trio	Pianoforte, clarinet (or violin) and 'cello	B♭	Published 3rd October 1798
12	3 Sonatas	Pianoforte and violin	D, A and E♭	Published before 12th January 1797
13	Sonata ("Pathétique")	Pianoforte	C minor	Published 1799
14	2 Sonatas	Pianoforte	E, G	Published 21st December 1799
15	Concerto (No. 1)	Pianoforte and orchestra	C	Composed about 1795; published March 1801
16	Quintet	Pianoforte, oboe, clarinet and bassoon	E♭	Composed before 6th April 1797
17	Sonata	Pianoforte and horn (or 'cello)	F	Composed before 18th April 1800
18	6 Quartets	2 violins, viola and 'cello	F, G, D, C minor, A and B♭	Nos. 1 and 6 composed 1800; published 1801
19	Concerto (No. 2)	Pianoforte and orchestra	B♭	Composed before 29th March 1795
20	Septet	Violin, viola, horn, clarinet, bassoon, 'cello and contrabass	E♭	Composed before 2nd April 1800; published 1802
21	Symphony (No. 1)	Orchestra	C	Composed before 2nd April 1800
22	Sonata	Pianoforte	B♭	Composed before end of 1800; published 1802
23	Sonata	Pianoforte and violin	A minor	Composed 1800; published 28th October 1801

No. of Opus	Composition	Instruments, etc	Key	Date
24	Sonata	Pianoforte and violin	F	Composed 1800; published 28th October 1801
25	Serenade	Flute, violin and viola	D	Composed before 1802
26	Sonata	Pianoforte	A♭	Published 3rd March 1802
27	2 Sonatas—(No. 2. The "Moonlight")	Pianoforte	E♭ and C♯ minor	Published 3rd March 1802
28	Sonata ("Pastoral")	Pianoforte	D	Composed 1801
29	Quintet	2 violins, viola and 'cello	C	Composed 1801; published December 1801
30	3 Sonatas	Pianoforte	A, C minor and G	Composed 1802
31	3 Sonatas	Pianoforte	G, D minor, and E♭	Nos. 1 and 2 composed 1802; No. 3 published 1804
32	Song ("An die Hoffnung")	Voice and pianoforte	E♭	Composed before 18th September 1805
33	7 Bagatelles	Pianoforte	E♭, C, F, A, C, D and F minor	Composed 1782-1802
34	6 Variations	Pianoforte	F	Composed end of 1802; published 1803
35	Variations and Fugue (on a Theme from the Ballet of "Prometheus")	Pianoforte	E♭	Composed 1802

36	Symphony (No. 2)	Orchestra	D	Composed before end of 1802
37	Concerto (No. 3)	Orchestra and pianoforte	C minor	Composed 1800; published November 1804
38	Trio (From Septet, Op. 20)	Pianoforte, clarinet, (or violin), and 'cello	E♭	Commenced 1802; published January 1805
39	2 Preludes (in all the major keys)	Pianoforte or organ		Composed 1789 (?); published 1803
40	Romance	Violin and orchestra	G	Composed 1803
41	Serenade (from Serenade, Op. 25)	Pianoforte and flute (or violin)	D	Published 1803
42	Nocturne (from Serenade, Op. 8)	Pianoforte and viola	D	Published 1804
43	Ballet ("The Men of Prometheus")	Orchestra (overture and 16 movements)	Various	Composed before 28th March 1801; complete work published June 1801 (pianoforte arrangement)
44	14 Variations	Pianoforte, violin, and 'cello	E♭	Composed end of 1803; published 1804
45	3 Marches	Pianoforte (4 hands)	C, E♭, D	Published March 1804
46	Cantata ("Adelaide")	Soprano and pianoforte	B♭	Published February 1797
47	Sonata ("Kreutzer")	Pianoforte and violin	A	Composed 1802
48	6 Songs (Bitten: Die Liebe des Nächsten, Vom Tode die ehre Gottes, Gottes Macht, and Busslied)	Soprano and pianoforte	Various	Published 1803

No. of Opus	Composition	Instruments, etc.	Key	Date
49	2 Easy Sonatas	Pianoforte	G minor, G major	Composed not later than 1709; published 19th January 1805
50	Romance	Violin and orchestra	F	Published May 1805
51	2 Rondos	Pianoforte	C, G	No. 1 published 1797 No. 2 published September 1802
52	8 Songs (Urians Reise um die Welt, Feuerfab, Das Liedchen vor der Ruhe, Mailied, Molly's Abschied, Die Liebe, Marmotte, Das Blümchen Wunderhold)	Soprano and pianoforte	Various	Composed very early (? 1792); published 1805
53	Sonata ("Waldstein")	Pianoforte	C	Composed 1804 (?); published May 1805
54	Sonata	Pianoforte	F	Published April 1806
55	Symphony (No. 3 "Eroica")	Orchestra	E♭	Composed August 1804 or 1805; published October 1806
56	Concerto ("Triple")	Pianoforte, violin, and 'cello, with orchestra	C	Composed 1804; published 1st July 1807
57	Sonata ("Appassionata")	Pianoforte	F minor	Composed 1804; published 18th February 1807

58	Concerto (No. 4)	Pianoforte and orchestra	G	Composed 1805; published August 1808
59	3 Quartets ("Rasoumowsky")	2 violins, viola and 'cello	F, E minor, C	Composed 1806-1807
60	Symphony (No. 4)	Orchestra	B♭	Composed 1806
61	Concerto	Violin and orchestra	D	Composed 1806
62	Overture ("Coriolan")	Orchestra	C minor	Finished 1807
63	(*Opus No.* 4 arranged as a Sonata)	Pianoforte, violin and 'cello	E♭	
64	*Opus No.* 3 arranged for	Pianoforte and 'cello		
65	Scena and Aria ("Ah! Perfido")	Soprano and orchestra		Composed 1796; published 1805
66	12 Variations (on "Ein Mädchen" from "Die Zauberflöte")	Pianoforte and 'cello	F	Published September 1798
67	Symphony (No. 5)	Orchestra	C minor	Composed 1805-1807; 1st produced in Vienna, 22nd December 1808
68	Symphony No. 6 ("Pastoral")	Orchestra	F	Composed before December 1808; published about 1809
69	Sonata	Pianoforte and 'cello	A	Published April 1809
70	2 Trios	Pianoforte, violin and 'cello	D, E♭	Finished end of 1808
71	Sextet	2 clarinets, 2 horns, and 2 bassoons	E♭	Composed at an early date (? 1796); published January 1810
72*a*	Opera ("Leonora") (1st and 2nd parts)			Commenced 1803; produced 1805; reproduced 1806, 1814

No. of Opus	Composition	Instruments, etc.	Key	Date
72*b*	Opera ("Fidelio") (3rd part of "Leonora")			
73	Concerto (No. 5)	Pianoforte and orchestra	E♭	Composed 1809; published May 1811
74	Quartet	2 violins, viola and 'cello	E♭	Composed 1809; published December 1810
75	Six Songs (Mignon, Neue Liebe, Es war einmal ein König. Gretel's Warnung, An die fernen Geliebten, Der Zufriedene)	Soprano and pianoforte	Various	No. 1 composed May 1810; No. 4 before 1798; all published in December 1810
76	Variations	Pianoforte	D	Composed not later than 1809; published December 1810
77	Fantasia	Pianoforte	G minor	Published December 1810
78	Sonata	Pianoforte	F♯	Composed October 1809; published December 1810
79	Sonatina	Pianoforte	G	Composed circa 1808; published December 1810

80	Fantasia	Pianoforte, chorus and orchestra	C minor	Produced 22nd December 1808; published 1811
81*a*	Sonata (Lebewohl, Abwesenheit and Wiedersehen)	Pianoforte	E♭	1st movement composed 1809; 2nd and 3rd movement composed 1810
81*b*	Sextet	2 violins, viola, 'cello and 2 horns, obligato	E♭	Published 1810
82	4 Ariettas and Duet (Hoffnung, Liebes Klage, Che fa (buffa); do. (assai seriosa), Lebens genuss)	Soprano and pianoforte	Various	Composed 1809 (?); published 1811, May
83	3 Songs (Trocknet nicht, Was zieht mir, Kleine Blumen)	Soprano and pianoforte	Various	Composed 1810; pub- Nov. 11th, 1811
84	Music to "Egmont"		Various	Composed 1810; first produced 24th May 1810
85	Christus am Oelberge ("Mount of Olives")	Soprano, tenor, and bass, with chorus and orchestra	Various	Composed 1800; first produced 5th April 1803
86	Mass	Soprano, alto, tenor and bass, with chorus and orchestra	C	Finished September 1807; published November 1812
87	Trio	2 oboes and English horn (afterwards for 2 violins and viola)	C	Composed 1794, (circa); published April 1806

No. of Opus	Composition	Instruments, etc.	Key	Date
88	Song (Das Glück der Freundschaft)	Soprano and pianoforte	A	Published 1803
89	Polonaise	Pianoforte	C	Composed 1814 (?)
90	Sonata	Pianoforte	E minor	Composed 16th August 1814
91	"Wellington's Victory," or Battle of Vittoria	Orchestra	Various	Composed 1813; published March 1816
92	Symphony (No. 7)	Orchestra	A	Composed 13th May 1812; published 21st December 1816
93	Symphony (No. 8)	Orchestra	F	Composed October 1812; published 1816
94	Song (An die Hoffnung)	Soprano and pianoforte		Composed 1813 (?); published April 1816
95	Quartet	2 violins, viola and 'cello	F minor	Composed October 1810
96	Sonata	Pianoforte and violin	G	Composed 1812-1813
97	Trio	Pianoforte, violin and 'cello	B♭	Composed 3rd March 1811
98	Set of 6 songs	Soprano and pianoforte	Various	Composed April 1816
99	Song (Der Mann von Wort)	Soprano and pianoforte	G	Composed 1816; published November 1816
100	Duet (Merkenstein)	Soprano, alto and pianoforte	F	Composed 22nd December 1814; published September 1816

101	Sonata	Pianoforte	A	Composed before February 1816; published February 1817
102	2 Sonatas	Pianoforte and 'cello	C and D	Composed end of July 1815
103	Octet	2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 horns and 2 bassoons	E♭	Published 1834
104	Quintet	2 violins, 2 violas and 'cello	C minor	Composed 14th August 1817
105	6 Themes	Pianoforte solo, or with flute or violin	Various	Composed 1818-1819
106	Sonata	Pianoforte	B♭	Composed 1818; published September 1819
107	10 Themes	Pianoforte solo, or with flute or violin	Various	Composed 1818-1820
108	25 Scottish Songs	1 or 2 voices, and small chorus, with accompaniment for pianoforte, violin and 'cello	Various	Composed 1815-1816
109	Sonata	Pianoforte	E	Composed 1820; published November 1821
110	Sonata	Pianoforte	A♭	Composed 25th December 1821
111	Sonata	Pianoforte	C minor	Composed 13th January 1822
112	"Calm sea and prosperous voyage"	Soprano, alto, tenor and bass, with orchestra	D	Composed 1815
113	"The Ruins of Athens"	Chorus and orchestra	Various	Composed 1811

No. of Opus	Composition	Instruments, etc.	Key	Date
114	March and Chorus (from "Ruins of Athens")	Orchestra and chorus	E♭	Composed before 1822; published 1824
115	Overture ("Namensfeier")	Orchestra	C	Composed October 1814
116	Terzetto	Soprano, tenor and bass, with orchestra	B♭	Composed 1802; published 1806
117	Music to "King Stephen"	Orchestra	Various; overture in E♭	Composed 1811
118	Elegiac Song	Soprano, alto, tenor and bass, with 2 violins, viola and 'cello	E	Composed 1814
119	12 New Bagatelles	Pianoforte	Various	Composed 1820 (?)
120	33 Variations (on a Waltz by Diabelli)	Pianoforte	C	Composed 1823; published June 1823
121*a*	Variations	Pianoforte, violin and 'cello	G	Published 7th May 1824
121*b*	Opferlied	Soprano, chorus and orchestra	E	Composed beginning of 1823; published 1825
122	Bundeslied	Soprano and alto, with 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons and 2 horns	B♭	Composed beginning of 1822; published 1825
123	Mass (Messe Solennelle)	Soprano, alto, tenor and bass, chorus and orchestra	D	Composed 1819 (?) - 1823

124	Overture (Die Weihe des Hauses)	Orchestra	C	Composed before September 1822
125	Symphony (No. 9)	Soprano, alto, tenor and bass, with chorus and orchestra	D minor	Composed 1817-1823
126	6 Bagatelles	Pianoforte	G, G minor, E♭, B minor, G, E♭, E♭	Composed early in 1823
127	Quartet	2 violins, viola and 'cello	E♭	Composed 1824
128	Arietta ("Der Kuss")	Voice and pianoforte	A	Composed November or December 1822
129	Rondo a cappriccio	Pianoforte	G	Published January 1828
130	Quartet	2 violins, viola and 'cello	B♭	Composed 1825-1826
131	Quartet	2 violins, viola and 'cello	C♯ minor	Finished October 1826
132	Quartet	2 violins, viola and 'cello	A minor	Composed before November 1825; published Sept. 1827
133	Grand Fugue	2 violins, viola and 'cello	B♭	Published 10th May 1827
134	Grand Fugue	Pianoforte (4 hands)	B♭	Published 10th May 1827
135	Quartet	2 violins, viola and 'cello	F	Composed October 1826 (?); published September 1827
136	Cantata ("Der Glorreiche Augenblick")	Soprano, alto, tenor and bass, chorus and orchestra	Various	Composed 1814; published 1836
137	Fugue	2 violins, 2 violas and 'cello.	D	Composed 28th November 1817
138	Overture (Leonora, No. 1)	Orchestra	C	Composed 1805-1807

II.—COMPOSITIONS WITHOUT "OPUS" NUMBERS

A.—For Orchestra, Military and Wind Instruments

No. of Opus	Composition	Instruments, etc.	Key	Date
139	12 Minuets	Orchestra	Various	Composed before 22nd November 1795
140	12 German Dances	Orchestra	Various	Composed before 22nd November 1795
141	12 Contretänze	Orchestra	Various	Composed 1800 (?); published 1803
142	Allegretto menuetto	Orchestra	E♭	Composed November 1823
143	Triumphal March ("Tarpeia")	Orchestra	C	Composed before 26th March 1813
144	March	for military band	D	Composed 4th June 1816
145	March	for military band	F	Composed 1809
146	Rondino	2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 horns and 2 bassoons	E♭	Composed early date
147	3 Duos	Clarinet and Bassoon	C, F and B♭	Published 1815 (?)
148	Allegro con brio	Violin and orchestra	C	Composed 1800
149	Ballet Music	Orchestra	Various	Composed 1791 (?)

B.—Works for Pianoforte, with Accompaniment

150	Sonatina	Mandoline and cembals	C minor	(?)
151	Rondo	Pianoforte and orchestra	B♭	Published June 1829

152	3 Quartets	Pianoforte, violin, viola and 'cello	E♭, D and C	Composed 1783 or 1785
153	Trio	Pianoforte, violin and 'cello	E♭	Published 1830
154	Trio (in *one* movement)	Pianoforte, violin and 'cello	B♭	Composed 2nd June 1812
155	Rondo	Pianoforte or violin	G	Composed before 1794; published 1808
156	12 Variations (on "Se vuol ballare") (Figaro)	Pianoforte or violin	F	Published July 1793
157	12 Variations (on "See the Conquering Hero")	Pianoforte or 'cello	G	Published 1797
158	7 Variations ("Bei Männern")	Pianoforte and 'cello	E♭	Composed January 1802

C.—Works for Pianoforte (Four Hands)

159	Variations	Pianoforte	C	Published 1794
160	Song ("Ich denke dein") with 6 Variations	Pianoforte	D	Composed 1800; published 1805

D.—Works for Pianoforte alone

161	3 Sonatas	Pianoforte	E♭, F minor and D	Published 1783 (described, with the Dressler variations, by Beethoven as his *first* work)
162	"Easy" Sonata	Pianoforte	C	Published 1830
163	2 Sonatinas	Pianoforte	G and F	Published 1827 (doubtful if composed by Beethoven)

No. of Opus	Composition	Instruments, etc.	Key	Date
164	Rondo	Pianoforte	A	Published 1784 (?)
165	Minuet	Pianoforte	E♭	Composed 1783 (?); published January 1805
166	Prelude	Pianoforte	F minor	Composed 1785 (?); published January 1805
167	6 Minuets	Pianoforte	C, G, E♭, B♭, D and C	Published March 1796
168	7 Ländler Dances	Pianoforte	D	Composed 1799
169	6 Ländler Dances	Pianoforte	D (No. 4 in D minor)	Composed 1802
170	Andante	Pianoforte	F	Published 1804 (?)
171	Allemande	Pianoforte	G	Published 1814
172	Simple Piece (ziemlich lebhaft)	Pianoforte	B♭	Composed 14th August 1818; published 8th December 1824
173	Bagatelle ("Für Elise")	Pianoforte	A minor	
174	Andante maestoso (Letzter Gedanke)	Pianoforte	C	Composed November 1826 (?); published 1840
175	10 Cadenzes to the Pianoforte Concertos	Pianoforte	Various	Published 1836 (?)
176	9 Variations (on a March by Dressler)	Pianoforte	C minor	Composed 1780 (?); published 1783

177	24 Variations ("Vieni amore")	Pianoforte	D	Composed before 1790; published 1791
178	13 Variations ("Es war einmal ein alter Mann")	Pianoforte	A	Published before 1794
179	9 Variations (on "Quant è più bello")	Pianoforte	A	Published 30th December 1795
180	6 Variations ("Nel cor piu")	Pianoforte	G	Published 1796
181	12 Variations (on the "Minuet à la Vigano")	Pianoforte	C	Composed before 1795
182	12 Variations on a Russian Dance	Pianoforte	A	Composed before September 1796
183	6 Easy Variations on a Swiss song	Pianoforte (or Harp)	F	Published 1798
184	8 Variations ("Une fièvre brulante")	Pianoforte	C	Composed before 1798
185	10 Variations (on Theme "La Stessa")	Pianoforte	B♭	Composed before 1799
186	7 Variations ("Kind, willst du")	Pianoforte	F	Composed before 1796
187	8 Variations (Tändeln und scherzen")	Pianoforte	F	Composed before September 1799
188	6 Easy Variations on an original Theme	Pianoforte	G	Composed 1800 (?); published December 1801
189	7 Variations on "God save the King"	Pianoforte	C	Published 1804 (March)
190	5 Variations on "Rule Britannia"	Pianoforte	D	Published June 1804
191	32 Variations	Pianoforte	C minor	Composed 1806-1807

No. of Opus	Composition	Instruments, etc.	Key	Date
192	8 Variations ("Ich hab' ein Kleines Hüttchen nur")	Pianoforte	B♭	Published 1831

E.—Songs with Orchestra, Choruses, Canons

193	Solo ("Germania")	Bass voice, chorus and orchestra	B♭	First produced 11th April 1814
194	Solo ("Es ist vollbracht")	Bass voice, chorus and orchestra		First produced 15th July 1815
195	Miserere and Amplius	4 male voices and 4 trombones		Composed 1812 (?); published June 1827
196	Cantata ("Todt! Todt")	Solos, chorus, orchestra	C minor	1791
197	Song of the Monks (from "William Tell")	2 tenors and bass	C minor	Composed 3rd May 1817
198	Chorus ("O Hoffnung")			Composed early in 1818
199	Cantata	Soprano, alto, and bass and pianoforte	E♭	Composed 12th April 1823
200	Cantata ("Graf, Graf")	Voices and pianoforte	E♭	
201	Cantata ("Seiner Kaiserliche Hoheit")		C	Composed 12th January 1820
202	Cantata (4 bars) ("Glaube und hoffe")		B♭	Composed 21st September 1819
203	Melodram ("Du dem sie gewunden")	Harmonica and speaking voice	D	Composed 1814

204	Canon ("In arm der Liebe")	3 voices	F	Composed 1795 (?)
205	Canon ("Ta, ta, lieber mälzel")	4 voices	B♭	Composed 1812 (?)
206	Canon ("Kurz ist der Schmerz")	3 voices	F minor	Composed 23rd November 1813
207	Canon ("Kurz ist der Schmerz")	3 voices	F	Composed 3rd March 1815
208	Canon ("Rede, rede")	3 voices	F	Composed 24th January 1816
209	Canon ("Lerne, lerne, Schweigen")	Puzzle Canon	F	Composed end of 1815 (?)
210	Canon ("Glück, glück, zum neuen Jahr")	3 voices	F	Composed December 1819
211	Canon ("Alles Gute")	4 voices	C	Composed 1st January 1820
212	Canon ("Hoffmann, Hoffmann")	2 voices	C	Composed 1820 (?)
213	Canon ("O Tobias")	3 voices	D minor	Composed 10th September 1821
214	Canon ("Edel sei der Mensch")	6 voices	E	Composed 1823 (?)
215	Canon ("Schwenke dich")	4 voices	F	Composed 7th November 1824
216	Canon ("Kühl, nicht lau")	3 voices	B♭	Composed September 1825
217	Canon ("Signor abate")	3 voices	G minor	
218	Canon ("Ewig dein")	3 voices	C	Published 1863 (?)
219	Canon ("Ich bitt dich")	3 voices	E♭	(?)

No. of Opus	Composition	Instruments, etc.	Key	Date
220	Canon ("Glück zum neuen Jahr")	4 (free)	E♭	Published May 1816
221	Canon ("Si non per portas")	Puzzle Canon	F	Composed September 1825
222	Canon (Souvenir pour Mons. Boyer)		A	Composed 3rd August 1825
	F.—Volkslieder, for One or more Voices and Small Chorus, with Pianoforte, Violin and 'Cello Accompaniment			
223	25 Irish Songs		Various	Published 1814-1816 (?)
224	20 Irish Songs		Various	Composed 1815
225	12 Irish Songs		Various	Published 1814 (?)
226	26 Welsh Songs		Various	Composed 1812-1814; published 1817
227	12 Scottish Songs		Various	Published 1841
228	12 Songs (various nationality)		Various	Composed May 1815 (?)
	G.—Solo Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment			
229	Song ("Schilderung eines Mädchens")		G	Composed 1781 (?)
230	Song ("An einen Säuling")		A	Published 1784
231	Song ("Keine Klage")		G	Published 19th November 1796

Appendix B

232	Austrian War Song	C	Published 14th April 1797
233	Song ("Der freie Mann")	C	Composed not later than 1790
234	Opferlied	E	Composed not later than 1795
235	Song ("Zärtliche Liebe")	G	Published 1803
236	Song ("Der Abschied")	A	Composed not later than 1798
237	Song ("Der Wachtelschlag")	F	Composed 1799 (?)
238	Song ("Als die Geliebte")	E♭	Published 22nd November 1809
239	Arietta ("In questa tomba")	A♭	Composed 1807 (?)
240	Song ("Andenken")	D	Published May 1810
241	4 Settings of Air "Sehnsucht"	Nos. 1, 2 and 4 in G minor, No. 3 in B♭	Published 1808-1810
242	Song ("Lied aus der Ferne")	B♭	Composed 1809
243	Song ("Der Liebende")	D	Published 1810
244	Song ("Der Jüngling in der Fremde")	B♭	Published 1810 July (?)
245	Song ("Des Kriegers abschied")	E♭	Composed 1814
246	Song "Sehnsucht"	E	End of 1815 to 1816
247	2 Songs ("An die Geliebte")	D	Composed December 1811-1812; published 12th July 1814

No. of Opus	Composition	Instruments, etc.	Key	Date
248	Bass Song ("Der Bardengeist")		G	Composed 3rd November 1813
249	Song ("Ruf vom Berge")		A	Composed 13th December 1816
250	Song ("Das Geheimniss")		G	Composed 1815
251	Song ("So oder so")		F	Composed 1817
252	Song ("Resignation")		D	Composed end of 1817
253	Evening Song ("Wenn die Sonne")		E	Composed 4th March 1820
254	2 Songs "Seufzer eines Ungeliebten" and "Gegenliebe"		E♭ and C	Composed 1795
255	Song ("Die laute Klange")		C minor	Composed 1807 (?)
256	Song ("Gedenke mein")		E♭	Published 1844

APPENDIX

A.—Supposititious or Doubtful Works

Alexander March	Pianoforte	F	Composed circa 1812 (?)
Pariser Einzugsmarsch	Pianoforte	C	Composed 1814
Trauermarsch	Pianoforte		Composed 1830 (?)
10 Waltzes	Pianoforte	Various	Composed 1816 (?)
Waltzes ("Glaube, Liebe und Hoffnung")	Pianoforte	Various	Published 1838
2 Pieces	Pianoforte and Violin	B♭ and G	Published 1831
Nachruf			Published 1844

Appendix C

Principal Incidents in the Life of Beethoven

1770. Debated date of his birth, at Bonn on the Rhine, December 16. (He was baptised on the 17th December.) The Beethoven family first lived, whilst at Bonn, at No. 515 Bonngasse, and subsequently at 7 or 8 on the Dreieck.

1774. He began to learn music.

1775. The Beethovens removed to 934 Rheingasse.

1779. Commenced his studies under the tenor singer Pfeiffer; and at the same time took lessons of Zambona, in Latin, French, Italian, etc.

1781. Became a pupil of Neefe, who succeeded Van den Eeden as Court organist, February. In the winter made a visit to Holland, with his mother, and played at various private houses.

1783. Neefe appointed Director of both the sacred and secular music, and Beethoven received the post of "Cembalist" in the orchestra, with practically the responsibility of conducting the band, but did not receive any salary, April 26.

1784. Applied for payment of a salary, but did not meet with success. Was soon afterwards, however, appointed Second Court organist, February. [The Beethovens were now residing at 476 Wenzelgasse.]

„ In the list of his band, issued by the Elector Max Franz, Beethoven's name appears as second organist at a salary of £15 per annum (150 florins), June 27.

1786. Studied violin under Franz Ries (Ferdinand's father).

1787. First visited Vienna. Presented to the Emperor

Joseph, and saw Mozart (from whom he received some lessons).

1787. Death of his mother of consumption, July 17. In this year he first became acquainted with the Von Breuning family, and also Count Waldstein.

1788. National Theatre instituted by the Elector. Beethoven played second viola in both the chapel and the opera, still retaining his appointment as second organist.

1789-1790. Visited by Haydn and Salomon on their journey to London.

1792. Again visited by Haydn on his return from London.

" Left Bonn for Vienna, where he permanently settled, and took lessons of Haydn and Schenk. (First lodged at a printer's in the Alservorstadt), November.

" His father died, December 18.

1793. Went with Haydn to Eisenstadt.

1794. Haydn went to England, and Beethoven studied with Albrechtsberger (for counterpoint), and Schuppanzigh (violin). Had useful advice also from Salieri and Aloys Förster, January 19.

1795. First appeared before the public, with the Concerto in C, at the Annual Concert for the Widows' Fund of the Artists' Society, at the Burg Theatre, March 29.

1796. He and Haydn both appeared at a second concert on this date, January 10.

" Visited Prague and Berlin. Played at Court, and at the Singakademie. Met Himmel at Berlin, February.

1798. Introduced to Bernadotte, then French Ambassador. First difficulty in hearing, singing and buzzing in the ears.

1800. Gave his first concert for his own benefit in Vienna, April 2.

" Again appeared at concert given by Punto, the horn-player, in a sonata for horn and pianoforte, composed for this concert. (Living at this time at 241, "in tiefen Graben," third floor.) First met Czerny, April 18.

1801. Again played his sonata for horn and pianoforte, with Punto, at a concert for the benefit of the wounded in the battle of Hohenlinden, January 30. Changed his lodg-

ings and went to the Sailer-stätte. Took rooms for the summer at Hetzendorf. Towards the end of the year his deafness became serious.

1802 (early in). On the advice of his doctor (Schmidt) he removed to Heiligenstadt and remained there till October. He here wrote the sad letter to his brothers (dated 6th October) known as "Beethoven's Will." On returning to Vienna he removed from the Sailer-stätte to the Peters Platz.

1803. "The Mount of Olives" produced, April 5. Took up his residence at the Theatre with his brother Caspar. In the summer went to Baden, and thence to Ober-döbling.

1804. The Theatre was transferred from Schikaneder to Count von Braun, and Beethoven went to live with Stephen Breuning—the "Rothe Haus." They had a rupture, and Beethoven set out for Baden. When he returned he took up his residence with Baron Pasqualati on the Mölker-Bastion. Shortly after he was reconciled to Breuning, but they never lived together again.

1805. Journey to Hetzendorf again, June.

„ Met Cherubini in Vienna : also Vogler, July.

1806. In the summer went to the country residence of Count Brunswick ; and in October to that of Prince Lichnowsky near Troppau, Silesia. Quarrelled with the Prince, and went off by night to Vienna, where, on his arrival he in his fury smashed to pieces a bust of the Prince.

1808. Again at Heiligenstadt for the summer. Received an offer from King Jerome Bonaparte of the post of Maestro di Capella at Cassel, at a salary of 600 gold ducats (£300 per annum), and 150 ducats for travelling expenses.

1809. In consequence of this offer the Archduke Rodolph and the Princes Lobkowitz and Kinsky entered into a guarantee to pay him an annual sum of 4000 paper florins (=£210), March 1.

1809. Was the guest of the Countess Erdödy, October.

1810. First made the acquaintance of Bettina Brentano, May Hetzendorf and Baden for the summer and autumn.

1812. Had very bad health, and was ordered by his physician Malfatti to take a course of the baths in Bohemia. Went

(viâ Prague) to Töplitz, Carlsbad, Franzensbrunn, and Töplitz again, and then to his brother Johann at Linz. At Töplitz he met Goethe, and also Amalie Sebald. Had a scene with the Archduke Rodolph.

1813. Went to Baden, and on his return re-occupied his rooms in Pasqualati's house, May.

1814. Death of Prince Lichnowsky, April 15.

„ Last appearance in chamber music, May.

1814-15. Dispute with Maelzel; and Kinsky law-suit.

1815. Second quarrel with Stephen Breuning, from whom he separated for some years. (Reconciliation in 1822.)

„ Death of his brother Caspar Carl Beethoven, who imposed on him the burden of the maintenance of his son Carl, then between eight and nine years of age, November 15.

„ The Municipal Council conferred on him the Freedom of the City (Ehrenbürgerthum), December.

1816. Obliged to commence the use of an ear-trumpet.

„ As a result of his intense dislike of Caspar's widow (whom he called the "Queen of Night") he obtained an order to take his ward Carl out of her control, and to place him in a school in Vienna, February. The widow entered an appeal, and obtained an order for the restoration of the boy to herself, and subsequently Beethoven appealed against this latter decree and gained his object (in January 1820).

„ Prince Lobkowitz died. Beethoven's pension reduced to about £110, December 16.

„ Actual last public appearance, April 20.

1817. Mr Thomas Broadwood presented him with a grand pianoforte, December 27.

1818. At Mödling for the summer.
1819. „
1822. At Baden.

During this period Beethoven was engaged on several important works, including his great Mass, the Ninth Symphony, and the overture "Weihe des Hauses," etc.

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1822. Philharmonic Society offered him £50 for MS. Symphony (No. 9).

„ Attempted, notwithstanding his extreme deafness, to conduct "Fidelio," but was obliged to leave the orchestra, November.

1823. Commenced the summer at Hetzendorf, but conceiving a dislike to his landlord, left suddenly for Baden, forfeiting a deposit of 400 florins which he had paid.

„ Visited at Baden by Weber, and his pupil young Benedict, October 5. Returned at the end of October to lodgings in the Ungergasse.

1824. Spent the summer at Baden.

1825. At Baden from May 2 till October 15.

1826. His nephew Carl entered the University to study philology; tried for his degree; was plucked; gave up literature for trade; endeavoured to pass the Polytechnic, but was again ploughed; attempted to shoot himself, but failed in that; was ordered to leave Vienna, and subsequently entered the army.

„ At Johann's house at Gneixendorf, October.

„ Completed a fresh *Finale* to the Quartet in B♭ (*his last work*).

1827. In a letter to Dr Bach, his advocate, Beethoven declares his nephew Carl to be his sole heir and commits him to Bach's special protection, January 3.

„ The Philharmonic Society sent Beethoven £100 on account of a future concert, March 1.

„ Assisted by Breuning he added in his own writing a codicil to his will, making his nephew Carl his sole heir, but without any power over the capital of the property, March 23.

„ The Sacraments of the Roman Church administered to him, March 24.

„ His death at quarter to six in the evening, during a thunderstorm, March 26.

Appendix D

Beethoven Personalia and Memoranda

Adlard (H.). Engraver of the Mähler (Karajan), portrait which serves as frontispiece to the two volumes of "Letters" translated by Lady Wallace.

Adlersburg (Dr). Connected with Beethoven's legal affairs.

Albrechtsberger (Johann Georg), b. Feb. 3, 1736; d. March 7, 1809. German writer and composer, who taught Beethoven counterpoint.

Alexander I., Emperor of Russia. To whom op. 30, "Three Sonatas," for pianoforte and violin, is dedicated.

Alsager (Thomas Massa), b. 1779; d. 1846. Founded the Beethoven Quartette Society, Harley Street, London.

Amanda (Pastor). An intimate friend at Courland, 1800.

Anders. A devotee in Paris.

Annuity. This was granted on March 1, 1809. Princes Kinsky, Rudolph, and Lobkowitz subscribed 1800, 1500, and 700 florins respectively; but a depreciation in Austrian currency reduced this considerably. By Kinsky's untimely death his share ceased, and led to a law suit proceedings, from which a compromise favourable to the composer resulted. Later on Lobkowitz died, and Beethoven's income was further affected, calling forth his violent disapprovals. Eventually, however, all was made good to him.

Anschütz. A famous actor who delivered the oration at the funeral.

Archduke Charles. Victor of Aspern.

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Artaria (Dominico), b. 1775; d. 1842. Italian, who founded the noted music publishing house at Vienna.

Atterborn (Daniel Amadeus). Swedish poet, who knew Beethoven in 1819.

Austria, Russia, and Prussia (The Sovereigns of). To whom op. 136, "Der glorreiche Augenblick," is dedicated.

Ayrton (William, Dr), b. Feb. 24, 1777; d. May 1858. Editor of the *Harmonicon*; one of the founders of the Philharmonic Society; severe critic of Beethoven.

Barbedette (Henry), b. 1825. Writer on Beethoven.

Barer (Henry). Sculptor of the Beethoven monument at New York.

Barry (Charles Ainslie), b. 1830. Writer on Beethoven. *Musical Times*, 1892.

Barth. Who is reputed to have saved, and first sang *Adelaida*.

Baumeister (Herr von). Private Secretary to the Archduke Rudolph.

Beethoven (Caspar Anton Carl), b. April 7, 1774; d. November 15, 1815 (?). Second brother, and father of Carl, the nephew adopted by Beethoven.

Beethoven Birth House, Bonn, 515 Bonngasse—now the Beethoven Museum. The last relics added were the ear trumpets made for Beethoven by Maelzel. These were acquired in 1890.

Beethoven (Maria Margaretha von). Sister, b. May 4, 1786; d. Nov. 25, 1787.

Beethoven. The spelling of the composer's name is variously rendered — Betthoven, Bethoven, Bietthoven, Biethoffen, Bethof, etc.

Beckenkamp (Kaspar Benedict). Who painted pictures of the composer's parents.

Belderbusch (Countess). Babette Koch, daughter of the proprietress of the Zehrgarten at Bonn.

Benedict (Sir Julius), b. Nov. 27, 1804; d. June 5, 1885. Who knew Beethoven, and has described his appearance in 1823.

Bennett (Joseph), b. 1831. Beethoven critic (*Daily Telegraph*; *Musical Times*, etc., 1893).

Bentheim (Colonel Count). Concerned with Beethoven's legal matters in 1815.

Berlioz (Hector), b. Dec. 11, 1803; d. March 8, 1869. French composer and author of *Etudes sur Beethoven.*

Bernadotte, b. 1764; d. 1844. French General and King of Sweden. Said to have suggested the title of the "Eroica" Symphony.

Bernhard (Frau von). At whose house Beethoven visited.

Bernhard (Herr). Dramatic poet.

Bigot, *née* Kiene (Marie), b. 1786; d. 1820. A distinguished *pianiste* known to Beethoven in Vienna. Is reputed to have played the "Appassionata Sonata" at first sight from the autograph copy.

Birchall (Robert), *circa* 1740-1819. London music publisher, who bought Beethoven's compositions. Founder of the Circulating Musical Library.

Birth. Authorities disagree as to the birth date. The custom was to baptize on the day following birth; thus the 16th has been confounded with the natal day. On Beethoven's own authority he was born in the year 1772.

Böhm. Who assisted at the first performance of the "Ninth" Symphony.

Bolderini. Acquaintance, whom Beethoven nicknamed "Sir Falstaff."

Braun (Baroness von). To whom Two Sonatas for Piano, op. 14, and the Sonata, op. 17, are dedicated.

Braunhofer. Viennese physician who refused to attend Beethoven.

Braunthal (Braun von). Who knew and has described Beethoven as he appeared in 1826.

Breuet (Michel). Writer on Beethoven's symphonies. (*Historie de la Symphonie*, 1882.)

Brentano (Bettina). One of his female friends.

Brentano (Clemens). Brother of Bettina Brentano.

Brentano (Maximiliana). For whom Beethoven wrote a Trio in B♭, in one movement, and to whom the Pianoforte Sonata in E major, op. 109, is dedicated.

Breuning (Christoph von). "Stoffeln" of Beethoven's correspondence.

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Breuning (Eleanora von). One of the Breuning family living at Bonn, an esteemed correspondent, and to whom in 1793 Beethoven was greatly attached.

Breuning (Lenz von). A friend, in whose album Beethoven wrote the following epigram :—

> Truth for the wise,
> Beauty for a feeling heart,
> And both for each other.

Breuning (Stephen von). One of the youthful friends of Beethoven.

Bridgetower (George Augustus Polgreen), b. 1780; d. 1845. African violinist, nicknamed "the Abyssinian Prince." Played the "Kreutzer" Sonata with Beethoven.

Broadhouse (John). Translator of Bülow's "Notes on Beethoven's Sonatas."

Brothers and Sisters' birthdays. Ludwig Maria, April 1, 1769; Caspar Anton Carl, April 7, 1774; Nikolaus Johann, Oct. 1, 1776; August Franz Georg, Jan. 16, 1781; Maria Margaretha Josepha, May 4, 1786; and a girl who died in four days from birth.

Browne (Count von). Officer in the Russian service, to whom Three Trios, op. 9, and other works are dedicated.

Browne (Countess von). To whom the Three Pianoforte Sonatas, op. 10, and other works are dedicated.

Brunswick (Count Francis von). To whom the so-called 'Appassionata' Sonata, op. 57, is dedicated.

Brunswick (Countess Thérèse von). "Unsterbliche Geliebte." Pupil of Beethoven's (1794) and afterwards his *fiancée.*

Bülow (Hans Guido von), b. Jan. 8, 1830; d. Feb. 12, 1894. A great exponent of Beethoven's pianoforte music.

Buonaparte (Napoleon), b. 1769; d. May 5, 1821. Consul and Emperor, to whom the "Eroica" Symphony was originally dedicated.

Buonaparte (Jerome), b. 1784; d. June 24, 1860. Brother of Napoleon and King of Westphalia, who in 1808 offered Beethoven the post of Court Chapel-Master at Cassel.

Bursy (Dr Karl von), who knew Beethoven.

Carrière (Professor Moritz). A learned authority in Munich on Beethoven's "Letters" (1864).

Castelli (Dr J. F.), who signed the declaration of the accuracy of the Schaller bust.

Cibbini (Madam). An acquaintance of the composer's.

Clary (Countess von), to whom op. 63, "Scena ed Aria: Ah, perfido!" is dedicated.

Clement (Franz), b. 1784; d. 1842. Austrian violinist and composer.

Collin (H. J. de). Court secretary and poet, who submitted the libretto of *Bradamante* to Beethoven in 1808; and to whom op. 62, Overture to "Coriolan," is dedicated.

Coutts (Messrs). Bankers in connexion with the negotiations for and dispatch to England of the MSS. of "Wellington's Battle Symphony" and "Victory at Vittoria."

Cressener (Mr), d. 1781. *English Charge d'Affaires* at Bonn, who assisted Beethoven's family financially.

Czerny (Karl), b. 1791; d. 1857. Austrian composer, pianist, and writer. Pupil of Beethoven.

D'Abrantes (Madam). Writer on Beethoven. (*Mémoires sur la Restauration.*)

Danhauser (F.), d. 1845. Viennese painter and sculptor, who took a cast of Beethoven's face immediately after death.

Dannreuther (Edward), b. 1844. Writer on Beethoven.

Davison (James William), b. Oct. 5, 1813; d. March 24, 1885. Voluminous commentator on Beethoven.

Davy (G. W.). Owner of Beethoven's watch.

Death of father, Dec. 18, 1792.

Death of Beethoven's mother, July 17, 1787.

Dessauer (Joseph), b. May 28, 1798; d. July 1876. Bohemian composer and collector of Beethoveniana.

Diabelli. Austrian music publisher, who bought several of Beethoven's compositions and his Broadwood Grand piano at the sale of effects in Vienna in 1827.

Dietrichstein (Moritz Graf zu), who attested to the accuracy of the Schaller bust.

Dietrichstein (Count von), to whom op. 100, "Duet," is dedicated.

Domanowecz (Baron Zmeskall von). Royal Court secretary at Vienna. A good violoncello player, and an early friend.

Dörffel (Alfred). Musical historian.

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Droszdick (Baroness). A wealthy friend, at whose town and country residences Beethoven was welcomed. The "Thérèse" of Beethoven's correspondence.

Droz (Gustave). Authority on the works of Beethoven.

Elector of Cologne (Prince Frederick Maximilian Archbishop). Patron of Beethoven, and to whom he dedicated his first work.

England (Prince Regent of). Afterwards George IV.—to whom Beethoven sent a copy of the "Battle Symphony" and "Wellington's Battle of Vittoria," which were never acknowledged.

Ense (Varnhagen von). Officer in the Vogelsang Regiment.

Erdödy (Count Ferdinand von). Amateur and controller of Theatre An der Wien.

Erdödy (Countess). Admirer of Beethoven and his music.

Esterhazy (Prince Nicholas). One of the Austrian royal family who maintained an opera and orchestra in Vienna.

Eybler (Josef Edeler von), b. 1765 ; d. 1846. Austrian composer. One of the pall-bearers.

Fichte. Philosopher—whom Beethoven met at Töplitz in 1811.

Forti (Anton), b. June 8, 1790 ; d. July 16, 1859. Barytone of the Court Theatre, Vienna.

Frank. Director of the General Hospital, Vienna, who prescribed for Beethoven.

Frederick William II. (King of Prussia), to whom op. 5, "Two Grand Sonatas," are dedicated.

Freudenberg (Gottlieb), who walked from Breslau in Silesia to Vienna to see Beethoven, who received him very cordially. He described Beethoven in 1825 as "in person rather small, with a wild distracted appearance, and grey hair."

Fries (Count M. von), who ordered a quintet from Beethoven ; and to whom op. 23, "Two Sonatas," are dedicated.

Frimmel (Dr Theodore). Authority on portraits of Beethoven.

Galantha (Prince Nicholas Esterhazy de). To whom the Mass in C, op. 86, and op. 87, "Grand Trio," is dedicated.

Galitzin (Prince N.). To whom opus 124, "Overture Weihe des Hauses," and other works, are dedicated. He ordered three Quartets of Beethoven.

Gallenberg (Countess, *née* Giulietta Giucciardi).

Gänsbacher (Johann Baptist), b. May 8, 1778; d. July 13, 1844. German composer and conductor; one of the pall-bearers.

Gelinek (Josef, Abbé), b. 1757; d. 1825. Bohemian composer and pianist.

Gerardi (Mdlle. de). To whom one of Beethoven's letters is addressed.

Giannastasio del Rio. Principal of the Vienna school in which Beethoven placed Carl, and with whom the composer corresponded respecting his love affairs (1816).

Giucciardi (Giulietta, Countess). To whom the "Moonlight Sonata, op. 27, is dedicated.

Giuliani (Mauro), b. 1796; d. 1820. Italian guitarist.

Gläser (M.). A bidder at the Beethoven effects sale, 1827.

Gleichenstein (Baron von). A promoter of Beethoven's compositions. "My Friend," to whom op. 69, "Grand Sonata," is dedicated.

Glöggl. Austrian publisher and acquaintance.

Goethe (Johann Wolfgang von), b. 1749; d. March 22, 1832. German poet, whose "Egmont" and lyrics were set to music by Beethoven.

Graeme (Elliot). English writer, and author of "Beethoven, a Memoir," published in 1870.

Graham (G. F.). Author of article on Beethoven in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 8th ed.

Grillparzer. Head of a Viennese family in which Beethoven lodged. He wrote Beethoven's funeral oration.

Guhr (Herr), b. Oct. 1787; d. July 23, 1848. Who first conducted the "Ninth" Symphony out of Austria. Frankfort, April 1, 1825.

Gyrowetz (Adalbert), b. 1763; d. 1850. Bohemian composer, one of the pall-bearers.

Habeneck (François Antoine), b. Jan. 22, 1781; d. Feb. 8, 1849. Conductor of the Paris Académie Royale de Music who forced the "Eroica" upon the French people, and conducted the "Ninth" Symphony on its first performance at Paris Conservatoire Concert, March 27, 1831.

Hähnel. Sculptor of the statue of Beethoven at Bonn.

Hake (M.). Who etched a portrait of Beethoven from masks.

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Hammer-Purgstall (Freiherr von). A renowned Orientalist who wrote for Beethoven.

Hauschka, to whom op. 219, "Canon," is dedicated.

Haslinger (Tobias). Founder of the musical publishing firm of Haslinger (now Schlesinger), in Vienna (1787-1842). The "Adjutant" and "Adjutant-General" of Beethoven's correspondence.

Haslinger (Herr Carl). Viennese collector of Beethoven's scores.

Hatzfeld (Prince von). Prussian Ambassador at Vienna to whom Beethoven wrote as to the "Ninth" Symphony.

Hatzfeld (Countess of), to whom "Variations" were dedicated.

Haydn, b. March 31, 1732; d. May 31, 1809.

Heinth (Dr Franz von). Who vouched for the truth of the Schaller bust.

Heller. The singer at the Electoral Chapel whom Beethoven disconcerted.

Henschel (George), b. Feb. 18, 1850. German barytone vocalist, composer, and conductor. Possessor of the Kügelgen miniature of Beethoven.

Herzog. Beethoven's man-servant.

Hiller (Ferdinand), b. Oct. 24, 1811; d. May 10, 1885. German composer, conductor, and writer on Beethoven.

Hoffmeister (Franz Anton), b. 1754; d. 1812. German composer and publisher of cheap editions of the masters. Kapellmeister at Leipzig, 1800.

Höfel, who engraved Letronne's portrait of Beethoven.

Hogarth (George), b. 1783; d. Feb. 12, 1870. Author—"History of the Philharmonic Society," containing interesting facts relating to Beethoven.

Holz (Carl). Intimate friend.

Hummel (Johann Nepomuk), b. 1778; d. 1837. Hungarian composer and pianist.

Hüttenbrenner (Anselm), b. Oct. 13, 1794; d. June 5, 1868. Hungarian composer at Beethoven's deathbed-side.

Jahn (Otto), b. 1813; d. 1869. German composer and writer. Author of article on Beethoven's works in "Grenzboten."

Jeitteles (A.). Poet, some of whose songs, the *Leiderkreis* for instance, Beethoven set to music.

Kanka (Dr Johann). Doctor of Laws in Prague, Beethoven's advocate and friend. Legal agent for the Kinsky estates.

Karajan (Dr H. G. V.). Vice-President of the Imperial Academy of Science, Vienna, and owner of a Mähler. portrait of Beethoven.

Kattendyke (Baron J. M. Huyssen van). Beethoven collector.

Keglevics (Countess Babette von, Princess Odeschalchi). Beethoven dedicated the Sonata in E flat, op. 7, to her.

Kessler (Herr). Viennese collector of Beethoven relics.

Kinsky (Princess), to whom op. 94, "An die Hoffnung," is dedicated.

Kinsky (Prince Ferdinand Johann Nepomuk Joseph), b. Dec. 4, 1781; d. Nov. 3, 1812. Noble amateur musician, patron and great admirer of Beethoven's music. Gave 1800 florins to the Annuity.

Klein (Franz), who made casts of Beethoven's face.

Kloeber (Augustus von), who made the chalk drawing of Beethoven in his 48th year.

Koschak (Mdlle. Marie). Married Dr Pachler, a lawyer at Gratz. Believed by Schindler to be the lady to whom Beethoven wrote the letter with the words, "Oh God! grant that I may at last find her who can strengthen me in virtue, whom I can legitimately call my own."

Kotzebue. Author of the "Ruins of Athens."

Kraft (Anton). An excellent violoncellist with whom Beethoven played at Prince Lichnowsky's.

Kren (Michael). His servant while on the visit to his brother Johann, the dispensing chemist.

Kreutzer (Conradin), b. Nov. 22, 1782; d. Dec. 14, 1849. German composer and conductor. One of the pall-bearers.

Kreutzer (Rudolph), b. 1766; d. 1831. German violinist and composer. The person to whom Beethoven dedicated the "Kreutzer" Sonata, op. 47.

Kreutzer Sonata Dedication: "Sonata per il Pianoforte ed un Violin obligato, scritta in uno stilo molto concertante, quasi come d'un Concerto. Composta e dedicata al sur amico R. Kreutzer, Membro del Conservatoire di Musica in Parigi, Primo Violino dell' Academia delle Arti, e della

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Camera Imperiale, per L. van Beethoven. Opera 47. A Bonn chez K. Simrock, 422."

Krumpholz (Johann Baptist), b. 1745; d. 1790. Bohemian harpist and composer. Performed also on the mandoline for which instrument Beethoven wrote a composition.

Kügelgen (Gerhard von), who painted a miniature of Beethoven in his 21st year.

Kuhac (Professor). Writer on Beethoven (*Allg. Musikzeitung*, July 20; Aug. 3, 17, 1894).

Kuhlau (Friedrich Daniel Rudolph), b. 1786; d. 1832. German pianist and composer.

Kühnel (K.). Partner in the firm of Hofmeister and Kühnel; Leipsic, 1800: now Peters.

Lablache (Luigi), b. Dec. 6, 1794; d. Jan. 23, 1858. Italian bass vocalist, who was singing in Vienna at the time of Beethoven's death.

Lampi (J. B. Ritter von). Painter of the picture of Thérèse, Countess of Brunswick, to whom Beethoven addressed love letters.

Leidesdorf. Music publisher at Vienna.

Lenz (Wilhelm von), b. 1809; d. Jan. 1883. Russian writer on Beethoven and his compositions.

Lesueur (Jean François), b. Feb. 15, 1760; d. Oct. 6, 1837. French musician who gave judgment on the "C Minor" Symphony.

Letronne (Louis). Painter of Beethoven's favourite portrait.

Lichnowsky (Count Moritz). Brother of Beethoven's patron, Prince Carl Lichnowsky.

Lichnowsky (Princess Christiane). Wife of Prince Carl Lichnowsky.

Lichnowsky (Prince Carl von). Patron to whom the Sonata *Pathétique*, op. 13, and several other works are inscribed.

Lichtenstein (Princess). To whom is dedicated the Sonata, op. 27, No. 1.

Linke. Violoncello player in the Rasoumowsky Quartet party.

Linley (G.), b. 1795; d. Sept. 10, 1865. English composer who prepared the "Ninth" Symphony for performance in London. Exeter Hall, 1852-3.

Lipawsky (Josef), b. 1772 ; d. 1810. Bohemian composer.

Liszt (Franz), b. Oct. 22, 1811 ; d. July 31, 1886. Hungarian composer, pianist, author, and Abbé, who, mainly at his own cost, erected the monument to Beethoven at Bonn.

Lobkowitz (Prince Franz Joseph Maximilian), b. Dec. 7, 1772; d. Dec. 25, 1816. A generous patron of Beethoven, talented amateur, and supporter of the Lobkowitz concerts. He contributed 700 florins to the Annuity for Beethoven.

Lorchen. A friend.

Louis Ferdinand of Prussia (Prince). Talented pianist and composer who listened to three performances of the "Eroica" Symphony in one evening.

Löwe (Ludwig). Actor whom Beethoven met at Töplitz in 1811.

Lyser, who made the capital full-length sketch in line of the master, published in Germany by Schlesinger.

Maelzel (Johann Nepomuk), b. 1772 ; d. 1838. German musician and inventor of the Metronome. Co-concert giver with Beethoven.

Malchus. Westphalian Minister of Finance.

Malfatti. Celebrated physician in Vienna, and medical man to Beethoven.

Malibran (Maria Felicita), b. Mar. 24, 1808 ; d. Sept. 23, 1836. The famous Spanish cantatrice—who went in convulsions and was carried from the room, on first hearing the C minor Symphony.

Marconi (Madame). Prima donna in the revival of *Fidelio*—1806.

Marschner (Heinrich), b. 1795 ; d. 1861. German composer and conductor.

Marx (Adolphe Bernhard), b. 1799 ; d. 1866. German writer and composer.

Mathilde ("M," Baroness Gleichenstein).

Matthison. An esteemed friend poet. Author of the "Adelaide" poem, and to whom op. 46 is dedicated.

Maximilian Friedrich (Archbishop and Elector of Cologne). Patron to whom Beethoven dedicated his three first

pianoforte sonatas—the E flat major, F minor, and D major.

Maximilian Joseph (King of Bavaria). To whom op. 80, "Fantasia," is dedicated.

Mayenberg (Freiherr von), who attested to the accuracy of the Schaller bust.

Mayer (Carl). A Nuremberg engraver of a portrait of Beethoven in the possession of Count Wimpffen.

Mayseder (Joseph), b. Oct. 26, 1789; d. Nov. 21, 1863. Austrian violinist and composer, who attested to the likeness of the Schaller bust.

Meinert (Carl). Owner of the "Wolanek" letter, dated Dec. 15, 1802.

Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (Ludwig Felix), b. Feb. 3, 1809; d. Nov. 4, 1847. Conductor of the first performance of the "Ninth" Symphony at the Gewandhaus Concerts, February 11, 1836.

Meyer (Herr). Husband of Mozart's eldest sister-in-law—Josepha. He sang the part of Pizarro at the first performance of *Fidelio*.

Milder (Mdlle.), who played Leonore in *Fidelio*, 1806.

Mähler (W. F.), who painted Beethoven as he appeared in his 38th year.

Mollo. A Viennese publisher of Beethoven's music.

Moscheles (Ignaz), b. 1794; d. 1870. Bohemian composer and pianist. Settled in London 1826-46. Director of the Philharmonic Society, 1832, and its conductor, 1845. Intimate friend of Mendelssohn. Translated "The life of Beethoven, including his Correspondence with his friends" [Schindler].

Mosel (Hofrath von), with whom Beethoven corresponded as to the value of Maelzel's invention—the metronome, 1817.

Mother's maiden name, Keverich, daughter of a cook.

Motte-Fouqué (Baron de la). Director of the Berlin Opera.

Mozart (Wolfgang Amadeus), b. Jan. 27, 1756; d. Dec. 5, 1791. First met Beethoven in Vienna, 1787.

Müller (Dr W. C.), who knew Beethoven in 1820.

Nägeli (Johann Georg). Music publisher.

Neate (Charles), b. 1784; d. 1877. English composer and pianist. Introducer of Beethoven's music into England.

Neefe (Christian Gottlob), b. 1748; d. 1798. German organist and composer.

Niecks (Friedrich), b. Feb. 3, 1845. Writer on Beethoven's works.

Niklsberg (Charles Nikl Noble de), to whom op. 19, "Concerto," is dedicated

Nohl (Carl Friedrich Ludwig), b. 1831; d. 1885. German writer. Author of "Neue Briefe Beethoven's nebst einigen ungedruckten Gelegenheite compositionem." Stuttgart: 8vo, 1867. Beethoven depicted by his Contemporaries;" translated by E. Hill, London, 8vo, 1880. German edition, 1877.

Nottebohm (Martin Gustav), b. Nov. 12, 1817; d. Oct. 31, 1882. German writer on Beethoven and his works.

Obermeyer (Thérèse). Lady friend of Johann Beethoven, whom he afterwards married.

Odeschalchi (Princess). One of Beethoven's admirers.

Oliva (Herr von). Connected with Beethoven's legal matters, 1815.

Oppersdorf (Count Franz von), musical amateur, to whom the "Fourth" Symphony is dedicated.

Oulibicheff (Count Alexander von), b. 1795; d. 1858. Noble Russian amateur who fell foul of Beethoven and his works.

Oxenford (John), b. Aug. 12, 1812; d. Feb. 21, 1877. English dramatist who translated the "Ninth" Symphony for performance in London. Royal Academy of Music, 1835-6.

Pacini (Giovanni), b. Feb. 19, 1796; d. Dec. 6, 1867. Italian composer and great admirer of Beethoven's works.

Paraquin. Copyist and counter-bass in the Electoral Orchestra.

Pasqualati (Baron). Who kept rooms for Beethoven's use.

Peters (Carl Friedrich). German music publisher. Founded the well-known firm at Leipzig about 1814.

Pfeiffer. Tenor singer in Bonn Opera, and bandmaster in a Bavarian regiment.

Pohl (Carl Ferdinand), b. Sept. 6, 1819; d. April 28th, 1887.

Appendix D

Writer on Beethoven, (*Die Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*, Vienna, 1871).

Pole (William, Mus. Doc.), b. 1814. Beethoven critic and enthusiast.

Polledro (Giovanni Baptiste), b. 1776; d. August 15, 1853. Violinist and chapel master.

Potter (Philip Cipriani Hambly), b. 1792; d. 1871. English pianist and composer. Met Beethoven when studying under Förster in Vienna.

Preindl (Joseph), b. 1758; d. Oct. 23, 1823. German critic and composer.

Preisinger. *Basso profondo* who was to have sung the bass solos in the "Ninth" Symphony.

Prior (George). Maker of Beethoven's watch.

Probst. Music publisher at Leipzig, who issued some of Beethoven's compositions.

Pronay. One of Beethoven's landlords.

Prussia (King of), to whom op. 113, "The Ruins of Athens," is dedicated.

Punto. Horn player.

Radzivil (Prince), to whom op. 108, "Twenty-five Scotch Songs," is dedicated.

Rahel. Wife of Varnhagen von Ense, whom Beethoven met at Töplitz in 1811.

Rahles (Dr Ferdinand), b. 1812; d. Mar. 19, 1878. German composer. Writer in the *Musical World*, May 26, 1860.

Rasoumowsky (Prince Andreas Kyrillovitsch), b. 1752; d. 1836. Russian noble, amateur and violinist. To him Beethoven dedicated op. 59, three Quartets in F, E minor, and C; also jointly with Prince Lobkowitz op. 67-68 the Symphonies 5 and 6.

Recke (Countess von der). A Berlin lady whom Beethoven met at Töplitz in 1811.

Reimann (Dr Heinrich). Writer on Beethoven (*Allg. Musikzeitung*, Oct. 6, 13, 20, 1893).

Reissig, who wrote the words of the song, "To the Absent Lover," set by Beethoven.

Rellstab, who knew, and has described, the appearance of Beethoven in 1825.

Riedel (John Anthony), b. 1732 ; d. 1772. German engraver of Letronne's portrait of Beethoven.

Riehl (W. H.). Author of the pamphlet, "The Two Beethovens," in which the classic and romantic aspects of Beethoven's Works are treated.

Ries (Ferdinand), b. 1784; d. 1838. German pianist, composer, and conductor. Studied under Beethoven, and wrote the "Biographische Notizen uber Ludwig van Beethoven," an 8vo work published at Coblentz in 1838, and which was translated into French by M. A. F. Legentil, Paris, 1862.

Rochlitz (Friedrich Johann), b. Feb. 12, 1769; d. Dec. 16, 1842. Who met Beethoven at Baden in 1822, and wrote of him in *Für Freunde der Tonkunst.*

Rochlitz. Writer on Beethoven (*Für Freunde der Tonkunst*).

Röckel (Herr). Tenor singer at the Theatre "An der Wien," who sang Florestan's part in *Fidelio* in 1806.

Rockstro (William Smyth), b. 1830 ; d. July 2, 1895. English musician and writer on Beethoven's music in the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians."

Rode (Pierre Joseph), b. Feb. 16, 1774 ; d. Nov. 26, 1830. Violinist who played with Beethoven in Vienna, who with Beethoven's pupil, the Archduke Rudolf, first played the Sonata for Piano and Violin in G, op. 96, on January 4, 1813.

Rollet (Dr Hermann), b. Aug. 20, 1819 ; d. *circa* 1870. Stadtarchivar of Baden, who as a boy saw Beethoven in the street with his hat slung behind his back.

Rudolph (Johann Joseph Rainer), b. Jan. 8, 1788 ; d. July 24, 1831. Archduke of Austria, who, as a youth of sixteen, studied under Beethoven. Subscribed 1500 florins to Beethoven's Annuity.

Russell (J.) Author of "Travels in Germany," who knew Beethoven in 1820.

Russia (Empress of), to whom opus 89, "Polonaise," is dedicated.

Saal. A singer in the revival of *Fidelio.*

Sabatier-Unger (Caroline), b. Oct. 28, 1805 ; d. March 23, 1877. Hungarian contralto vocalist who sang at Beethoven's concerts.

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Saint-Saëns (Charles Camille), b. Oct. 9, 1835. French composer and writer on Beethoven (*Harmonie et Mélodie*).

Salieri (Antonio), b. Aug. 19, 1750; d. May 12, 1825. Italian composer. Played the drums and cannonades at the Bavarian Soldiers' Benefit Concert.

Salomon (John Peter), b. Feb. 1745; d. May 28, 1815. German conductor and composer. *Impresario* in London who negotiated for Beethoven's scores.

Savigny (Frau von), *née* Brentano, sister of Clemens and Bettina.

Schaden (Dr). Assisted Beethoven financially, and was the recipient of the touching letter announcing the death of the musician's mother.

Schaller (F.) Viennese sculptor, who made a bust of Beethoven as he was in 1826. The original is in the possession of the Philharmonic Society of London.

Schenck (Johann), b. 1753; d. 1836. Austrian composer who instructed Beethoven in harmony.

Schicht (Johann Gottfried), b. Sept. 29, 1753; d. Feb. 16, 1823. Conductor at the Gewandhaus Concerts.

Schiller (Johann Christoph Friedrich von), b. Nov. 11, 1759; d. May 9, 1805. German poet. Author of the Ode *An Die Frende* (1785) set in the "Ninth" Symphony.

Schimon, who painted Beethoven's portrait in 1819.

Schindler (Anton), b. 1796; d. Jan. 16, 1864. Austrian writer. Author of "Biographie von Ludwig van Beethoven," and "Beethoven in Paris."

Schlemmer. For many years copyist for Beethoven.

Schlesinger (Moritz Adolph), b. Oct. 30, 1798; d. 1865. German publisher of Beethoven's scores.

Schlösser (Ludwig), b. 1800; d. *circa* 1860. German composer and conductor, who wrote a bold German pamphlet on Beethoven.

Schmidt (Professor J. A.), to whom op. 38, "Trio," is dedicated. The physician who attended Beethoven for his deafness.

Schopenhauer (Arthur), b. 1788; d. 1860. German pessimistic philosopher. Author of "The World as Will and Idea."

Schott & Co. German musical publishers who issued some of Beethoven's compositions.

Schubert (Franz Peter), b. Jan. 31, 1797; d. Nov. 19, 1828. Who dedicated the "Variations on a French air," op. 10, to Beethoven. Schubert was twenty years the junior of Beethoven.

Schuppanzigh (Ignaz), b. 1776; d. 1830. Austrian violinist and composer. Established the Rasoumowsky Quartet, and for some time instructed Beethoven. "My Lord Falstaff" of the composer's "Letters."

Schwarzenberg (Prince), to whom op. 16, "Grand Quintet," is dedicated.

Schweiger (Joseph Freiherr von). Chamberlain of the Archduke Rudolph.

Schweitzer (Baron). Chamberlain of the Archduke Anton, and friend of Beethoven.

Sclowonowitsch. Postmaster in Cassel.

Sebald (Mdme. Auguste). Singer, and friend of Beethoven.

Sebald. A musical family from Berlin which Beethoven met at Töplitz in 1811. He fell in love with Amalie.

Séroff (Alexander Nikolävitch), b. May 11, 1818; d. Feb. 1, 1871. Russian composer and critic of Beethoven's music.

Seyfried (Ignaz Xaver, Ritter von), b. 1776; d. 1841. Austrian composer and director.

Shedlock (J. S.). Writer on Beethoven in "The Pianoforte Sonata."

Siboni (Giuseppe), b. Jan. 27, 1780; d. Mar. 29, 1839. Italian tenor vocalist at the Vienna Opera.

Simrock (Nicolas), b. 1755; d. *circa* 1820. Founder of the German music publishing house.

Sina. Second violinist in the Rasoumowsky Quartet party.

Smart (Sir George Thomas), b. May 10, 1776; d. Feb. 23, 1867. English conductor and teacher—known to Beethoven, and associated with the production of his music in London.

Smetana. Viennese surgeon who performed a successful operation on Beethoven's nephew Carl (1816).

Sonnenfels (Joseph Edlen von), to whom op. 28, "Grand Sonata," is dedicated.

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Sonnleithner (Dr Leopold von), who signed the declaration as to the likeness of the Schaller bust.

Spieker (Dr). Concerned in the dedication of the "Ninth" Symphony.

Spiller, who has described Beethoven as he was in 1826.

Spohr (Louis), b. April 25, 1784; d. Oct. 16, 1859. German composer and violinist.

Stadler (Abbé Maximillan), b. Aug. 4, 1748; d. Nov. 8, 1833. Austrian organist, composer and critic.

Stanford (Charles Villiers, Mus. Doc.), b. Sept. 30, 1852. Irish composer and conductor. Beethoven critic.

Staudenheim. Celebrated physician in Vienna who refused at the last to attend Beethoven.

Steibelt (Daniel), b. 1755; d. 1823. German pianist and composer.

Steindachner (Dr). Official at the Natural History Museum, Vienna, who has spoken on the subject of the birds in the "Pastoral" Symphony.

Steiner (S. A.). Music publisher at Vienna. The "Lieutenant-General" of Beethoven's correspondence.

Stieler. The painter of the 1822 portrait of Beethoven with the tree background.

Stoll. An unfortunate poet, and son of a celebrated physician, assisted by Beethoven.

Streicher (Frau von, *née* Stein). A Viennese lady who helped the composer with his domestic troubles, servants, etc., 1816.

Stumpff (J. A.). A London harp-maker and admirer who presented Beethoven with Handel's works in forty volumes.

Süssmayer (Franz Xaver), b. 1766; d. 1803. Austrian composer and conductor; friend and companion of Mozart; conductor of the Kärnthnerthor Court Theatre, Vienna, in 1795.

Swieten (Baron van). Son of the medical adviser of the Empress Maria Theresa.

Thayer (Alexander Wheelock), b. 1817. American writer. Author of Beethoven's "Life." Berlin, 1866-79.

Thomson (George), b. March 4, 1759; d. Feb. 11, 1851. Scottish collector and editor, for whom Beethoven wrote song settings and accompaniments.

Thun (Countess von), to whom op. 11, "Grand Trio," is dedicated.

Tiedge. Poet whom Beethoven met at Töplitz in 1811, whose "To Hope" Beethoven set to music.

Tomaschek (Wenzel Johann), b. April 17, 1774; d. April 3, 1850. Bohemian composer and pianist; acquaintance of Beethoven.

Towers (John), b. 1836. English conductor and writer. Author of a chronological list of Beethoven's works in the "Musical Directory," 1871.

Treitschke. Dramatic author who wrote *Fidelio.*

Troyer (Count Ferdinand). One of the Archduke Rudolph's chamberlains.

Tschischka (Herr), with whom Beethoven corresponded concerning the welfare of his nephew.

Türk (Daniel Gottlieb), b. Aug. 10, 1756; d. Aug. 26, 1813. German composer and writer. Halle Musical Society Director—who practised various omissions when conducting the Beethoven Symphonies.

Umlauf (Michael), b. 1781; d. 1842. Austrian composer and co-conductor with Beethoven. Present at the first performance of the "Ninth" Symphony on May 7, 1824, at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, Vienna.

Unger (Caroline), b. October 28, 1805; d. March 23, 1877. A great singer who came into contact with Beethoven in studying the soprano and contralto parts of his *Mass in D* and *Choral Symphony.*

Unger (William), who etched the picture of Thérèse, Countess of Brunswick, Beethoven's "Immortal Beloved."

Varnhagen (von Ense). See "Rahel" and "Ense."

Van in Beethoven's name shows his Dutch origin.

Varena. Whom Beethoven met at Töplitz in 1811.

Vering. An army surgeon who attended Beethoven.

Vielhorsky (Count). A Russian friend.

Vogl (John Michael), b. August 10, 1768; d. November 19, 1840. Court tenor who sang at the revival of *Fidelio.*

Wagner (Richard), b. May 22, 1813; d. February 13, 1883. German composer and writer on Beethoven.

Waldstein (Count). Young noble amateur musician. Eight

years Beethoven's senior, and to whom the sonata op. 53 is dedicated.

Wallace (Lady Maxwell), b. *circa* 1810; d. 1878. Translated Beethoven's "Letters," 1790-1826. London, 1866. 2 vols.

Wawruch. Viennese physician who attended Beethoven in his last illness.

Weber (Carl Maria von), b. December 18, 1786; d. June 5, 1826. Composer of *Der Freischütz*, etc., who visited Beethoven in 1823. A bitter critic of Beethoven's Symphonies.

Weber (Friedrich Dionys), b. 1771; d. Dec. 26, 1842. Bohemian teacher and critic.

Wegeler (Dr) of Vienna. Friend to whom Beethoven wrote frequently.

Weigl (Joseph), b. March 28, 1776; d. February 3, 1846. Hungarian composer and chapel-master. One of the pall-bearers.

Weinmüller, who sang the part of Rocco in the revival of *Fidelio.*

Weiss (Franz), b. January 18, 1778; d. January 25, 1830. Violist in the Rasoumowsky Quartet party.

Weissenbach (Dr Alois), who wrote the poetry of "Der glorreiche Augenblick" set by Beethoven.

Wild (Franz), b. December 31, 1791; d. 1860. German tenor singer. Sang in 1815 *Adelaide*, the composer accompanying.

Wilder (M.). Author of "Beethoven: Sa Vie et ses Œuvres."

Wimpffen (Count). Owner of the Beethoven portrait engraved by Mayer.

Woelfl (Joseph), b. 1772; d. 1814. Austrian composer and pianist.

Wolanek (Ferdinand). A copyist whom Beethoven rated very severely, endorsing one of his letters with the phrase, "Stupid, conceited, asinine fellow."

Wolf (Dr). Connected with Beethoven's legal matters, 1815.

Wolfmayer (Johann). "His friend," to whom op. 135 "Quartet" is dedicated.

Wranitzky. Musical conductor at Beethoven's first concert.

Würfel. German chapel-master; one of the pall-bearers.

Würth (Herr von). A Viennese banker at whose house the "Eroica" Symphony was rehearsed.

Zelter (Carl Friedrich), b. December 11, 1758; d. May 15, 1832. German composer and writer; friend of Goethe, and depreciator of Beethoven.

Zmeskall von Domanowecz (Baron). Royal Court Secretary and violoncello player. An early Viennese friend with whom Beethoven corresponded. Advised the composer in his domestic affairs.

Zulehner (Carl). A Mayence engraver who pirated Beethoven's works.

Zumbusch. Sculptor of the statue of Beethoven at Vienna.

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